THE CARMELITE REVIEW

1893.

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CARMELITE REVIEW.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL DEVOTED TO

Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

PUBLISHED BY THE CARMELITE FATHERS OF NORTH AMERICA

VOL. I.

FALLS VIEW, ONT.
1893.

THE Carmelite M Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JANUARY, 1893. NO. 1.

OUR QUEST.

FOR THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

They tell us of flowers that are found in the valley,
That nestle so lowly in spots all unknown ;
But we to the heights of snow-tipped Mount Carmel,
Will climb for the sweet Flos Carmeli alone.

As radiant as rose-clouds from out the west shining,
We find her in garden securely enclosed ;
In beauty so regal, in splendor so queenly,
On the mount where the prophet Elias reposed.

We greet her with hearts all aglow with their ardor,
We hail her as queen of this glad natal day,
Which comes to us bearing a new gift for Mary,
In leaflets of praise and of love's happy lay.

O, Lady of Carmel ! what boon wilt thou give us—
Thy children, who come with love that is old,
To tell in new accents the ever sweet story,
Which hearts with delight have long since oft told.

To speak of thy tenderness, tell of thy power,
To sing of thy liv'ry, rich with its glory ;
To plead and to promise, be grateful and suppliant,
Be this the sweet burden of song and of story.

Oh ! yes, thou dear, "whisper of gentle air," breathing
On Carmel's slopes, leading from earth and from sense,
Speak unto our hearts of sweet hope and its promise,
Of God and of Heaven—the soul's recompense.

Oh ! lure us, our Mother, from creature love daily ;
Oh ! lead us with saints of the gay Carmel band
To the mountain of holiness, hill-top of Zion,
Eternity's rest—to the true Carmel land.

New York. —DOLORES.

The Legend of the Scapular.

For the Carmelite Review.

THERE were troublesome times in "merrie England." The Holy Father, the Vicar of Christ upon earth, had vainly remonstrated with the infamous monarch John, who at that time wielded the scepter upon the English throne.

Innocent III, in consequence of the scandalous conduct of the king, had deemed it proper to set aside the custom which had, up to that time prevailed, of consulting the ruling sovereign upon the appointment of a bishop to any of the vacant Sees. The Bishopric of Canterbury being vacant he placed therein one eminently fitted for the exalted position, but in so doing he incurred the wrath of the rebellious prince. John, venting his rage upon all who supported the Pontiff, or loyally tendered their ready submission to the holy prelate, sent his minions to despoil an adjacent abbey, and banish the monks from their much loved home.

Nothing remained but to place the kingdom under an Interdict, a punishment which was never resorted to save when gentler measures had been tried in vain, and mild persuasion been laughed to scorn. The nature of an interdict is, generally speaking, well known, still it may not be a-miss to devote a few moments time to say that it is a something calculated to strike terror to the strongest heart, and fill with anguish the devoted clients of our holy church. During its continuance none of the exterior rites of religion can be observed. The spacious cathedral and the simple village church must alike divest their altars of the adornments with which piety or wealth had decorated them. The symbol of man's salvation must be entirely concealed. The dear pictured faces of the saints, so loved and venerated, are lost to view. Their mild, compassionate glances and sweet smiles so consoling to the sorrowful heart are hidden away, for crucifixes and pictures, saints' relics and statutes alike are covered with thick black veils. The belfries seem to mourn for the loss of the sweet toned bells whose chimes are silent now, and none can go forth joyfully to attend the holy mass. No, for the divine sacrifice could not be celebrated until the portals of God's holy temple were closed and barred. Baptism and communion were permitted only to the dying, youths and maidens going to unite their hearts and hands in wedded love were met with pitying glances as they stood in the *church yard* to speak their vows away from the altar they loved so well, and mourning relatives were forced to bury their dead in soil unhallowed by our mother Church.

Yes! faithful hearts were sad in England. But our Lord who never forgets His own devoted children, sent into the world about this time one who was destined to command an army by far outnumbering the mighty array of the infamous John—an army which would welcome beneath its standard the great and lowly, the monarch upon his throne, and the beggar at the gate, —decrepit age, scarce able to bear the burden of years, and innocent youth, carcling for pure joy that it had never known a grief.

The mightiest intellect was glad to assume the insignia, and the poor ignorant children of the church were consoled when admitted to the band.

ST. SIMON OF THE STOCK was the one called by our Lady of Mount Carmel to work such marvels, not in "Merrie England" alone, but, as time rolled on, wherever the symbol of salvation proclaimed that the faith was there.

He was born in the County of Kent, and when but twelve brief years had passed over his head, at an age when childish sports occupy so large a space in the heart of the growing boy, he left his home and for twenty years dwelt in the hollow trunk of an ancient oak. From this circumstance he was called "St. Simon of the Stock." * * * Our blessed Lady, for whom he had always

cherished an extraordinary devotion, revealed to him that he was eventually to enter an order which as yet was not established in England.

Patiently therefore in prayer and penance, beneath the spreading foliage of the oak, hidden from all in his narrow retreat, he awaited the dawning of that day He entered the Carmelite Order, and in the year 1245, so great was the sanctity of his life that he was unanimously chosen by his brethren as their Prior General. It was in the year 1251, however, that this devout client of Mary was called to be general of the army of which I have spoken of above.

One day when in the chapel of the Convent at Whitefriars,he knelt wholly absorbed in prayer and contemplation of his dear lady and queen's perfections, a wonderful favor was vouchsafed to him. The blessed Virgin appeared to him wearing an aspect of loveliness, far greater than it hath entered into the heart of man to conceive ; celestial strains of music soft and low were heard, and the chapel was filled with a fragrance so sweet that it could only have come from heaven.

She presented him with the Brown Scapular—that dear badge with which we are all so familiar, and assured him of her never ceasing protection.

The saint made known the favor he had received, and the new devotion was welcomed with universal acclaim. The sovereign Pontiff placed upon it the seal of his approbation, and enriched it with indulgences, an example which his successors have, up to the present day, followed with unvarying unanimity. The beneficial effects were soon made manifest, especially in England, the land of our dear saint's birth. In the year 1251 this great servant of God was called to meet his eternal reward, but not until he had seen many marvels wrought in behalf of those whom he had invested with the colors of his beloved queen.

* * * * * *

The year 1245 which was such a bright spot in the annals of the Carmelite Order dawned upon France and beheld its saintly sovereign, Louis IX, full of holy enthusiasm, preparing for that seventh crusade which, alas, ended with disaster and defeat.

In one of the lovelist spots of that sunny land, far removed from the city's busy turmoil, lived the Count Felix de la Roque, and his young wife, Blanche.

Everything tended to make their lives bright and happy, and grief with careless kindness seemed to pass them by. A beautiful home, tenants who looked up to them with admiration, respect and love ; an idolized child, and above all, the priceless treasure of a living faith. These were the gifts lavished by a bountiful Providence upon this happy pair. The countess was the god-child of the illustrious Queen Blanche, and the count was devoted, heart and soul, to his king. In the education of the little Felix his loving mother always took as a model her royal god-mother, and many a time she would assure the boy that, deeply as his death would grieve her and cast a gloom o'er their now happy home, she would far rather give him to God in his guileless innocence than see him live to stain and blacken his soul with sin. * * * The poor regarded Lady Blanche as an angel ; her purse was ever open to relieve their wants, her aid was ever at their service in sickness, and the most repulsive malady did not deter her from hastening to their side. The rich admired her for her beauty and grace, but still more for the bright example she set them. They sometimes tried to imitate it, or resolved to walk in her footsteps "at some future time." Thus the days passed happily away, but the cloud of separation was overshadowing them, even now.

Count Felix was too loyal a subject and too good a christian not to place his services and his purse at the disposal of the king. Desolate as his departure would make their

home, his noble wife, far from seeking to change his resolution, urged him on rather, and frequently by her wise suggestions aided her beloved soldier of the cross. They conferred earnestly upon the course she was to pursue in his absence, especially with regard to their child.

And then came the bitter hour of separation. After a most loving farewell the count, noble chevalier that he was, followed by a numerous and chivalrous retinue, set out full of high hopes and ardent resolves.

History tells us how the king was accompanied by his heroic wife, his three brothers, and all the bravest knights of France. How he lost the half of his army by disease and defeat, how he was taken prisoner and languished for a time under the Saracen iron rule. Then he ransomed himself and the remnant of his troops, and spent several years in promoting the welfare of the christian colonies. The death of his mother, to whose care he had entrusted the government of his kingdom, eventually recalled him to France.

It is, however, the fortunes of Count Felix in which this little brochure is most specially interested, and you will learn of his wonderful escape, wherein the efficacy of the Scapular was so unequivocally displayed. He had borne himself all through that fateful seventh crusade with a bravery and heroism which scarce can be described. "Our Lady's Knight," his soldier comrades styled him, for he never went upon the battle field without specially recommending himself to Mary, wore a large silver medal next his heart, and had a small picture of our Blessed Mother painted upon his shield. At last he fell, pierced by the lance of a Saracen chief, and was left upon the field for dead. Here the protecting care of the Queen of Heaven was first evinced, for when, later on, the cruel foe began to heap indignities on their lifeless victims, it was found that Felix still lived. The lance had glanced aside, turned from its course by the medal which lay next his heart. And now his misfortunes began. His captors dragged him to prison, thrust him into a dungeon, and tore from his bruised form whatever of value met their gaze. One of his most precious treasures was a rosary with golden chain and ruby beads. The rubies had always reminded the pious count of the drops of blood, which, in the Garden of Gethsemane, "ran trickling down" from our agonized Lord, and the large ruby in the centre of the crucifix, of a drop of blood from His Sacred Heart. This they took, also a miniature of his wife, exquisitely painted and set in a frame of precious stones. The Count seemed to have inspired his captors with a special hatred, for not another prisoner was treated with such unvarying cruelty. When the king sent to enquire as to his fate, and offered to ransom him regardless of the cost, he was invariably met with the assurance of his death.

And the weary months dragged on. The foul air of his prison cell affected his health, and the work which he was led forth to do was too much for his strength. In hunger and thirst, in much watching, beneath the burning rays of an Egyptian sun, this heroic soldier of the Cross toiled on. Not a murmur escaped his lips. To the jibes and jeers of his tormentors he uttered not a word; and to their assurances of freedom and a happy meeting with wife and child, if he would but mock and scoff at the christian's God, he had but one fearless answer to give.

Meanwhile, the Lady Blanche: What of her? Hoping almost against hope, she clung to the belief that Felix still lived. All her works of charity, all her prayers, tended to this one end. She was very devoted to the holy souls, and after praying for them or assisting at mass for their release, she would beg them not to forget the dear prisoner she loved so well.

At times when her courage, well nigh faltered, the saintly chaplain of the castle would bid her renew her prayers to the

"Comfortress of the afflicted," who surely would protect her husband and watch over him in that far off land.

But the world awoke to the year 1251, and the fame of the new devotion resounded throughout the church. It penetrated to France, and Lady Blanche was amongst the first to have herself enrolled in the confraternity, together with her child. She had the name of her husband inscribed therein, that he might have an additional claim on the protection of Mary. And her confidence was not misplaced. Not a day elapsed when the wanderer clasped his beloved ones to his heart.

As the legend runs, after a day upon which the ferocity of his tormentors surpassed even *itself*, Count Felix fell upon his knees, and with a fervent prayer to the Blessed Virgin and her divine Son, in whose honor he had become a soldier of the Cross, he resigned himself wholly into their sacred hands to live or to die. At that moment a venerable man in the garb of a monk appeared before him, and placing a *scapular* around his neck, opened the prison door and bade him "go in peace."

He knew nothing more until he found himself in his home—his own dear home. Thanks to the interposition of our Lady of Mount Carmel and her devout client—St. Simon of the Stock.

S. X. B.

St. Mary's, Pa.

THE QUEEN OF ART.

For the Carmelite Review.

One day while conversing with a gentleman who had spent much of his life in the centres of European culture, the talk drifted in the realm of art. "Why, the Madonna has been the inspiration of all true art. The greatest pictures have been painted in her honor," said he. This thought has dwelt with me ever since, while an appalling vision has come before me, a vision of the world swept desolate of all the churches, the pictures, statues and carvings which have been achieved in honor of Our Lady. No human brain can compute the influence exerted over the entire race by great pictures—by even one of Rapheal's Madonnas. None but an angel of light could see the ebbing to and fro of the ocean of human love, attracted by that Ideal Woman who inspired the painter. Can you fancy the blackness that the lack of sacred art would leave, or the dreary waste that would surround us, should all the devotional pictures of Our Lady be blotted out? Such a catastrophe would extend from Rome itself to the huts of the Aztec Indians. Not a country on the globe where the Gate of Heaven has been turned but would lose a ray of divine light. Thus we see how the Rose of Sharon has been wreathed about civilization, or rather how culture has followed the Ave Maria.

The recent excavations in the catacombs reveal pictures, if not portraits, of Our Lady, beautiful and ennobling—the centuries bring their varying types, but ever the same idea. In vain we try to build a history of art without a view of the old time monks illuminating their parchments, and with them the world. What chain but the Rosary binds the centuries from the days of our dear Lord upon the earth until now? The Blessed Virgin adds poetry to art, lifting it from the material into the beautiful and real. But Catholics can alone understand catholic painters; thus they have a special field of study and delight that should not be neglected. Even the English woman, Mrs. Jameson, whose books of art have been generally accepted, blunders over the "Worship of the Virgin," not knowing the difference between the Star of Heaven and Heaven itself. We may each recall some beloved picture of the Assumption, but do we know that the artist received his inspiration from that text from the canticles, which recalls "A woman clothed with the sun, having the moon under her feet, and on her head a crown of twelve stars?"

Have you ever thought that there is a region of art well worth the trouble of studying? Or that a picture may contain much more than that we can see? There is indeed a world of art and the queen of that domain is the ideal woman—the Virgin Mary.

Josephine Lewis.

SONNET TO THE NEW YEAR.

[By Rev P. Dillon, D D., Ph D.]

For The Carmelite Review.

Hail, thou new epoch ! hail thou infant year !
Thou comest newly from the womb of time,
Amid the dying cycle's snow and rime,
Thine infant radiance shadowed by its sear.
Soon shall these wintry shadows disappear
When timidly thy shoots of vernal prime
Peep forth, and onward, in thy summer, climb,
Till autumn's radiance bursts upon the sphere,
And if, to us, who pass thee on our way,
Thine opening hours seem shadowed o'er by care,
May gladsome hope dispel our dark dismay
A hope of summer bright and autumn fair—
Or here, or where thyself and thy compeers
Shall merge in endless joy that counts not years.

A ROMAN LILY.

For the Carmelite Review

ON the twenty-first of January, one year after Diocletian issued his first edict against the Christians, fanatical hatred crushed out of existence a flower, the perfume of whose wounded petals has been wafted down to us throughout the ages. Time and nations powerless to diminish the pristine sweetness of its being, to-day, in every part of the globe, loving hearts confidently seek her aid, and the tender voices of little children joyously sing the praises of the little Roman maiden, St. Agnes—the Lily of Jesus.

Although only thirteen years of age, when she bent her head to receive the executioner's cruel stroke, Agnes had lived no uneventful life. Rich and belonging to an ancient, noble family, she had passed her days surrounded by all the pomp, splendor, and comforts of extravagant Rome.

Her parents were Christians, but did not dare proclaim their faith, and no pagan suspected it. Like all Romans of wealth, they entertained largely, and so it was an easy matter for christian friends to assemble at their house to assist at the most consoling sacrifice of the mass, there daily offered, and to fortify their souls with the Body and Blood of their Crucified Leader. Her biographers tell us that Agnes was especially devout at these secret gatherings, and that after her first Holy Communion she begged to be allowed to receive our Lord every day.

No wonder, lingering in such an atmosphere, feeding upon such priceless food, that her heart turned from earthly pleasures and companions. The radiance of a pure soul shone from her eyes and perfected a singularly beautiful face. Jesus was constantly in her thoughts, and this entire forgetfulness of self combined with her personal charms to produce an ideally graceful girl. Her beauty was the theme of every tongue, and no entertainment seemed complete without her.

Agnes was her parents' only child, and as in those days a girl assumed social duties at an earlier age than is usual with us, she was frequently seen at banquets and other assemblies. A characteristic simplicity of dress made her a striking contrast to the richly adorned Romans, and many wondered why her robes were always of the purest white. But christian friends knew that this style of dress was chosen as the most appropriate for the child-spouse of Jesus ; and with many a prayerful sigh and anxious fluttering of the heart did they witness the surprise and chagrin expressed on every side as Agnes persistently refused all offers of marriage. Her rejected suitors determined to discover her reasons for pursuing a course at that time so unusual. They studied her face and conversation, watched her actions, followed her stealthily wherever she went, and finally discovered the truth—Agnes was a Christian. She was confronted with the charge and entreated to abandon the practice of her religion. They urged her to marry and become a leader in the gay Roman society she was so well fitted to grace. The child firmly refused, was reported to the governor, rudely torn from her happy home, and thrust into a filthy prison filled with hardened criminals.

The governor anticipated no difficulty in making the child offer incense to the gods, and being irritated at the fruitlessness of his persuasions, delivered her into the hands of rude soldiers and an infuriated rabble—loathsome temptations, cruel blows, bitter words, and the most subtle flattery were all powerless to alter her purpose.

The little Agnes unceasingly called upon Jesus to protect her body and soul from their relentless fury, and her cries met a loving response. Exasperated at her courage, the soldiers redoubled their torments and then threw her again into prison.

Another night in dismal confinement, and again, calmly beautiful, Agnes appeared before the judge. A murmur of disapproval could be heard in the crowded room as she entered, attended by a strong guard. Pagan mothers shuddered as they looked upon their dear ones companioned in such a place, and upon such a charge. Christian men and women silently wept and prayed God to grant the dear child continued courage and confidence in His love. The tribunal was determined to break the strong will that upheld her, but Agnes resisted everything, and died for Jesus. As St. Jerome expresses it—she overcame the cruelty of the tyrant and the tenderness of her age, and crowned the glory of chastity with that of martyrdom. When the baptismal waters were being poured upon her head, was it a prophetic vision of her sad but glorious death that suggested to her parents the name of Agnes, whose Greek significance is *chaste*, and its Latin meaning *lamb?*

What a flood of serious thoughts fill the mind as the memory fondly dwells upon the great faith and heroic virtues of this child-martyr. Her great courage reminds one of those words of Cardinal Gibbons: "The Lord would have a woman gentle and good; but He loves a woman to be *valiant* as well. To those qualities add purity and truthfulness, and we have a woman whose very presence is a continual blessing."

To see those qualities so fully developed in a child of thirteen, shows of what a soul is capable who puts her trust in God. And in St. Agnes, Catholics, especially Catholic girls, have an example which is perfectly possible to imitate. Her temptations and many of her trials were the same as their temptations and trials. She overcame them—do they intend to? In attending any religious exercise outside of her own home, St. Agnes ran great risks. Living in a pagan city, and in a time of savage persecution, she nevertheless kept her soul pure, and firmly guarded her faith. Surely we, who live in peaceful countries, enjoying freedom of worship, can do as much. For two days and nights shocking torments and cruel death stared her in the face, but she looked on them unflinchingly. No one heard her call piteously for a priest to absolve her from her sins. She was always prepared for death, and when God called her, St. Agnes went to Him with confidence and love.

After her execution, friends of St. Agnes reverently buried her sacred remains near the Nomentan Road, a short distance from Rome. During the time of Constantine the Great, a church was built over the spot, and in it her relics repose in a rich silver shrine, the gift of Pope Paul V.

This church and the memory of its lovely namesake are especially honored by the Holy Father, who, accompanied by many ecclesiastical dignitaries, and the students of the Propaganda, pays a solemn visit to this celebrated shrine every year. It is here, too, on the Feast of St. Agnes, Jan. 21, that two white lambs are blessed at high mass by the Abbot of St. Peter's Chains. These lambs are then carried to the Pope, who also blesses them. The Capuchin nuns of St. Lawrence then receive them, and with the wool the nuns

(*Continued on page 12.*)

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Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CARMELITE FATHERS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Terms: $1 per Year.

Address all communications to

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.,

Falls View, Ontario.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JAN., 1893. NO. 1.

SALUTATORY.

IN sending forth the first number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW we are fully aware that we have ventured on dangerous ground. But it is a step taken only after much consideration.

This magazine is to be devoted to the Queen of Carmel, under whose auspices THE REVIEW is started and to whom it is dedicated; authority approves and our many friends encourage the undertaking, and hence are we hopeful of success.

Carmelite periodicals are not a novelty, as we have long since had in German the "*Stimmen vom Berge Karmel*," in Spanish, the "*Revista Carmelitana*," in French, the "*Chroniques du Carmel*," and others, but THE CARMELITE REVIEW is the first of its kind to appear in an English dress, so without presumption we can say we shall try to fill the "long felt want." We do not mean to say that in America the "art preservative of arts" has not until now been made use of to honor our Mother, for we gratefully acknowledge that we have publications in the language devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin.

Our province shall be to treat of our dear Lady in her relations to Carmel. The press has always been potent in propagating particular pious practices, and we hope that our REVIEW will be no less a means of augmenting the Devotion of the Brown Scapular.

It shall be our duty to honor Mary, the Flower of Carmel, to unfold the beauty of that lovely flower, to spread its sweet fragrance far and wide, and to screen it from every foul breath that would dare pollute it. We shall endeavor to bring to light everything that will enhance the loveliness of this flower par excellence, which will be a worthy posy to offer our Queen, and a sweet smelling nosegay for her clients. We shall be naturally led to speak of the other flowers which bloomed in Carmel, the luxuriant "Garden of God," our saints. THE CARMELITE REVIEW will give everything of interest to all the children of our Lady, and by degrees bring them, as the Prophet says—"to feed on Carmel," and enjoy all its fruits. THE CARMELITE REVIEW will likewise be a medium of intercommunication between English speaking Carmelites, viz: First, between our brothers and sisters of the 1st and 2nd order; secondly, by our Tertiaries, and thirdly, by the vast outer circle of our family, which embraces all who wear the Brown Scapular.

THE CARMELITE REVIEW will treat of our Lady's Feasts, the Saints of Carmel—their lives and sayings. The holy Scapular and its wonderful and manifest effects shall receive a large share of attention. We in-

tend from time to time to publish interesting correspondence from our Monasteries at home and abroad. Everything of interest appearing in the European journals of our Order will be carefully noted. From month to month the reverend superior of the Monastery here at Niagara Falls will have something new to say to his many friends who are interested in our Hospice.

Our young friends will not be overlooked. Their corner will be committed to the care of one well able to make that part of the magazine eagerly sought for. We trust that the acquaintance which the little ones make to-day with "Carmel's Secretary" will be a lasting one. We ask our readers to overlook the deficiencies of the first number of this monthly. We beg all the clients of our Lady of Carmel to second our first endeavor by increasing the circle of our readers. This will be an encouragement to us, and a sure evidence of the future success of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Having now launched forth on the hazardous sea of journalism, "Our Quest" shall be the discovery of the old and a new world of subjects for our Queen. The new gifts and treasures to be brought to Mary's court shall be, we hope, an increase of love and devotion.

Following our Holy Rule, which, in the words of St. Paul, bids us to do all things "in the Name of the Lord," we go forth in that sweet Name which the Holy Child to-day received in the temple. Jesus is ever accompanied by Mary, and in this holy company we feel safe. Our "Santa Maria" will carry us safely through, and we shall always be sure of success when with the pious Columbus we behold on our banner "*Jesus cum Maria sit nobis in via.*"

Finally, we hope all our friends will experience during the New Year the truth of the saying of the Blessed Virgin that the holy Scapular will be for them "a safe-guard in danger," and, we trust, a source of many blessings.

We now take our leave by again wishing all a Happy New Year and recommending our readers to the protection of the "Queen of this glad natal day of ours."

NOTES.

"THE Carmelites and the Brown Scapular," and other interesting articles by the eminent Irish Carmelite, Dr. Farrington, of Dublin, will appear in these pages at an early date.

* * *

THE first installment of a beautiful serial entitled "Marcias Madonna," written expressly for THE CARMELITE REVIEW by a gifted Canadian author will appear in our February number.

* * *

HAVING made our first appearance on the first day of the New Year, we have the pleasing duty of wishing twelve months of unalloyed happiness to all whom, for the first time, we greet as our readers.

* * *

THE Episcopal Jubilee of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., will be one of the notable events of the New Year. We owe a debt of gratitude to the present worthy occupant of St. Peter's chair, who, like many of the illustrious Pontiffs who have preceded him, has been ever ready to bestow favors on the Order of Mount Carmel. We invite our readers to unite in the prayers which are daily offered in the Carmelite convents throughout the world for His Holiness.

— Speak to every one with cheerfulness. — *St. Teresa.*

THE HOSPICE

— OF —

MOUNT CARMEL

— AT —

NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

INTRODUCTORY.

IT is a very pleasant duty that I am called upon to perform upon this auspicious day, when, for the first time, I may greet our numerous friends and benefactors from the pages of our own modest little Review. I hail this opportunity, for I have much to say.

For more than a year I have been in private communication with hundreds of persons throughout the United States and Canada. In most instances, what began in a mere formal and business-like way, soon ripened into something warmer, and to-day I know that I am addressing a large circle of readers to whom I am no stranger, and who sympathize with us and our work.

I knew that the appeal to all wearers of the Scapular of our dear Mother of Mount Carmel, which had been sent forth from this house, would not find unwilling ears; but even my most sanguine hopes did not lead me to expect such a general and generous response.

My first duty, therefore, is to thank you all publicly in as fervent a manner as I can. You may not look for it, nor desire it, satisfied that the Queen knows the motives which inspired you, and the manner in which you tried to honor her, but this does not dispense me from my duty.

All the more am I obliged to acknowledge your generosity, as there can have been nothing personal in it. To most of you our Carmelite fathers are strangers. Few in number, and comparatively unknown, we could but make our appeal in the name of her, who is our Mother, the special patron of our order. It is, therefore, to her that we owe your sympathy and kindness, and it is in her name and for her sake that we owe you thanks.

Ours has been a blessed experience. In the midst of a world which seems to be growing every day more and more blind to its final destiny, less and less susceptible to divine influences, we have discovered that the name of Mary has still its charms for thousands of Catholic hearts, and that hundreds of thousands still honor her by wearing her livery, and are thus united with her order in a union of prayers and good works.

Could any experience have been more delightful to a Carmelite?

In the name of Our Dear Lady, therefore, we thank you.

We thank His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, for the great favor he has shown us and our undertaking, by bestowing his special Apostolic Benediction upon all our benefactors —upon all those who have helped us in the past as well as upon those who will help us in the future.

We thank our own beloved Archbishop of Toronto, who from the beginning gave us his full, warm-hearted support, and whose letter, printed on the inside of the front cover, gives evidence of his tender devotion to Our Lady of Mount Carmel

We thank His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons, who was among the first of the American prelates to wish us God speed in our undertaking. We thank the many other archbishops and bishops who have encouraged us so much by their kind words of approval, and in several instances even

generously aided us with their contributions.

We thank the hundreds of priests who wrote to us, or visited us, and joined the ranks of our benefactors. We thank the Catholic papers and periodicals which have with true Catholic charity, spoken of our work and recommended it to their readers.

And finally, we thank the many, many benefactors among the laity, who, while not neglecting the more authoratitive calls at home, did not hesitate, for our dear Lady's sake, to come to our assistance.

May the choicest blessings of God be your reward! I utter this New Year's wish with more assurance than usually accompanies a New Year's greeting, for I know beforehand that God will be kind to those who love His mother. No one can be really unhappy who guards a deep affection for Mary in his heart.

And not to forget that which more immediately has made us acquainted with each other—the effort to erect a great Hospice of Mount Carmel, similar to the one in the Holy Land, in our own continent and on the banks of our own glorious Niagara. Let us wish it success. May your kindly interest continue; may the number of its friends and benefactors keep on increasing, so that we may not only be able to begin to build it, as we intend to do, in the early days of spring, but also bring it to a rapid completion in this great Columbian year. May the CARMELITE REVIEW, founded in the interest of our work, find many friends and subscribers, to whom I may speak from month to month about the progress of the Hospice. One by one, I shall explain its name, its location, its object, its manifold advantages, etc., and answer in these pages whatever questions may be addressed to me of general interest. And, since it is our mutual work, I shall give a list of each preceding month's contributions. This time it begins with the 12th of November and ends with the 12th of December, 1892. I regret not to have space in which to give a list of all contributions from the beginning, but every contribution was acknowledged at the time of its receipt, and it shall be so in future. To insure prompt answers, always give your full address when ever you write us. The list of contributions will be found on inside of back cover of THE REVIEW.

A. J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

Our Lady of the Calendar.

For the Carmelite Review.

The days that pass are thine, my Queen,
And thine the days that once have been.
Each weaves its wreath of praise for thee
And claims a meed of sweet pity
For all the griefs that heavy lea n.

Thy love envelops earth in sheen
Of silver and of gold. Serene,
We pray thou cherish tenderly
The days that pass.

Not one days lacks the crystalline
Glory that seraph's vision keen
Discerns in happy hours that free
Sad earth, through thee, of misery.
For thee the year attunes in pean,
The days that pass.

—MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

THE escutcheon of the Carmelite Order, which appears on the back cover of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, is of very ancient date: its shield is emblazoned with three stars typifying the three principal epochs of the Order — the Prophetic, Greek and Latin eras—the first before Christ and the last two since His coming. The dark ground of the shield represents the Mount of Carmel. The Carmelites also adopted, in remembrance of their Founder, the Prophet Elias, an arm holding a flaming cimetar, and his motto: "*Zelo zetatus sum pro Domino Deo exercituum :*" "I burn with zeal for the Lord God of armies." This inscription incircles the crown, surmounted by its twelve stars, of Mary Immaculate, the Queen of the Order of Mt. Carmel.

A ROMAN LILY.

(*Continued from page 7*)

make the Palliums worn by all archbishops. Inside the walls of Rome is another church, dedicated to St. Agnes. This church is superbly decorated, and is rich in rare marbles and ancient mosaics. Here the feast is joyfully celebrated. One pleasant feature of the ceremony is the custom of sprinkling the entire floor of the church with evergreen box.

Eliza Allen Starr tells us that next to the representations of the Apostles and Evangelists, no saint appears so early in pictures as St. Agnes—that her effigy, with her name inscribed below it, was found on the glass and earthen wear used by the christians in the fourth century. In early pictures St. Agnes is always represented carrying a palm in one hand, and sometimes she is crowned with olive. Later artists, however, appropriately represent her accompanied by a lamb, either lying in her arms or standing beside her.

Not only have the great artists of the church vied with one another in honoring this lovely girl, but the greatest doctors and saints of the church have resounded her praises and imitated her virtues. The great St. Ambrose and St. Austin were noted for their devotion to her, and Thomas A. Kempis chose her for his especial patron. When the author of "*The Imitation*," that most profound and consoling book, petitioned for the favor of St. Agnes, surely we could do no better than follow his example. None of us will likely die for our faith. Our privilege is to live for it. Faith will shine with added lustre, boys and girls become better men and women, if we persevere in trying to reproduce in ourselves the heroic virtues of our Lily of Jesus.

MARTHA MURRAY.

EPIPHANY.

JANUARY 6th, the one thousand eight hundred and ninety-third anniversary of the happy day on which the God-Man revealed Himself to the three pious and princely travellers, ought to us be a day of thanksgiving. If anything awakens feelings of gratitude Epiphany should. How much did our fate, "to be or not to be," christians, depend on that journey of those pious kings? We owe much thanks to the great christian mariner, Columbus, who, faithful to the north star's guidance and full of hope in the "Star of the Sea," discovered for us a vast continent, but we likewise owe a debt of gratitude to the three holy kings who, amid difficulties untold, were faithful to the guiding star which opened up to them another world — the Kingdom of Christ—not only to them, but to all of us. If astronomy be an uncertain science one thing will be always certain, and that is, we all have our guiding star. Its course is a particular one for each of us—God's will. Woe to us if we heed it not! Let us now, at the threshold of a new year, resolve to follow *God's* star and none other. Do you feel unable? Then look for light, guidance, strength and consolation in another star towards which St. Bernard directs your attention, viz., to the Star of the Sea—Mary.

My religious habit and poor clothes show that I despise from my heart the gaudy pomps of the world. The honors and riches of a king, who must shortly die himself, are no temptation for me.—*St. Anastasius, the Martyr.*

What man can celebrate the most praiseworthy Mary according to her dignity?—*St. Cyril of Alexandria.*

I never was angry but once in my life, and I have always regretted it.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

CANONIZED CARMELITES.

A YOUNG soldier in the Persian army figures first in the calendar as a Carmelite, viz, St. Anastasius the Martyr. At the time when Chosroes, the King of Persia, was carrying the true cross as plunder from Jerusalem, our saint became very inquisitive concerning the christian religion. Prior to his conversion he lodged with a pious christian, and whilst there was exceedingly moved by the holy pictures which adorned the walls of the house, and from this on Anastasius inquired daily into the true faith—was duly instructed and baptized. Soon after baptism the saint joined a community of monks, successors of the Prophet Elias, whose monastery lay about five miles from Jerusalem. After seven years spent in great perfection in this monastery, he obtained permission to make a pilgrimage. Whilst on his journey he was apprehended and cruelly tortured at Caesarea because he had the courage to reprove some public sinners. After many sufferings, borne with great patience, the saint was strangled, and afterwards beheaded. His body was left to be devoured by dogs, but was left untouched. The head of the saint is to-day preserved with great veneration at Rome. The rest of the relics are preserved in the chapel *ad Scalas Sanctas*, near St. John Lateran.

OBITUARY.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"— PROMISE OF B. V. M.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

Adam Meyer, who lately died in Pittsburg, Pa.

Mother M. Mechthildis, who died at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Ont. on December 11th.

THIRD ORDER.

LIKE the Third Order of Sts. Francis, Dominic and Augustine, there is also a Third Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. Our tertiaries are those persons who, not being called to the first or second order, (the monks and nuns who observe the principal Rule,) try to imitate the religious as far as circumstances permit. Several Popes have approved the Third Order of Mount Carmel. On some future occasion we shall explain the Rule of the tertiaries in detail, and give other items which will be of interest to all the members of the Third Order in the United States and Canada.

WE are in receipt of an interesting letter from the Pittsburgh branch of the Third Order, in which we are informed that it has survived a hard struggle for existence, and now stands on a secure footing. The first two of the present members received the holy habit on the Feast of the Annunciation in 1884. Subsequent to this the Third Order community has reached a membership of about fifty, with a prospect of a large increase before the end of 1893. The very reverend Pius Mayer, the present Provincial of the Carmelites in North America established the Third Order in Pittsburgh, and, was moreover, its Director for many years. To quote the letter referred to, "The Third Order owes its origin and existence to his untiring zeal, so that he might indeed be called its Father". Rev. Fr. Ferdinand followed the reverend Fr. Pius in the directorship, and was in turn succeeded by the present zealous and energetic Director, the Reverend Father Ambrose F. Bruder O. C. C. under whose direction the Third Order in Pittsburgh and vicinity is sure to prosper.

Little children love one another.—*St. John of the Cross.*

OUR LADY'S WEDDING DAY.

How few live to celebrate their golden wedding! Such an event is considered memorable, and an occasion of much joy and congratulation. But memorable as it is, that day soon passes into obscurity. The joyful occasions of one generation give place to others, and the red letter days of the domestic circle are soon forgotten. Such are human events, nevertheless there is one wedding day which will always remain green in our memory. It is more than a golden anniversary—it is the commemoration of that happy day of more than a thousand years ago when our Holy Mother was espoused to Holy Joseph about the middle of the sixteenth century, in order to remind us of this joyful event, holy church instituted the Feast of the Espousal of the Blessed Virgin, which we celebrate on the 23rd of this month.

We read that a French Princess Johanna de Evreux, wife of Philip the Fair, was very much devoted to our Blessed Lady, and was one of the principal benefactors of the church of our Lady of Mount Carmel in Paris. On one occasion the pious princess decorated the statue of the Blessed Virgin with a beautiful golden crown, which was set with diamonds, rubies and emeralds. In addition to this, the royal devotee placed on the statue a veil rich with pearls and skilfully wrought lilies. We too should bring some suitable wedding gift to our Queen. We may not be able to imitate the French princess in the wealth of our gifts, but we can nevertheless make an offering just as acceptable to our Blessed Lady. Mary had vowed to live a life of virginity What a sacrifice of her own will did she not make in obeying her parents and entering the married state. Free-will is man's noblest gift—that which makes him the crown-work of creation, and when we give it back to God we can offer Him nothing more valuable. On this account did God also reward Mary's sacrifice, and was pleased to give her a spouse who was to be her protector and the guardian of her holy purity. Thus was our mother crowned. We, too, can offer our wedding gifts. Let it be also a crown, viz, a sacrifice of our own will; let us offer her, too, a wreath of pearls and lilies—that is to say, according to our state in life, to imitate her angelic purity. Such presents are the most acceptable in the eyes of our Holy Mother.

Now that Advent is past, weddings will again be the order of the day. Let those who are entering this holy state take Mary as their model. In order that God may bless their union, let them receive the holy sacrament in a way becoming christians and Catholics. How unchristian to see so many fulfilling all the fashionable requirements, but neglecting to receive the nuptial blessing at Holy Mass. Mary's example is a reproach to many—she did not on the score of royal extraction claim exemption from being married in the temple, — follow her example and each anniversary of the nuptial-day will be an occasion of joy and happiness.

The make-up of the front cover of The Carmelite Review may not appear appropriate. Nevertheless it will remain as it is at least during this year, first for economical reasons, and secondly because by associating our projected Hopice with the great cataract and showing the building on its future site, will be a means of attracting the attention of many who otherwise might be unaware of our location.

Charity and gentleness should be a law for whoever writes for a Catholic journal; as moderation in style and argument is an evidence at once of a christian-like spirit, of true mental culture and of gentleman-like breeding.—*Archbishop Feehan.*

Praise everybody, and find good in everybody.—*St. Philip Neri.*

Cerasola's "Cor Cordium."

"Behold, my soul, thy God who loves thee best,
Whose heart was opened by the cruel spear;
This is thy resting-place, thy nest is here—
Poor wandering dove! fly to the nest, the nest!

"Behold, while life's false sea thou sailest o'er,
Thy God has placed a shelt'ring haven near,
Where thou may'st nevermore the tempest fear—
Poor shattered bark! fly to the shore, the shore!

"Behold, to quench thy thirst Christ opens wide
'Neath the rude lance a fountain in his side:
Poor panting fawn, the river, to the river!

"Thy river, O my soul! thy port, thy nest,
Thy Heaven itself is in the Saviour's breast.
Ah! whither fly? To Heaven, to Heaven for ever!"

A SAFEGUARD IN DANGER.

The *Chroniques du Carmel*, a magazine published by our confreres in Belgium, relates the following incident which ought to increase our confidence in the protection of our Lady of the Scapular:—A christian named Joseph Gemonat was on his journey towards Bagdad. He traveled on horseback unaccompanied through the desert of Killa, in which there are many lions. Whilst nearing Samona Joseph suddenly heard the roar of the dreaded beast and in another moment saw it furiously rushing towards him. The poor traveller abandoned all hope of escape, and his horse stood still and shook with fear. Death appeared certain. Gemonat recommended his soul to God, and then taking his Scapular from his breast held it before the lion and said: "In the name of the Blessed Virgin I command thee to do me no harm." At this the lion stood still, ceased to roar, turned and fled. The Prefect-Apostolic, together with many people of Bagdad and Borsozali listened to the story of Gemonat and bore testimony to its veracity. Thus, as on many occasions, was verefied the promise of our Mother that the Scapular is "a Safeguard in Danger."

A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a barrel of vinegar.—*St. Francis de Sales.*

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

The late Cardinal Howard had a great devotion to the Scapular. He showed it when he was yet an officer in the Guards. It happened that one of his fellow-officers found a Scapular in the guard room and carried it to the mess room, where he held it up to ridicule. Finally he suspended it on the gas jet overhanging the table. Lieutenant Howard came late that evening to supper, and as he entered the room someone shouted, "Howard, here is something for you; is it not something belonging to a papist?" "Of course," said Howard, "it is something belonging to my religion—something which I reverence and esteem, for the honor of which I would be ready to draw my sword." Thereupon he drew his sword from its scabbard and held the Scapular on the point. He then most devoutly kissed the Scapular, afterwards placing it on his breast. None of his comrades dared to say a word. After this Lieutenant Howard was more then ever esteemed by his fellow-officers since he was not ashamed to give expression to his religious convictions.

DANGEROUS FICTION.

Parents generally should understand that the general output of novels embraces many books of tendencies so immoral that it is quite worth their while to supervise current literature that may fall into the hands of their children. Many young people go to book-shops and buy novels innocently, because of their titles, which contain suggestions of the most unwholesome character, while in others may be found the bold advocacy of the most vicious doctrines and theories. A boy or girl, on purchasing a novel, should be required to submit it to the inspection of his father and mother, and the bookseller should be made to feel the weight of paternal displeasure if the book be unfit for the young to read. These books make a mockery of marriage, and a jest of the most holy relations between the sexes. They instil a doctrine as absolutely fatal to the welfare of society as it is disastrous to the youthful mind.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588, Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

Have you heard the big folks talking about the new magazine, and saying how glad they will be to have a real messenger from our dear Lady of Mount Carmel, coming to knock at their doors on the first of every month?

Perhaps you little prattlers have said to yourselves, "Oh! 'tisn't for us. We don't care for old people's books."—Well, now, even though Christmas is over, let us give you a New Year's surprise. The Review is to be yours as well as your parents'; and we want you to watch for the first of the month just as eagerly as if you were sure that our Lady, with that beautiful blue mantle of hers, which we all know and love so well, were coming to play post-man with her own Review. What a welcome she would get—what bright eyes, and smiling faces, and open arms would meet her, if the dear Mother came to your door.

Well, dear little ones, she is coming like a fairy god-mother—in disguise—and she will have her wand too; yes, and her gifts for her god (good) children. What shall they be? Now, we all love to get letters. First, she is going to send you a letter every month, written by her secretary. You know a Queen never writes her own letters. She always dictates what she wishes to say, and her autograph is always considered a very precious and much sought for treasure. Now, all loyal subjects—those who love and serve the Queen—think a great deal of everything concerning her, and if she were to send them a letter—a monthly letter—why, they'd think they were really a part of the royal family. That is just what you are! Children of the King and his Empress—Mother—Queen Mary.

Then you, too, may write letters to be dropped into the Queen's letter box.

You may send riddles, puzzles, ask questions, write wee little stories — anything you like for *your* "cor-ner." No one else but the little ones shall have a claim there.

Now, let us see what a heavy mail will come in for Purification Day, that sweet feast of our Lady which makes us think of the gentle doves that she carried to the temple, and of Him, her own white dove and Blessed Baby, that was cooing so sweetly in her ears and St. Joseph's that they wanted to hear no other sounds, no matter how sweet. So hurry up now, dear children, and tell the letter box what you think of your "corner" and all you are going to do for it.

Carmel's Secretary.

PUZZLES.

I

I am composed of four words and sixteen letters.
My 13, 12, 8, 6, 1, means unearthly.
My 15, 14, 2, is the name of a reigning sovereign.
My 3, 5, 7, 14, is a delightful season.
My 4, 13, 16, is a stupid creature.
My 9, 8, 11, 10, is a knightly sport.
My whole is an easy way to get to heaven.

II

On earth she walked,
On earth she talked,
Rebuking man of sin;
She's not on earth
She's not in heaven
Nor ever can get in.

III

What character of the Bible, whose name is not mentioned, died a death which no one else ever died or can die, and the material of whose shroud is in every house?

Oliver Wendell Holmes on being asked what he thought of a girl's five o'clock tea, replied:—Tis giggle, gabble, gobble, git.

Teacher—Tommy, spell Mississippi.

Tommy—M, i, crooked letter, crooked letter, i, crooked letter, crooked letter, i, p, p, i.

[Answers to puzzles will appear in the next number of The Carmelite Review.]

THE Carmelite M Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEBRUARY, 1893. NO. 2.

ODE

ON THE EPISCOPAL JUBILEE

—OF—

POPE LEO XIII., FEBRUARY 19TH, 1893.

For The Carmelite Review.

Hail mighty Pope! Hail spiritual Sire!
The world salutes thee on this festive day,
And kneels before thine august throne to pay
The highest tribute mortal can desire—
The offering of love's perpetual fire!
Thee have the nations gazed on from afar,
As bright thy light, and shining like a star,
Beam'd o'er a troubled world. Love doth inspire
Thine every act, O Pontiff most benign!
To thee, vicegerent of the Lord Most High,
The world doth turn expectant for a sign,
And hails thee, beloved Leo, "light in the sky."

O Father of the Faithful! Blessed indeed,
Yea, trebly blest is he upon whose brow
Thou sign'st the symbol of our holy Creed.
Priest, Bishop, Pope, all these do thee endow
With majesty of triple power; but thou
Art even in thy very nature blest;
Thy soul with greatness teems, thy face imprest
With love's sweet smile, doth win the world to bow,
And on this day to lift their hearts with thine
In glad thanksgiving to the Throne divine.

How glorious record doth thy reign display!
Thy life how bright its day!
O orb of wisdom! ever beaming bright,
Thou illuminest the night,
And fillest Earth with transcendental light!
The angel of the Schools thou bid'st once more
Bestow his precious lore
Upon the human mind, which foes assail,
With wisdom earthly, heedless of the soul;
That sea of wisdom pure thou didst unveil,
Its flood-gates yielding to thy sweet control.
The gloomy world that lay in durance vile,
Beneath the tyranny of Sophist minds,
Beheld a beacon light and wore a smile,
As mariners at sea midst treacherous winds.

Then, noble Leo! Blest guardian of the fold!
How fondly, in solicitude for truth,
Thou opened up that mine of wealth untold
The archives of the Vatican, whose lore
Is to the human intellect far more
Than erstwhile was the fabled Fount of Youth,
Or that most precious stone for which, as we are taught,
The dreamy alchemist so vainly sought.

What time the nations, trembling in unrest,
Beheld the ominous clouds, the surging sea,
That threatened to engulf them in its breast
Like Peter on the sea of Galilee;
Cried out in agony: "Who now our guide will be?"
'Twas thou, like Saviour blest,
Made answer: "Come to me
And I will give you rest."

There came a cry from Afric's gloomy shore
Of souls that slept in bondage, and the sound
Fell sad and solemn on thy loving heart
But thou, benignant father, bore a part
Of that deep wail of sorrow, and unbound
The manacles the nations' pity wore.

Labor was prone beneath a tyrant yoke,
When thou great Pontiff spoke,
And, in bold burning words most eloquent,
A glorious message to all nations sent,
Which straight the burden broke.

Most noble-hearted Leo! whether it be
That nations struggling in a stormy sea
Beset by darkness, or the trodden slave,
Thy holy and far-reaching succour crave;
Whether from treacherous shoals of unbelief,
Or infidelity, earth seeks relief,
Thy mystic light leads gloriously on,
Dispelling clouds and scattering, anon,
The blessings of thy wisdom. Every land
Hath felt the bounty of thy generous hand.
Thy master mind hath led the nations out
From the deep chaos of soul-blighting doubt.
And still despite the dark opposing rocks
Of unbelief, the vain unseemly shocks
Of heresy, the barque of Peter sails
In glorious triumph midst ungenerous gales,
And thou, beloved Leo, bold and brave,
Dost guide her safely o'er the troubled wave.

Hail ever loving father, may thy years
By Heaven protected be!
Beam brighter that "Light in Heaven" which nobly steers
The barque of Peter over time's dark sea!

—JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.
Niagara Falls, N. Y.

The Order of Mount Carmel.

[*By the Rev. Dr. Farrington, O. C. C, of Dublin.*]

THE Christian religion arose in an enlightened and sceptic age; but among a despised and narrow-minded people. It earned hatred and persecution at home by its liberal genius and opposition to the national prejudices; it earned contempt abroad by its connection with the country where it was born, and which sought to strangle it in its birth. Emerging from Judea it made its outward march through the most polished regions of the world—Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece, Rome, and in all it attracted notice and provoked hostility, successive massacres and attempts at extermination. Persecuted for ages by the whole force of the Roman Empire, it bore without resistance and seemed to draw fresh vigor from the axe; but assaults in the way of argument, from whatever quarter, it was never ashamed or unable to repel, and whether attacked or not, it was resolutely aggressive. In four centuries it had pervaded the civilized world; it had mounted the thrones of the Cæsars; it had spread beyond the limits of their sway, and had made inroads upon barbarian nations whom their eagles had never visited; it had gathered all genius and all learning into itself, and made the literature of the world its own; it survived the inundation of the barbarian tribes, and conquered the world once more by converting its conquerors to the faith; it survived an age of barbarism; it survived the restoration of letters; it survived an age of free inquiry and scepticism, and has long stood its ground in the field of argument, and commanded the intelligent assent of the greatest minds that ever were; it has been the parent of civilization, and the nurse of learning; and, if light, and humanity, and freedom be the boast of modern Europe, it is to Christianity she owes them. Exhibiting in the life of Jesus Christ a picture, varied and minute, of the perfect human united with the Divine, in which the mind of man has not and cannot be able to find a deficiency or detect a blemish—a picture copied from no model and rivalled by no copy—it has accommodated itself to every period and every clime; it has retained through every vicissitude of change a salient spring of life, which enables it to throw off corruption and repair decay, and renew its youth amid outward hostility and attacks.

As this picture is true of the Catholic Church, so may be painted a similar one of the Order of Mount Carmel, for it, too, had its origin among this people, and long before the time of Christianity itself. This Order, which was established on Mount Carmel, whose form rising out of the blue waters of an historic sea and peering gracefully above craggy rocks, woody heights, and undulating plains, gemmed with flowers of every hue, wields, even to this day, a kind of strange fascination over all who, having a reverential faith, behold it either from the side of ocean or land. Although the mountain itself may "languish," and its "top be withered," it has a fragrance and immortality which shall never pass away. How can the name of Carmel die? Carmel, the august scene of one, and probably two of the most awe inspiring deeds of Elias, and the chosen retreat of himself and Eliseus—Carmel, set imperishably as a mystical jewel in the inspired poetry of Hebrew Prophets—Carmel, far eclipsing, at a later epoch, by the erection of its Christian altars, the sanctity of the old, and casting upon the entire Catholic Church a new splendour by the saintly brilliance of its "monastic glory,"—a glory which, tracing back its natal rays to a no less august source than Elias the Prophet, still lives; Carmel, the spiritual heirloom of a religious Order, illustrious by the excellence of its deeds as well as by the continuity of its name. Ages before the Christian era it commenced and was famous among the Jewish people. The virtue of

its members, their great numbers, their extraordinary austerities, their schools of learning, made this name glorious among the nations. When Christianity was preached by the apostles and disciples, they were the most zealous receivers and promoters of it. Then, as time rolled on, their numbers daily increasing, they spread themselves out among the entire East; and as persecutions rose against Christians, they suffered and died in such great numbers for the Faith that a writer says of them, "Count the stars and you may count the saints of the Carmelite Order." In every age when the Virgin's prerogatives and privileges were attacked or denied, they were always to the front to defend her, no matter what the consequence; not satisfied with this, they preached, taught, and spread devotion to her, through almost every portion of the Church. Every age of the Church's history has saints and holy men of this Order, as shall be seen; and as time rolled on and centuries died out, persecutions never relaxed, and still they were aggressive. Persecuted in the East, they fled to the West, where they still became more famous; and to compensate them for their zeal and devotion to the Mother of God, she obtained choice privileges and favors for them from her Divine Son. She gave the Scapular as a perpetual pledge of her protection, and that wonderful favor of the Sabbatine Bull. And behold the consequence: the greatest Kings and Queens and Emperors, Generals, and Statesmen, and men of letters, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, and Priests, Religious of both sexes and of every Order and Congregation, vied with each other in procuring this badge, this "sign of salvation," that they might be under her protection and have a claim to her favours. Every rank, every country, no matter what their color or language, have a love and veneration for the Scapular, and nothing soothes the savage breast and assists the missionary in his labors of converting the heathen so much as the bestowing of the Scapular of Mount Carmel; and justly so, for, how many miracles of every day occurrence and in all dangers have there not been wrought through its influence? Sinners converted, fires extinguished, shipwrecks averted, seas calmed, inundations prevented, diseases cured, temptations overcome, virtues practised, devils cast out; in a word, blessings temporal and spiritual bestowed on those who wear it during life, and even after death, a short purgatory.

IN MEMORIAM.

MOTHER M. MECHTHILD BOYD—*Died at Loretto Convent, Niagara Falls, Dec. 11th, 1892.*

"Come from Libanus and be crowned,
Oh! selfless soul Mechthild;"
So spake the Bridegroom in the hour
Which for her He hath willed.

To draw her, as with bands of love,
Unto His chaste embrace;
To lead her through the lilies fair,
To gaze upon His face.

Yes, lilies,—those the flowers He loves,
They woo Him—blossoms rare,
Those souls in gardens all enclosed
Who breathe His native air.

And such was she, this soul retired
In Mary's holy house;
All hidden in the fragrant bed
Of lilies for the Spouse.

And now amid the virgin train
She'll walk, and sing her song;
Her canticle, the Lamb to praise
For e'er, with Seraph's throng.

A trophy of the cross—secure,
A triumph of its power;
The Victor's spoil, Love's conquered one,
Loretto's daughter pure.

New York City. —M. C.

IN beholding the present splendor of the winter scenery here at Niagara we cannot but repeat those words of the late Archbishop Lynch: "The trees and shrubs around are covered with ice," says His Grace, "and myriads of glassy pendants hang from the branches, reflecting in dazzling brightness the rays of the sun, and by night those of the moon. You will hear a crash. It is the branch of a tree that breaks down under the weight of icicles. Alas! how many souls break away from God, though highly favored with His special graces, and are never again engrafted on the vine that is Christ."

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

For the Carmelite Review.

THERE had been predictions of a green Christmas in 188—, but as it happens sometimes with unauthorized prophecies, they "went by contraries"—as dreams are said to do. Up to the last moment, however, things were looking well for the meteorological sooth-sayers. The bare streets of the city with their borders of shrivelled grass, the dry, hard roads, the dusty icicles, and out of town the frozen, rugged fallow-land, the bleak fields of unploughed stubble, the seared hedges and the chill river, waited vainly for the all-levelling and enhancing mantle of the "beautiful." On the night of the twenty-third, after old Rime had made clean the way with a day's boisterous blowing of his frost winds, the snow fell thick and fast in a wild impetuous whirl, celebrating with elfin glee its triumph over the forecasts of the weather-wise. On the platform of a country station in one of the sea-coast provinces, a lone passenger muffled in a panoply of unplucked beaver was stalking impatiently, waiting for the I. C. R. express going west. He was the sort of passenger that porters dive at, that station masters treat with an intuitive and quasi-diplomatic courtesy, that young ladies looking wearily out of car-windows brighten perceptibly to discover; the sort of passenger that by the unquestioned right of a faultless and attractive appearance has the difficulties and discomforts of every journey, that of life itself not excluded, reduced to a minimum for him by the obsequious attentions of his fellow-men.

The train arrived panting its apologies and explanations, just as this distinguished passenger had lighted a second cigar. The country station was redolent of it for several minutes after the express had disappeared, and the telegraph-operator inhaling the whiffs with greedy, envious nostrils, went back into his dingy office and wished that he was rich.

The train conductor knew this passenger, and helped to brush the snow from his shoulders and his beaver trimmings as he boarded the car. "We are going to have an old fashioned Christmas, Mr. Walton," he said in what might have been an over cordial tone, at any other time, and to any other gentleman of Mr. Walton's aspect, but considering that it was the season of universal good will, and that the conductor was one of the constituents by whose suffrage Mr. Walton represented a neighboring county in parliament, the greeting was not unwarrantably friendly.

When the porter had hung up his cap and great coat, and the news boy had brought him the papers, and somebody had looked after the ventilators beside his seat, and things were made as pleasant generally as they have a right to be when a popular legislator rides on a government railroad, Mr. Walton threw himself wearily into the chair allotted to him, and made a rapid survey of the other occupants of the coach. He was relieved to see no one to whom his personal feelings or his professional or political interests constrained him to extend his hand, for he was not in a sociable or complaisant mood, and when a man is not, it is good (for everybody else if not for himself) that he should be alone. He took up the pile of papers that had been left beside him and began to open them listlessly, but one by one he threw down again with a gesture of weariness and irritation. "Christmas, nothing but Christmas in them all!" He turned his chair round to the wall, kicked the footstool into position, pulled his pocket cap down well over his eyes, and telling himself that he was tired to death of these hackneyed old platitudes, he lapsed without effort or protest into a train of Christmas thoughts himself. He began

with a sullen recognition of the rather strange fact, that he had never known a really merry Christmas in his life. As the ward of a gouty uncle, who could not endure noise or rich diet, he had not had a very fair chance to enjoy the festive anniversary as children are commonly expected to do. As a student in lodgings, he had made a few desperate grabs at its fleeting immunities from ordinary decorum, but the headaches and indemnifications of one sort or another that followed, took the gilt off the gingerbread. As an eligible barrister he had eaten prime Christmas turkeys bursting with a consciousness of truffles, and frolicked under mistletoe sprigs in a *moutons de panurge* fashion, because everybody else was doing it, but he could remember nothing distinctly merry or genuinely hilarious about that.

As a cynic, he had moped away two dreadful Christmases before his bachelor's hearth, and they were the worst of all! The loneliness of an unmated man, a cankering sorrow at all times, becomes in seasons of domestic jubilee a humiliation and a reproach. He had grown older in those two bitter years than he ought to have been at seventy! Laughing at love and marriage and the vaunted fruits of both, until the tears come into one's eyes, isn't the merriest device of all that the merry season sanctions. And now here was Christmas coming round again, and here was he posting back to his single-handed struggle with its heart-aches and temptations. He had thought it might be otherwise this year. He had drifted into politics, and the wholesome stimulus of the campaign had quickened his sluggish pulse, had made his blood flow free and warm again. His triumph at the polls had thawed out his frost-bound feelings, and made him a sensitive human being—almost a boy once more. And then his winter at the capital, so full of strange excitement; the fascination of the parliamentary programme; the dignified disorderliness of the legislator's life, the late settings of the House, enlivened by the flash-lights of native oratory, and by the smiles and coquetries of native beauty storming the strongest fortresses from the galleries above ought to have bettered things for him. Of course to some extent they did. He was not a cynic now. He had seen fair women that had made him restless and thoughtful by turns. He had looked into calm grey eyes and felt the "Peace, Be Still" of their wise, wistful tenderness, quieting the troubled Rubicon of his mid-manhood; he had winced, too, under the less limpid glances of less scrutable but not less fascinating belles. He had all but touched the quick of life's sovereign mystery. He knew it by the sweet abstraction into which he lapsed so readily of late; by the sort of sonambulistic way in which he went through the common duties of the day, by the deep abiding consciousness with which he now awoke each morning and was soothed to rest each night, that where love was not, or had never been, the equilibrium of perfect manhood or of perfect womanhood was not conceivable; by strange intuitive understandings of the divine conclusion, that it was not good for man to be alone without some helpmate like unto himself, and yet not like! If he could but wake out of this dreamful mesmeric sleep and find his helpmate by his side! Someone to walk with him through the green glades of earthly paradise; someone to read his books; someone to share his hopes; someone to answer when he called in joy, in sorrow, in any human need; someone to take of his exuberant strength, to lean on his right arm, to wear the panoply of his protecting sympathy and sworn devotion; someone to watch with him in his hour of trial and temptation, with a cool hand for his hot brow and calm counsel for his troubled soul. Someone to fill heart, home and life with the joy that is man's birthright and the figure of his last inheritance!

"True! — T—r—u—e! T—r—u—e!" roared the engine. "Quite so! Quite so!" chimed the bell. But the brakes set up a hissing and a sneering that roused Mr. Walton from his revery, and made the train stand still. They had come to the first junction, and the headlights of other panting and belching engines glared in through the windows at them. He shoved back his cap from his eyes and wheeled his chair about. Then the door of the coach was opened; a lady came in. The color deepened in his dark strong face, and with an amazement and embarassment unusual in him, stood up to greet her. There were snowflakes glistening in her hair and on her shoulders, and he inhaled the delicious coolness she diffused, when she held out her hand to him, almost greedily. He was not too confused to see how pink her cheeks and ears were from old Rime's rude caresses, and how bright her naturally sad grey eyes looked under the fringe of wind-tossed hair sparkling with frosty jewels. He was a dreamer, a poet, a fool, if you will, this far-seeing, deep-feeling handsome muscular man of five-and-thirty; but he was the sort of dreamer, poet, fool, a woman singles out by instinct from the maddening crowd as a fit and safe depository for her choicest gifts. "This is a delightful surprise Miss Marcia!" he said. He was never afraid to let a woman see when she was pleasing to him.

"Thank you," said Miss Marcia, growing a shade graver and more like her natural self. Then he took her furs and chose a seat for her—beside his own--if he might have that privilege?

She did not answer, but sat in it, withal. She was a slender, graceful girl, with the "pale cast of thought," not only over her fine and even features, but about her whole appearance. Her dress, her manner, her hand, her foot, the tone of her voice, suggested it. She had outlived the first fervors of young maidenhood, if she had ever known them. But it was a swifter and defter touch than time's, that had sobered her still youthful face and stamped the hall mark of some sacred sorrow upon it. Mr. Walton had known her for some years and was familiar with a portion of her life's sad story. He knew from outside sources, because he could never have gathered from herself, how full of want and pain and harassing humiliations her lot had been. Her gentle birth, her temperament and her profound culture, had made her abnormally sensitive to suffering, and destiny saw to it that she had no dearth of it in her young life. But it was the millstone of a speechless grief which had been hung about her neck. Sad secrets of the hearth which preyed upon the winsome spirit, until all its gladness was absorbed. And still her spartan courage defied the pity of those who knew or guessed her fate. Mr. Walton had been attracted to her from the first, but it was the homage of the hero-worshipper that he had proffered—admiration and esteem. Later he used to sit behind her in the little church at C——, where they both lived, and somehow from long looking at her there, until the waving outline of her soft dark hair, and the pensive cast of her oval, creamy face, and the unflinching forbearance in her pure, clear eyes, and the sometimes troubled heaving of her breast, and deepening of the line between her brows were as familiar to him as his own reflection. He had developed a tender interest in her, and began to lend her books, and to walk with her on summer Sundays, and drink tea on the garden-seats of her sombre dwelling, and talk with her about his hopes and fears and private belief about the world and men and things in general. But still, he did not love her; he was sure of that. It never even occurred to him that his visits and attentions might be misunderstood by the watchful gossips of the small town. He only knew that life in so circumscribed a sphere was very dull and lonely, and that Miss Marcia, with her wide,

deep knowledge of the subjects that are always vital to all men, shortened and improved the dreary hours for him, and made him good and vaguely happy—though he knew he did not love her With his nomination for the county, and the prolonged distraction of canvass and election, however, Miss Marcia dropped out of his life. Weeks and months passed, and he did not see her, and then weeks and months passed and he hardly thought of her. He went to Ottawa and in the whirl of metropolitan festivities he at length forgot her! He met new types of lovely women, and notably one—a bright, vivacious, sparkling handsome girl, who carried him by storm the moment he had set eyes upon her. She was the daughter of a senator, and the comet of his first season at the capital. Her name was on every lip; her beauty and her charms were the uniform topic in the drawrooms and lobby. She was all life and mirth and sunshine. The world had gone wonderfully well with her. "So unlike poor Miss Marcia," he thought one night as he looked at the seamless rose-pink happy face; and out of the train of sudden reminiscences the contrast so unexpectedly evoked, he drew this telling conclusion—"After all it is sunshine and song a man wants in his home. Beauty and laughter are the earth-idols for him, and Miss Evelyn has an equal dowry of both. I wonder——" Miss Evelyn's father came for her just then, and Mr. Walton had a restless night of it. He could not sleep, and yet he was sure he dreamed strange dreams of two fair women—but one was gay and winsome, and the other was very sad! He heard to his dismay next evening that Miss Evelyn had gone home. A sudden wedding in the family (it was sure to be something pleasant) had called her away. She left him a pretty message and hoped they would meet next session. And that was the last he saw of Miss Evelyn. The House closed the week after, and he went back to C—— full of sweet memories and tender regrets, but not without some very fixed designs for future opportunities — when Parliament should meet again!

The sleepy sea-girt town was a lugubrious contrast after the round of gaieties and thrilling excitements of a politico-social season at the capital. Mr. Walton was out of sorts from the day of his return, and everyone could see it. He brow-beat the litigious farmers–the cream of clients–forgot to collect the tradesmens' dues, dismissed his cook for singing, and came very near swearing in the wrong place in his professional encounters with the bar and bench of his county. It would have relieved him to go and pour his resentful plaints into Miss Marcia's patient ear, but to add to his discomfiture Miss Marcia had gone away to study something somewhere. He could not remember what or where, but he thought it very absurd of girls who knew enough already to go away and cram themselves with stuff they didn't need. He wished it was always session with sweet Miss Evelyn deliciously accessible to him! Of course time softened his temper and healed his wound somewhat, but not until he learned from the experience that it was certainly not good for him to be alone. In this frame of mind he had gone on a professional journey into the interior of the province, and how far he was confirmed in it by the reflection of his homeward ride, we have had occasion to see. He was caught red-handed wishing for his allotted helpmate, by none other than Miss Marcia herself!

That he was heartily glad to see her again, and particularly then and there, was beyond doubt to either of them; and she was cordial in her exchange of greeting with him. But for all this he had an uncomfortable feeling that something was awry between them. The conversation would not take the old trend, and to talk differently with Miss Marcia after so many interchanges of private thoughts and general speculations, was a simple farce. Yet in spite of his best tactics, and he had sat a season in a very good school since he saw her last, he could not get beyond the storm, and some of his despised Christmas platitudes, and a few pointless disparagements of poor C——.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,

DEVOTED TO

OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.

PUBLISHED BY

THE CARMELITE FATHERS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF

THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Terms: $1 per Year.

Address all communications to

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C.,
Falls View, Ontario.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, ONT., FEB., 1893. NO. 2.

MANY thanks to the Cathclic press for their kind words of welcome.

THE Carmelite Fathers of New York City have just concluded a fair, which was a success financially and otherwise.

A RECEPTION into the Third Order of Mount Carmel was held in the chapel of Falls View Monastery on Sunday, Jan. 8th.

HAVE any of your friends or relations died lately? If so, send us their names and we will recommend their souls to the prayers of our readers.

THE Reverend Father Kreidt will deliver his lecture on PopeLeo XIII before the alumnae of Holy Angels' Academy in Buffalo on Februaiy 16th.

IT is not generally known that the body of Saint Valentine the Martyr reposes under the high altar of the Church of the Carmelites on Whitefriars Street in Dublin.

POPE URBAN VI has granted an Indulgence of three years to all who call the Order of Carmelites, the *Order of the Blessed Virgin*, or shall call the Carmelites *Brothers and Sisters of the Blessed Virgin Mary.*

IF you know of anything of interest to our readers do not be afraid to write to us. Your letter need not necessarily be done up in faultless language. Send us the facts and we will do the rest.

WHILST ever ready to fulfill all possible demands, we must at present acknowledge our inability to oblige those who have requested us to send them French and Polish editions of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

SIMULTANEOUS with our own appeared the initial number the *Catholic Register* of Toronto. Under its present able management and the patronage of our most reverend archbishop the *Register* will doubtless rank amongst the foremost Catholic journals of the country.

DURING the past few weeks many letters have reached us from our friends, all of whom have expressed satisfaction and pleasure on their receiving the first number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Whilst regretting our inability in all cases to reply by mail, we most cordially tender to everyone our sincerest thanks.

THE "Secretary's" advice on "buttonholing," in the "Children's Corner," could be read with a great deal of profit even by those who have laid aside hand-sleighs and skipping-ropes. If we observed Lent as the "Secretary" points out we shall perhaps have done more in the way of penance for forty days than merely reducing the butcher's bill to a minimum.

A COPY of the January and February number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW has been sent to all those who have collected for our Hospice. We would gladly send the magazine free to all those unable to subscribe, but our present means do not permit it, therefore we beg to announce that after this month THE REVIEW will be sent only to paid-up subscribers. Anyone unable but willing to subscribe can forward the money when convenient to them, provided they send us notice.

THE premium mentioned in our circulars will be sent to the proper parties as soon as received. We may have appeared to be dilatory in sending out receipts to some of our subscribers, but our tardiness will be overlooked when it is known that we have been so busy that our present chance of earning the sobriquet of "the lazy monks" is a very remote one.

WITH the March number of THE REVIEW we shall send a blank certificate to all our paid-up subscribers. They are at liberty to write *any* name they choose on the blank space following the words "*This is to certify*," etc. The person whose name is written on the certificate enjoys all the privileges enumerated thereon. Names of deceased persons can be also inscribed.

THE practice of having the throat blessed on the Feast of St. Blaise is becoming more and more universal. It is a very laudable custom. St. Blaise by his intercession undoubtedly prevents many physical evils, but if some wish the aid of the saint they ought first to cure the moral disease that comes from the throat and mouth, viz.: unbecoming words, for which St. Blaise is said to have had a special abhorrence.

OUR Father-General, the very reverend Aloysius M. Galli, who is stationed in Rome, has just written us. After warmly approving of our journalistic venture, he tells us that he has appointed one of our Roman Fathers to send to THE CARMELITE REVIEW a monthly letter, which will be a concise and reliable synopsis of all events transpiring in the eternal City of interest to all Catholics, and especially to the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

IN the second nocturn of the office of the Feast (Feb. 14) of Saint Peter-Thomas in the Carmelite Breviary, we read among other edifying things mentioned in the life of the holy martyr, that in every trouble he flew to the Blessed Mother for assistance. To quote one passage of the Breviary: "He poured forth incessant prayer to God and His Holy Mother for the perpetual conservation of his Order. While praying on the night of Pentecost he received this wonderful response from the most blessed Virgin:—'Be of good heart, Peter, the religion of the Carmelites shall persevere until the end of time; Elias, its Founder, has already asked this favor of my Son.'"

ON Candlemas do not neglect to supply yourself with one or two blessed candles. Put them where you can find them. With little or no cost you can fix up a miniature Blessed Virgin's altar in some spare corner of the room where family prayers are said. Place the candles there. You will thus have a constant reminder of your Mother, and likewise avoid overturning all the household gods in your fruitless and excited search in a moment of emergency.

JUST as we were closing the forms of the first number of THE REVIEW a kind word of approval came from the Right Rev. S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. The venerable and esteemed prelate writes: "The Carmelite Fathers of Falls View, Ont., are about to publish a magazine to be known as THE CARMELITE REVIEW, to be devoted to the honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and to propagate the popular devotion of the Scapular. *We wish them success in their enterprise and their magazine a wide circulation.*"

P. A. B.

A single day lost should cause regrets a thousand times more keen and cutting than the loss of a great fortune. And yet this time, precious as it is, is a burden to us; our whole life seems to be a continual study of how to lose it; and despite all our attempts to squander it, there always remains more than we know what to do with.—*Massillon.*

Be indulgent towards others, and austere towards yourself.—*St. Teresa.*

THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

Archbishop Lynch and The Hospice.

Most of our readers are familiar with the fact that the Carmelite fathers and brothers on Mount Carmel have built a large Hospice for the accommodation of pilgrims to the Holy Mount. They thus carry out at the present day a custom which prevailed throughout Europe at all our large monasteries, as long as they existed.

It is natural, therefore, on the part of those among our friends who are unacquainted with the history of our foundation at the Falls to attribute to us the project of the great Hospice to be built at this wonderful scene of God's majesty. But this is far from being the case. The idea did not originate with us at all; on the contrary, it was conceived long before any Carmelite father had come to this part of the country.

A great and holy prelate of the church, the late Archbishop of Toronto, the Most Rev. John J Lynch, whose great zeal for the glory of God and His church was well known throughout the length and breadth of North America, more than thirty years ago, had thought of the necessity of such an institution at Niagara Falls, and had, in pursuance of this idea, purchased a large tract of territory, comprising about two hundred acres of land, in close proximity to the Falls.

It was more than ten years afterwards that the Carmelites, at his invitation, took up their abode on this site; and it is only within the last few years, after the death of the illustrious prelate, that his great idea was found to be sufficiently feasible to attempt its realization.

How it came about, that the saintly Archbishop's designs could not be executed any sooner, will be explained on some future occasion.

For the present, I will confine myself to the mere proof of the great fact that it was the idea of Archbishop Lynch to make Niagara Falls a place of pilgrimage—a shrine of Our Lady—and to entrust the work of receiving the pilgrims, and providing for their corporal and spiritual needs to the Order of Mount Carmel.

The entire 19th chapter of "The Life of Archbishop Lynch," written by H. C. McKeown, is devoted to this subject I quote the following:

"Among the many institutions established in the diocese of Toronto by Archbishop Lynch, not the least important are those at the Falls of Niagara. Having so successfully founded the College of the Angels on the American bank of the Niagara River, he at once, on becoming Bishop of Toronto, cast about for a suitable location near the great cataract where he hoped at some future day to be able to erect buildings and establish educational and other institutions worthy of this grand and mighty work of nature and its picturesque surroundings. This he was happily enabled to do much sooner than he had at first anticipated, and the fine building of the Loretto nuns, which now stands overlooking the Falls on the Canadian bank, and from whose balcony is spread out before the spectator a scene unsurpassed for beauty and grandeur on the face of the earth, and the Carmelite monastery opposite—a small building at present, but destined at some future day to give place to a more commodious structure—are the first results of a long-cherished design on the part of the Archbishop. Perhaps no better idea of the location, the nature and object of these institutions, and the hopes and aspirations that gave them birth, can be obtained than by the perusal of the fol-

lowing pastoral, issued by His Grace in April, 1876"

The biographer then gives the pastoral letter in full. I shall only extract those portions dealing directly with the purpose of our foundation, leaving to some future reference the poetic and devout reflections which the pastoral suggests to the pious pilgrim at the Falls:

"The Cataract of Niagara yearly attracts thousands of lovers of sublimity and grandeur. They come to wonder, but few, alas, to pray. The place has been to us from childhood an object of the greatest interest. A picture of it fell into our hands—we were awe-struck with its beauty, and wished that we could adore God there. The vision of it haunted us through life. The providence of God at length conducted us to it, and almost miraculously provided the means of commencing near it the Seminary of Our Lady of Angels in the diocese of Buffalo, N.Y. On our being appointed by the Holy See Bishop of Toronto, it was our first care to secure on the Canada side of Niagara Falls a large tract of land on which to erect religious establishments, where God would be worshipped with a perfect homage of sacrifice and praise, and where the Catholic Church would be fittingly represented.

"It was at the commencement of the American civil war. Our heart was moved with sorrow at the loss of many lives and the prospect of so many souls going before God in judgment, some, it is to be feared, but ill prepared. The beautiful rainbow that spanned the Cataract, the sign of peace between God and the sinner, suggested prayers and hopes to see the war soon ended; and we called the Church 'Our Lady of Victories or of Peace.' A convent was soon erected on the grounds, and Nuns of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary, called of Loretto, were installed.

* * * * *

"We have for many years searched for a fervent congregation of men to found a Monastery and a church worthy of the place and its destination. Enthusiastic pilgrims of nature's grandeur come here to enjoy its beauty; others, alas, to drown remorse. We desired to have a religious house where those pilgrims would be attracted to adore nature's God in spirit and in truth, and who would there find, in solitude and rest, how great and good God is.

"The Fathers of the Order of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, the most ancient in the Church and dear to the heart of our Blessed Mother, have commenced this good work. Our Holy Father Pius IX. has been graciously pleased to confer upon the present little church Plenary Indulgences and other favors granted to the most ancient pilgrimages of the old world. The Fathers also propose, when a suitable house is built, to receive Prelates and Clergy of the Church as well as Laity to make retreats; and to provide Priests, worn out in the service of their Divine Master, with a home where they can quietly prepare for eternity.

"Missions will be also given in parishes by the Religious at the request of the Bishops. A place more fitting for such an Institution could hardly be found. God Himself has made the selection. It is easy of approach from all parts of the country, and on the confines of two great nations. We have full confidence that God will finish His own good work by inspiring the hearts that love Him, and His Blessed Mother of Mount Carmel, to contribute to the erection of a Church and Monastery there. Those pious souls will lay up for themselves treasures in the bosom of God, from which they will draw in their great need, when about to balance their accounts before His judgment seat.

* * * * *

"The Catholic Church, or to speak more plainly, the sublime religious souls under her influence, always sought the most beautiful and romantic places to erect monasteries and churches to the service of God. Christ Himself retired to the mountain to pray, and He sought the solitude of Thabor to manifest His glory, and Gethsemane to pour forth His sorrows into the bosom of His Father. The soul, withdrawn from the din and the noise and the bustle of this world, breaks from its tension and soars towards God The Fathers of the desert sought the wilderness and the mountain-caves, there to adore their God Our forefathers in the faith also peopled the islands in the Atlantic, erecting their monasteries in clefs overlooking the mighty ocean, where the Monks sat and contemplated God in the fearful storms and in the raging waves that dashed over the rocks; and admired the works of His providence in the flight and screech of the ravens and gulls. In a storm they would imagine souls in distress crying out, "Where is my God?" See them also on the islands of the blessed Lough Erne They beheld the serenity of the sky above and the peaceful waters below, and were led to sweet and calm repose in God. Again they sought the clefts of the mountains overlooking the smiling valleys, where they could feast their eyes on the riches and bounties of God in the fertile fields below, and pity busy mortals in their incessant toil after the things that perish Behold the lilies of the field, the birds of the air. God clothes and provides for all. He fills the soul that is empty of this world.

"In Europe there are many sanctuaries, but few in this new world. Niagara will be one, and first of the most famous where God will be adored on the spot in which He manifests Himself in such incomparable majesty and grandeur. * * *

"We exhort you then, beloved brethren, to contribute according to your means to this noble work, and, if possible, organize a pilgrimage to this retreat, accompanied with a few days of retirement, which will add largely to your appreciation of God's works and wonders, and will lead you to greater earnestness in the service of so great and good a Master

"The peace of Our Lord Jesus Christ and the Communication of the Holy Spirit be with you all.

"JOHN JOSEPH LYNCH,
Archbishop of Toronto.

"Given at St. Michael's Palace, on the Feast of St. Mark, April 25, 1876."

I have nothing to add to these eloquent words. I can only hope and pray that with the help of God and the charitable aid of our friends we may soon be able to execute this pious legacy.

ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O.C.C.

THE PURIFICATION.

For The Carmelite Review

'Tis but a few short days ago
Since Bethlehem filled each heart;
And now our Mother's voice is heard,
"Arise, let us depart."
And in her shadow we will go
Unto the temple grand,
Where she, as pure as Carmel's snows,
Before the Levite stands.

Within her arms the Infant God
She bears with humble love;
While in St. Joseph's gentle care
Nestles the timid dove.
The Mother's heart with joy is filled,
In offering up her Son,
In this, His Heavenly Father's house,
This well-beloved One.

But with her heaven sent offering flees
The peace that's in her heart;
For Simeon's voice tho' loud and grand,
Falls like a fiery dart.
And tho' his canticle of praise
Ascends in joyful strain,
Yet on the list'ning Mother's ear
Fall now the words of pain.

"Thy tender soul a sword shall pierce,"
And fast before her gaze
Come now the Passion's awful woe,
And Calvary's dark ways.
Ah! seems it not an anguish keen
That now her spirit fills?
But sacrifice becomes her food—
Her life the Father's will.

So turns she now with sorrowing step
To Nazareth's lowly ways:
While ever on her Child and God
Rests she her mournful gaze.
She presses Him unto her heart
In mute, yet poignant grief;
And tho' his arms now form a cross,
Their pressure brings relief.

For what if sorrow dark and dread
Her inmost soul surround,
While He, her all, with her abides
In joy she will abound.
Oh! Mother loved! be this the boon
We ask on thy Feast Day;
The spirit meek of sacrifice,
That marked thy earthly way.

N. Y. City. —DOLORES.

CANDLEMAS.

For The Carmelite Review.

After the Jews had returned from the Babylonian captivity, and under Zorababel had built a temple, those who remembered the splendor and gorgeous equipment of the Solomonic temple lifted up their voices and wept.

"Who is left among you that saw this house in its first glory? and how do you see it now? Is it not in comparison to that as nothing in your eyes? Yet now take courage. * * I will fill this house with glory. * * Great shall be the glory of this house; more than of the first * * and in this place I will give peace."—Aggaeus II, 4, 10.

This prophecy was fulfilled when Mary, obedient to the law of Moses, offered to-day her first born. The older temple had all the glory of this earth, but the humbler building was more highly honored. In the old temple the power and goodness of God dwelled upon the throne of propitiation, as this rested upon the ark of the covenant, containing the tables of law, the rod of Aaron and manna This ark was placed into the Holy of Holies, into the house of gold, which Solomon erected. The house of gold and the ark, with its throne, were irreparably lost, when the Jewish people ate the bread of tribulation beside the river of Babylon. Zorobabel's temple contained only poor imitation.

But, behold, when the temple gates are swinging back to-day, there enters a lowly artisan, an humble and modest young mother, carrying in her arms a babe, born 40 days ago. The lowly artisan resembles the buildings of the temple, surrounding and sheltering the tabernacle, for he had received from the Most High the grand honor of being the mainstay and as it were the providence for Mother and Child. The young mother is saluted by the church as "the House of Gold," "the ark of the Covenant." She takes the place of the old

house of gold, the antiquated ark of the covenant. She is the Holy of Holies of the new dispensation, and in her arms rests the Lord of the temple. He and His law take the place of the tables of Moses. This High Priest, according to the order of Melchisedec, renders superfluous the rod of Aaron; this living bread, that came from heaven, supplants the manna of the fathers.

All the figures and types of 1500 years are realized—the shadow yields to light, hope has become possession, and well may the aged Simeon exclaim: "Now, O Lord, thou dismisseth thy servant in peace, for my eyes beheld thy salvation." Great indeed is the glory of this house, more so than the first; what the first could not do is accomplished in the second. "I will give peace."

At what cost? Let the prophecies of Simeon tell you that.

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

LENTEN LEAFLETS.

For the Carmelite Review.

My soul! what hast thou done for God?
Look o'er thy misspent years and see;
Sum up what thou hast done for God
And then what God hath done for thee.
—*Faber.*

These are the busy days of ledgers and counting houses, when the never ceasing jingle of the coin of the realm and the voice of the money-changer are heard in the land, and when the still small voice which would lead us apart from the world's great crowd and its strife of tongues is drowned amid the Babel of mint and mart.

But close upon us now are the days of the purple—the sombre-hued hangings, old as royalty itself, casting their salutary shade over souls as well as shrines, and preparing for that inner reckoning to which holy church in the wisdom of her divine economy invites her children. Queries and answers make up the sum of life. Great questions there be, that hold the minds of the multitude—great problems of science and the school-men on which a world hangs its destinies. But in these Lenten days that are nigh upon us, we, like little children, revert to the first great question that holds in itself the philosophy of the schools and the simplicity of the nursery. Why did God make me? With him of merrie England, and its much loved oratory, the winning Father Faber, of whom 'twas said "He fascinates everybody," let us ask our souls "What hast *thou* done for God, and and He for thee?" One simple sentence, in which we may read between the lines volumes teeming with thought. Thought—ah! well might the prophet Jeremiah have had in mind this great age of ours, this wondrous nineteenth century, when he poured forth his lamentation: "With desolation is the land made desolate because there is none who considereth in his heart." So now in the quiet of the Lenten days, when the shades of Passion-tide invite us, let us go "aside, and rest," and think. With the Mother of Sorrows, our dear Mater Dolorosa, let us turn from the busy haunts of men, and learn of her the answer to the questions that move our souls. She, who kept all things in her heart, will teach us new meanings for sin, and self, and sorrow—will show us the beauty of holiness and the joy of sacrifice, will open our eyes in the clear light of the days of penance to the Dark Continent in the interior of many of us. Above all, will teach us that "the love of creatures soon grows cold—how can the world be kind?" We are all yearning for affection, seeking kindred hearts and congenial spirits. In her, dearest, tenderest of mothers, we find them all. Sorrows makes us all of kin, and so she draws our very souls out of us because of her desolation, who, having all, yet had none, and 'twas we who despoiled her. Such be our Lent, a thinking time, a reckoning time, a settling of the affairs of our own little nation, our many peopled hearts, the Department of the Interior with the dear mother of sorrows as its Minister.

New York. "SEC."

OUR SAINTS.

The illustrious house of Corsini gave a great saint to the Order of Carmel in the person of the holy Bishop Andrew, whose feast occurs on the fourth of February. The parents of the saint had lived many years without any prospect of an heir. They invoked our Lady of Mount Carmel and vowed if they received a son the same should be consecrated to the service of God and His holy Mother. Their prayer was heard—Andrew was the answer.

The day before his birth his mother dreamed that she had brought forth a wolf, then she beheld it running into the church of the Carmelites where it was changed into a lamb. The meaning of this dream found its interpretation in later years. Andrew's early days were anything but edifying. One day his mother brought him to task, and said to him: "In truth you are like a wolf, and the first part of my dream has turned out to be true." Andrew was surprised and begged his mother to tell him all about the dream. His mother explained the dream, and moreover told him that she had consecrated him to God and the Blessed Virgin. She begged her son to change his ways and carry out what she had vowed. After receiving his mother's pardon, Andrew went without delay to the church of the Carmelites in his native town of Florence. He prostrated himself before the altar of the Blessed Virgin, and having bewailed his past disedifying life, consecrated the balance of his life to the service of Mary. He proceeded to the adjoining monastery and begged admittance. He was welcomed by the monks. After an edifying novitiate, Andrew was sent to Paris in order to finish his studies, and returned to Florence with the title of Doctor of Divinity. When he was to celebrate his first holy Mass, his friends decided to expend a large sum of money for music and decoration. In order to prevent all this display the saint quietly withdrew to a little monastery outside of Florence, where he offered up the holy sacrifice with great devotion. It is said that the Queen of Carmel, to whom he ascribed his conversion and all other graces, appeared to him during the Mass, and addressed him in the words of the prophet: "Thou art my servant; thee have I elected and in thee will I be praised." At this period of his life the saint began to prophesy and to work miracles. By his prayers and blessing one of the friars in his own monastery was cured of dropsy. In later years Saint Andrew was Prior of the monastery at Florence. On the death of the Bishop of Fiesole, St. Andrew was appointed to succeed him. Not wishing this exalted position the saint went to a neighboring hermitage in hopes of escaping the mitre. He was searched for in vain. A new election was about to be held, but Providence had already chosen Andrew for the office of Bishop. One day a three-year-old child was heard to cry out: "God has chosen Andrew. He is in the hermitage and is praying." The child's words were verified and the saint was found. He did not refuse to take the office now, since he had been admonished by God to accept the vacant See. St. Andrew was consecrated Bishop in his 58th year and fulfilled his functions with unabating zeal until his 71st year. He did not change his life as a strict religious, being well aware of the perfection that is required in a Bishop. The daily penances inflicted upon himself were most severe. He always kept in his house a list of the poor of the city, in order that he might overlook none when distributing alms. Imitating our Lord on every Thursday he washed the feet of the beggars who flocked to his door. His exhortations and admonitions had the effect of converting the most hardened sinner, and he was always successful in reconciling to love and harmony those who were living at variance. As the saint was saying Mass on Christmas day of 1372, the Blessed Mother again ap-

peared to him, telling him he was to die on the coming Feast of Epiphany. No invalid could be happier on hearing that he was on the way to recovery, than was our saint when he heard that the hour of his death was near. On January 5th St. Andrew was prostrated by a violent fever. During his illness he refused all refreshments and everything that would soothe his pain, in order that he might suffer for the sake of Christ. After receiving all the Sacraments of holy church he peacefully and happily went to his reward on January 6, 1373. After death his face bore on it an expression of much joy, an indication that death is a comforter when it has been preceded by a holy life. The body of St. Andrew exhaled a delightful fragrance, and his resting-place was illuminated with a heavenly light. The saint, arrayed in celestial glory, appeared to many of his friends. The town of Florence has often experienced his protection, and therefore honors him as its patron Saint. The gorgeous and imposing tomb of St. Andrew Corsini in the Carmelite church at Florence is the admiration of all beholders.

P. A. B.

"The Sign of the Cross," says St. Cyril of Jerusalem, "is a powerful protection. It is gratuitous, because of the poor; easy because of the weak; a benefit from God, the standard of the faithful, the terror of demons." The Sign of the Cross is the type of our deliverance, the monument of the liberation of mankind, the souvenir of the forbearance of Our Lord. When you make it remember what has been given for your ransom and you will be the slave of no one. If you engrave it on your forehead, no impure spirit will dare stand before you. See the blade with which He has been wounded, the sword with which He has received His death blow.—*St. John Chrysostom.*

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588, Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

Did you ever play at shadows, trying to make donkeys or other animals on the wall in the firelight? or have you watched your own shadow in the sunlight and laughed to see it so much taller than you, and sometimes a double one? Well, suppose we talk about shadows this month. What is a shadow? The black spot on the wall you say. Yes; it is the space from which the light has been shut out; and every shadow has two parts, a dark part and a lighter one. Now, I wonder if our little ones would ever guess what all this has to do with them or their corner? Well, if you'll give up, I'll tell you. On Feb. 14th we will have St. Valentine's day—when, perhaps, some of you will send pretty little offerings to those you love. Then the very next day comes Ash Wednesday, the first day of Lent. There are two SS's that often mean the same thing—two "crooked letters," as Tommy said in last month's corner, and they are *sin* and *shadow*. Yes, dear children, the Garden of Eden, the beautiful paradise which God gave to Adam and Eve, was full of glad sunshine until sin came—the shadow of the evil one, who has been crawling over all the bright places of earth ever since, shutting out the light and making a black spot on the wall. Now, the season of Lent is another kind of shadow—a holy shadow—such as fell from our dear Lord as He walked the earth, chasing away the evil shadow of His enemy and ours, and we, the secretary and the little ones, are going to walk right in this shadow—not with long faces as though we were in the

dark, but smiling, happy children, tiptoeing after the holy shadow; yes, and ever playing a game. What shall it be? Buttonholing! What girl would not like to make a pretty buttonhole? So we will—all of us. (We'll leave the boys out of this game.) We'll buttonhole our lips; that shall be our way of keeping Lent. Never mind the cakes and candies—they are all right at the right time; but, like St. Francis de Sales, the dear sweet saint who said that the little daughter of the great St. de Chantal, little Francois, must have some pretty dresses to go to a party. Think of it, a saint begging a little girl's mother to buy her some "fixins." Like him, we will buttonhole our lips. "Keep the first word a prisoner," he tells us, "and the next cannot escape." No sermons, no preaching, but sweet, pretty little sayings for you, dear children, from the sweetest saint in the great honey hive of the church. Now, just talk to him about buttonholes, and tell him there are to be hundreds of them made in Canada—I mean Carmel—this Lent, and that hundreds of pretty white teeth will snap down on angry words and unkind sayings and make them prisoners, and on Easter Sunday we will bring them to the King, the Son of Justice, who will drive all shadows away. Now, one word more and I have done. Sin and Shadow go together. Lord and Lady likewise, our dear Lady of sorrows. No, you are not to cry. Indeed no, but wipe her tears away this Lent. She wept that we might laugh for joy, because we are her children; so we will be glad and gay all through Lent, but hard at work buttonholing; and the boys, wait on your sisters, my dears, and don't spoil the buttonholes.

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

February, 1893.

Answers to Puzzles.

I—"Do your little well."
II—Balaam's ass.
III—Lot's wife.

"SEC."

PUZZLES.

IV

I am composed of seven words and thirty-one letters.

My 11, 9, 16, 8, 27 is the people
My 1, 20, 3, 5, 4, 29 is the Lenten season in France.
My 24, 25, 6, 17 is the Pope's message.
My 14, 2, 10, 30, 31 is what you will be one day.
My 13, 12, 7, 22 is the queen of flowers.
My 18, 12, 15 is not a good aim to take.
My 19, 23, 21, 3, 5 is a sea-port in Europe.
My 28, 26 will stand for English money.
My whole is a prophecy.

V

What word of six letters contains six words besides itself, without transposing a letter?

VI

Feet I carry, but cannot walk;
Tongue I have, but cannot talk;
Eyes I have, but cannot see;
Now, boys and girls, what can this be?

VII

Where is the Blessed Virgin last mentioned in scripture?

VIII.

How many feet should a thief have?

"SEC."

One of our Little Friends Heard From.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., Jan. 10, 1893.

MY DEAR FATHER.

We have just received the first number of your CARMELITE REVIEW. I like it very much. I have asked papa to let me subscribe for it, and he gave me a dollar, which I enclose to you. I will keep all the numbers, and at the end of the year will ask papa to get them bound for me. Hoping that THE REVIEW will be a great success,

I am your sincere little friend,

DAVID L. BARRETT, JR.

[Write to "Carmel's Secretary" now and then, David. Her address is given at the head of the "Children's Corner."—ED. C. R.]

Never do anything which you would not do before the whole world.—*St. Teresa.*

THE Carmelite M Review.

Approved by the Archbishop of Toronto, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop of Buffalo and others.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MARCH, 1893. NO. 3.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

For the Carmelite Review.

A flood of happiness flows o'er my soul,
That fills it with a sweet surprise.
All life seems fair, and fortune true,
While glowing hopes around me rise.

All life seems fair, aye, e'en death too.
Content supreme rests over all.
With gratitude, and love and faith
No future darkness can appall.

We thank Thee, Lord, for days as these,
Sweet rest in Thee to last alway.
They strengthen up our wandering feet
To guide us to eternal day.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS.

Buffalo, N. Y.

OUR ROMAN LETTER.

Editor Carmelite Review—Dear Father:

IT was a happy thought to found a periodical in America under the auspices of our Order, not only to spread devotion and piety, but, also to give the clients of Our Lady of Mount Carmel who are so numerous in America, as indeed they are everywhere throughout the church, a chance to become better acquainted with our holy institute.

Therefore allow me, before I enter upon the work which I was commissioned to do by our very Rev. Father General, to congratulate you most heartily upon the beginning of an enterprise which will without doubt become more useful and successful day by day for the welfare of the church at large, as well as for the particular interests of our Carmelite family.

In my first letter I may be pardoned if I dwell exclusively upon our own affairs. I shall not neglect other news in the course of my correspondence. It must be of interest to you and to your readers to know something of the progress of our Order in Europe.

Although the Order of Mount Carmel, on account of the baneful vicissitudes of fortune which it underwent during the revolutionary period at the close of the last century, followed by the Napoleonic wars and the later suppressions during this century, more than any other religious body suffered terrible losses, still with the help of Providence and the signal protection of its most powerful Mother and Queen, it is gradually recovering its ancient vitality, and developing new strength.

In Catholic Spain, at one time the most fertile soil of Carmel which brought forth to the church such glorious heroes, a few years ago only a few dispersed religious were left of our Order, without a single convent, strictly speaking.

In the last few years houses have been opened in Xerez, in Onda and in Candeto, each of which has its full complement of religious. New foundations have been undertaken, with great success in Hinoyosa, Ossuna and Olot and only a few days ago a house was opened in Cordova.

This wonderful progress is no doubt owing to the traditional love for Our Lady, which is such a characteristic of the Spanish faithful. Requests to found new houses are pouring in upon our fathers from all parts of Spain, and the number of vocations is so great, that a house is no sooner opened than it is filled.

The seed left by our forefathers in the heart of devout Spain, and which by persecution and suppression had remained dormant for so many years, is now fructifying with a much more impetuous growth since it was so long restrained. However, it is not only in Catholic Spain that we are progressing.

In Holland our province of the Netherlands has opened a new monastery at Osch. A large body of religious resides there now, to the great joy of a good and sincere Catholic population.

In Bavaria two new foundations are under way, one in Mainberg and the other in Absberg.

Even in Prussia, from which our fathers were expelled during the *Kulturkamf*, negotiations have been opened with the view of establishing a house in the diocese of Paderborn.

In Austrian-Poland our province has recovered the convent of Tremblovia

The province of Malta has opened a monastery overlooking the beautiful bay of St. Julian in the fashionable watering-place of the island.

Even in our own unfortunate Italy, which at one time counted its Carmelite convents by the hundreds, even here, in the midst of the sad conditions which seem to preclude all idea of a speedy resurrection of contemplative religious life, we can rejoice in indications of a steady and healthy progress.

In Montecative we have actually regained possession of our ancient convent, suppressed as far back as the last century by Leopold I, Grand Duke of Tuscany. A goodly number of students for the province of Florence are there now.

New cloisters have been opened in Palermo, in Torre S. Susanna, in Nardo, in Scrottaglie (Apulia) in the neighborhood of Naples, and we are just coming into possession of a house in the city of Nocera Umbra, which is to serve as a college. And we hope to be able to open our new house in Rome before the end of the year. It will be open to our students of philosophy and theology from all the provinces throughout the world.

Thus, in spite of these calamitous times, our holy Order is steadily advancing, to the great joy and consolation of all lovers of Carmel. But I must not forget our Third Order which is flourishing everywhere in Europe, especially in Spain, in Ireland and in Malta. In this latter island, although restricted to its own narrow limits, the Third Order has such a strong hold upon the faithful that there is hardly a distinguished family on the island which has not some member in the Third Order.

It will please you and those among your readers who have visited our magnificent mother church in Rome, St. Maria in Transpontina, to hear that our present General has undertaken its complete restoration and decoration in harmony with its splendid architecture. The work is to be completed in time for the great annual celebration of the 16th of July. Of course, all this entails labors and sacrifices, but so much the more pleasing our success will appear to all those who share our sentiments with regard to Mount Carmel.

In a future letter I shall give you some details about a holy sister of our Order, Blessed Joanna, of Toulouse, who is, as we hope, shortly to be beatified by the Holy See.

ANASTASIUS M. RONCI, O.C.C.

Rome, Feb. 1st, 1893.

THE SCAPULAR AS A PROTECTION.

BY MRS. M. A. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE gray twilight was fading into night one summer evening of last year when the writer heard in the pro-cathedral of this, our ancient City of Mary, a beautiful and touching sermon, in the language of old France, on devotion to the holy Scapular. It was one of a series of valuable instruc-

tions, doctrinal and devotional, delivered during the exercises of the month of Mary in the quaint and unpretending edifice used for several years past as a cathedral by His Grace, the Archbishop of Montreal, pending the completion of our great St. Peter's church near by.

I have never since forgotten, and hope never to forget, the impressive words of the eloquent preacher of that particular evening, and I think the substance of the discourse will interest the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW. It occupied only some twenty minutes of that solemn twilight hour, but how much was compressed into those brief moments while the shades gathered around and the lights came out one by one on the altar of Our Lady of Victory—on a gallery over the high altar of the church—like the stars in the darkening sky.

The preacher of the evening was the chaplain of one of our principal hospitals, who, from his peculiar position, as he observed, was well qualified to bear testimony to the wondrous efficacy of the holy Scapular as a shield and safeguard to those who wear it.

After dwelling on the devotion of the Scapular, its universal diffusion throughout the whole church, amongst all nations and tribes and peoples, the happy effects of that devotion everywhere, the fervent and eloquent preacher went on to say, for the consolation and encouragement of Our Lady's servants who wear her Carmelite Scapular:

"During the years that I have been chaplain to an hospital which is, as you know, to a great extent, the receptacle of persons injured by the innumerable accidents occurring daily, almost hourly, in our great commercial city, I can truly say, from my own personal observation, that of the Catholic workingmen or others, the victims of accidents, constantly being conveyed to that hospital, those who died on the way and were brought in dead were *without scapulars*, while, on the other hand and in all cases, those who were clothed in the livery of the Queen of Heaven were brought in alive and lived long enough to receive at least some, and frequently all, of the last sacraments, in full possession of their faculties. This fact struck me so forcibly," went on the preacher, "that I made it a point to speak of it to the Sisters in charge of the hospital, asking if they had noticed it. They replied that they had not only noticed it individually, but had more than once spoken of it amongst themselves as the common experience of all What a consolation for those who have the happiness of wearing the Scapular of Carmel! What an encouragement to wear it reverently and worthily in purity of life and fervor of devotion!"

A feeling of awe mingled with joy and gratitude for this so glorious testimony swelled the hearts of the listeners, for all of them were Mary's devout clients and her liveried servants, as few Catholics worthy of the name are not. It is truly a consoling thought that of the *two hundred and fifty millions* of the children of the Church so large a proportion are vested with this robe of safety, the royal insignia of the Queen of Carmel, next to the Cross of Christ, the most ancient of christian badges!

How thrilling are the memories, how touching the associations connected with the holy Scapular! Volumes might be written on that particular subject, and yet leave it still unexhausted. It is, indeed, a mine of sacred lore lying beneath the substrata of Catholic life and hidden in the hearts of the faithful everywhere.

To the Catholic people of Ireland the Scapular is peculiarly dear. It has all along the ages since its first introduction among them, at an early period of its history, been, with the holy Rosary, the precious solace of that sorely-tried race in the darkest days of their penal sufferings endured for long and sorrowful ages, and how many of those poor sons of toil of whose untimely death the preacher spoke that evening, as the sad victims of fatal accidents in this and all the other cities of North America, were and still are precisely the children of St. Patrick, the faithful servants of our Lady of Mount Carmel!

THE VENICE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

For the Carmelite Review:

But a few months ago the press of the country and of all Europe as well, told the story of the dedication of the World's Fair. October 21st, 1892, is one of the memorable dates of Chicago. From earliest dawn the people had been astir; excitement and enthusiasm were in the air. Before eight o'clock the street-cars were thronged, would-be passengers decorated the street corner, and as car after car passed out of sight, were fain to foot it down town.

The streets were thronged. But it was not till you reached Michigan avenue and caught sight of the triumphal arch and the auditorium, which was one blaze of color, that one really caught the enthusiasm of the day. For miles the carriages stretched—the bright morning sun lit up the helmets of the cavalry-men as the bugle sounded the order to mount, and line after line formed on the lake front. Half an hour's jostling and good-humored crowding and the city was left behind—the white domes of the World's Fair palaces rose on every side. 15,000 people under one roof, and yet a two minutes' walk brought one to silence and solitude amid those grassy lawns and picturesque winding-paths. But silence and order were out of place on Oct. 21. The veriest cynic of them all must have felt that enthusiasm wonderfully infectious. There in the centre, like a mighty white monster from the deep, stretched the Manufacturers' Building. Across the many bridges that spanned the lagoon the crowds surged and swept under the columns of Mercury; while like a smooth-flowing stream marched the soldiers with shining sabres and nodding plumes. In the medley of tunes triumphed the strains of The Star Spangled Banner,

> "Whose stripes and bright
> Stars thro' the perilous fight
> O'er the rampart we watched
> Were so gallantly streaming;
> And the rockets' red glare, the
> Bombs bursting in air
> Gave proof thro' through the night that our
> Flag was still there."

The scene inside the Manufacturers' Building has been too often described to need comment here. The vast chorus at one end, so soon discovered to be not vast enough, the distinguished visitors on the stage, the sea of up-turned faces,— the moment most thrilling of all when by sudden impulse every handkerchief in the hall was waved, and a miniature snow storm seemed to have fallen from on high,— needs no description.

Two facts were, however, significant. Not only was the Woman's Building the first erected at the Fair, but the Dedication Ode was written by a woman, and the Dedication Ceremonies were closed by the prayer of a Catholic Cardinal in all the scarlet regalia of his office.

These two facts may be taken as an omen of the future. In the vanguard of the world she walks, this young giant City of the West. She is modern, she is progressive, she is of the future, and in none of these does she show herself more so than in her attitude towards Woman and Catholicity.

Mary Josephine Onahan.

Pilgrimage to the Holy Land.

BY THE REV. J. B. BROUN, OF AKRON, OHIO.

For the Carmelite Review.

In the year 1890 I had the happiness to make a pilgrimage to Egypt and Palestine. I had the honor of joining the French pilgrims, who leave Marseilles on the second Sunday after Easter. We numbered about 400. On the morning of April 19th we assembled in the beautiful church of Notre Dame de la Garde, where we received the red crosses and the blessing of the good and venerable Bishop of Marseilles. We left about eleven o'clock on the same day for Alexandria, where we arrived about two o'clock on the afternoon of April 23rd. The Christian Brothers, with their pupils, and the Sisters of Charity awaited our arrival, and accompanied us in procession through the principal streets of Alexandria. Having arrived at the grand and beautiful

cathedral, we were met by the Patriarch of Alexandria, who welcomed us to Egypt. We then visited the Catholic institutions, which are well patronized by the native population. The Christian Brothers have a very large school containing over 1,000 scholars. The Sisters of Charity have likewise over 1,000 girls in their school. There is also a large orphan asylum here, and a college conducted by the Jesuit Fathers, who were driven from France. There are over three hundred students in this college.

After a day's stay in Alexandria we left for Cairo, which is also a large city. The Christian Brothers, the Sisters of Charity and the Jesuits do great work for the church here. The next day we walked about the city and then went to see the pyramids, one of the Wonders of the World, one of which covers twelve acres of land and is 650 feet in height. The next day there was an excursion to where once stood the great city of Heliopolis, but of which nothing more is left than a few ruins, the ground being under cultivation and bearing a crop of wheat. An old tree stands on the ruins.

The legend says that when the Holy Family arrived here from Bethlehem, the Mother of God being fatigued rested under this tree. As she did so, the idols in the city were overturned and voices heard to exclaim, "the true God has come!" This tree appears to be thousands of years old. It is propped up on all sides so that the storms cannot move it, and is richly loaded with large leaves. There were 171 priests in our party. We had nineteen portable altars, which we erected under the tree, and nearly all the priests celebrated Mass that morning, which was the Feast of the Patronage of St Joseph, the third Sunday after Easter. The ground on which the tree stands belongs to the Khedive, who has great regard for the place, which he will not allow to be sold. Near by is a large and deep well from which Moses watered his flocks, About a hundred feet away is a chapel belonging to the Jesuits. It has an open front, so that from the altar can be seen the well and the tree, which is called the Virgin Mary's tree.

About two o'clock we went back again to Cairo, and on the following day set out to visit *old* Cairo, which lies about eight miles up the river Nile. It was here where the Holy Family remained during their seven years' stay in Egypt. The house in which the Holy Family lived is still there. There is built over it a large church, which belongs to the non-united Greeks. The house consists of four rooms. We were first shown the room which was occupied by St. Joseph, the middle room in which the Blessed Virgin remained, and a third smaller room in which the Child Jesus slept. There is a large room at the side in which the Mother of God prepared the meals and did the washing for the Holy Family. Water was scarce in the neighborhood, but when the Blessed Virgin needed the same, a spring suddenly appeared at her side. The water reached to the mouth of the well, which was on a level with the floor of the house. It remains the same to-day. Our portable altars were brought here and we said Mass in the rooms of the holy house.

Old Cairo is about 300 miles from Bethlehem. Our stay in Egypt was soon at an end. We left for Alexandria in order to take the steamer for the Holy Land. Our landing place was not Jaffa, but Kaiffa, a city which lies at the foot of Mount Carmel, where we arrived after having been on the steamer for a day and a night. It was the last day of April when we sighted the grand and holy mountain, and all the pilgrims were filled with joy when they beheld the Holy Land.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is actually necessary, because there is no better means of obtaining God's graces than through His most holy mother.—*St. Philip Neri.*

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

For the Carmelite Review.

(*Continued.*)

WHAT aggravated him, too was the feeling that it was all his fault. He was conscious of the effort he was making to switch their errand observations off the conventional side tracks. A sense of dulness and vacuity in his head, of confusion and clumsiness in his speech, of awkwardness even in the disproval of his yellow boots which seemed to him uncommonly conspicious and big and shapeless, was goading him to desperation. He began to think he would not mind Miss Evelyn half so much, for he could laugh with her even at himself, but this calm, imperturbable demi-goddess looking down at him from the inaccessible heights of her perfect self-possession made him feel small enough to withdraw through a chink in the window-screen—if he could contrive to get rid of his boots.

The ride to C—— was never so short withal, and he was both glad and sorry when the station was called. He laid very avid hands upon Miss Marcia's furs, and adjusted them with an almost tender reverence. He wanted very much to say something which might extract an invitation to go and see her as before, but his social vocabulary had suffered a total eclipse and he could not think of a decent phrase. So he piloted her mutely through the darkness and confusion, consuming his own fumes in brave silence — like the well-equipped modern achievement that he was. When they were on the platform Miss Marcia looked uneasily around.

"I do not see anyone here to meet me!" she said a little indignantly.

"There may be someone farther up," he answered dryly.

The snow was still falling, and both their heads were bowed against the wind. They had a goodly stretch between them and the waiting-room.

"I am glad we shall have white roofs for Christmas," the girl broke in after a moment's silence.

"Yes, white roofs are nice," Mr. Walton said down in his fur collar, and Miss Marcia laughed.

This was the last straw. Mr. Walton made a dive at her and pushed his gloved hand under her arm.

"Oh hang it, Marcia, this won't do!" he blurted out in a tone between a sob and a guffaw. "What is the matter? What has come between us? We were not like this before. You know we weren't."

"Well, unless Her Majesty's Parliament has made any change in you, Mr. Walton, I think we meet pretty much as we parted!" and she drew herself away and quickened her pace perceptibly. He winced in the darkness; her thrust told. But for that season in Parliament, he could have taken her up eagerly upon the old pleasant terms; he knew he could!

Before either of them spoke again, Marcia's father called to her from the shelter of the station-house. He was a sickly man who never went out of doors at night, and his daughter was amazed to see him.

"Why, papa, is this you?" she asked in astonishment, throwing her hands about his neck and kissing him with a sort of pathetic tenderness. Marcia's father having put his daughter aside, came towards Mr. Walton with a rather solemn mien.

"Mr. Walton," he said, "I have got to greet you with some unpleasant news. We have had a disastrous fire up in the town to-day, and you are one of the unlucky victims of it."

Mr. Walton shot a quick, curious glance at Marcia before he put the stern question: "Is it the office?"

"No," said Marcia's father, "it is your residence, and it is badly burned."

Mr. Walton was relieved, but it was plain that the news was still bad enough. Marcia approached him and looking straight at him with her wonderful eyes, said, a little tremously, that she was exceedingly grieved on his account, and hoped things might be better than he feared to find them

"As we are your next neighbors, and old friends, Walton, I hope you will come and spend Christmas with us, at all events," Marcia's father put in with courtly warmth. Mr. Walton could not believe his ears that he heard aright. He looked again at Marcia, but her eyes were turned away. He let his feelings answer for him, and of course he accepted the invitation.

They drove away together and heard the melancholy story of the day's disaster recited. A great many of Mr. Walton's things had been rescued, but a great many had not. When they passed the bleak scene of the conflagration, he leaned out of the sleigh and peered at it through the storm. The air was still heavy with the smell of smoke and charred timber, and a knot of loiterers who seemed to recognize him came up to condole with him. He ascertained that his servants had stored the salvage safely, and would wait upon him immediately for instructions, and then they resumed their drive. Marcia had sat very still and silent through it all, and he began to fear that he had perhaps been too eager in his acceptance of her father's hospitable offer. But the alternative was so dreary — Christmas in the ramshackle old inn down on Front street, with nothing to distract him from the thoughts of his losses and unseasonable misfortune. "Surely," he argued within himself, "she cannot resent my coming under these circumstances." They were turning in at the gates of the old familiar garden at last: the benches, where they had sat and drunk tea together, were overlaid with the fresh white snow. The flower-beds and the gravel walks were but a trackless waste in the winter storm, but it surprised him to find that they filled him with a sweet home-feeling, as if he were another Prodigal.

"I am looking at the grounds, Miss Marcia," he said, as if he were musing aloud.

"They seem different, papa," the girl answered, turning towards her father. "I don't recognize them in winter array, they are so bleak and drear!"

"Ah, dear," said her father sadly, "winter array beseems ourselves no better!"

"No indeed," Mr. Walton put in with emphasis, and then the sleigh stopped before the door.

Marcia's home was spacious and well appointed, but it was not cheerful and it was not cosy. It was orderly — they kept a staff of well-trained servants — but the touches of the home-maker's deft white hands were wanting to transform the great conventional rooms into suggestive nooks and corners. Marcia's mother had not loved her nest, because of the quiet grove in which her mate had set it, and though the morrow would be Christmas Eve, Marcia's mother was not within call of either mate or fledgeling.

They had a cheerful dinner, notwithstanding. Marcia and her father knew how to dispense a royal hospitality, and submerge all other things in the effort to make a guest as happy and comfortable as they might. Mr. Walton for his part was entranced, and did not care a rush if all C—— lay smouldering in ashes beyond the gates of his host's dwelling. He began to wonder if he had ever been so consciously and emphatically gratified in all his life. Fickle, foolish man!

When Marcia rose from the table she bade Mr. Walton and her father good-night. It was late and she was feeling uncommonly tired. Mr. Walton escorted her to the door and thought she looked strangely bright, however.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Terms: $1 per Year.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, MARCH, 1893. NO. 3.

ALL our monasteries have united in sending a substantial jubilee-offering to our Holy Father.

THE shrine of the Infant of Prague at the convent of the Carmelite Nuns in Boston promises to gain more than local prominence.

THE lesson taught us by the mystery of the Annunciation is that purity draws God towards His creatures, and the contrary vice drives Him away from them.

THE greatest and most significant eulogy which can be pronounced on our Blessed Lady's Day is contained in those words of the heavenly ambassador: "Hail! Full of Grace."

THE feast of St. Cyril is transferred to April 12th, since St. Joseph's feast falls on March 20th. Carmelites, even when canonized, are always ready to give the place of honor to the glorious Spouse of our Mother.

A GENEALOGICAL tree, prepared for the Episcopal Jubilee of the Pope, shows that St. Teresa was an ancestor of the Holy Father. We feel proud that such close ties bind the present gloriously reigning Pontiff to the Carmelite family.

THE Archconfraternity of St Joseph is sending to the Pope a "Spiritual Boquet" of prayers and good works as a jubilee-gift. All who wish to add a few flowers to the boquet shou'd send them without delay to Rev. Father Durin of West Depere, Wis.

REV. FATHER BROUN, whose letters have been read with intense interest by the readers of the *Stimme der Wahrheit*, will contribute to our next number an interesting account of his late visit to our old and historic Mother-house on Mount Carmel in Palestine.

MANY persons write to us for information about the Brown Scapular. Until now we have answered these queries through the mail. We hope in the near future to open a department on this subject which will be edited by those well qualified to answer all questions.

Do the present pilgrimages of English Catholics to Rome forbode the return of that nation to the faith of its forefathers? We hope so. It is but fitting that the favored land where our Holy Mother deposited the holy Scapular should again become Mary's Dowry.

DURING the late artic season the *Pascua Florida* came along from the Sunny South bringing with it an agreeable warmth. The fair young editors at St. Augustine tell us that "pointers" can be gathered from THE CARMELITE REVIEW. Before we had opened the pages of the *Pascua Florida* we received a pointer from the motto on its artistic cover, viz:—"*Ite ad Joseph.*" We

trust all our readers will *make it a point* during this month to daily "go to Joseph."

The Carmelites honored St. Joseph with an Office of the First-class long before it became universal in the church. Our old missals prove this. It is likewise an historical fact that our fathers introduced the devotion to St. Joseph into Europe. What St. Teresa did to honor the Saint is well known.

The excellent article on Pope Leo XIII by Miss Onahan, the brilliant daughter of Hon. W. G Onahan, of Chicago, which lately appeared in the Catholic weeklies is well worthy of the subject which it so ably treats. A contribution from the pen of the same gifted writer appears elsewhere in our present number.

One of our friends over in Ohio writing about our Review says he does not like the color of the cover. He also suggests that we insert a picture of our Lady of the Scapular, and publish a monthly calendar. The latter we have commenced with this number. The picture of our Lady of Mount Carmel will be prepared by a first-class artist when our exchequer assumes a tangible shape. As regards the remaining suggestion, we intend to stick to *our* colors.

A NOTABLE DEATH.

A notable member of our Third Order died at Pittsburgh, Pa., on January 27th in the person of Mrs. Burns, known in among the tertiaries as Sister Monica. Margaret Jean Eadie Burns was born at Doone, Perthshire, in Scotland in 1805, of good Presbyterian parents, whom she lost at an early age. Margaret came to London where she was educated by a rich Presbyterian aunt. In 1836 she married Mr. James Burns, and in 1847 became a convert to Catholicism. She was very familiar with the leaders of the Oxford Movement, among them Cardinals Newman and Manning and Father Faber. Mrs. Burns witnessed the inauguration of the Oratorians in London. Cardinal Wiseman on one of his visits blessed all the children of Mrs. Burns. Her home was a happy one and an atmosphere of faith and piety prevaded it. The husband of Mrs. Burns was the senior partner of the well-known Catholic publishing firm of Burns & Oates. Mr. Burns compiled *The Golden Manual*, *Vade Mecum*, *Path to Heaven* and other standard books of piety. He was instrumental in introducing a better class of literature among English Catholics. Mrs. Burns sustained her husband in all his difficulties, and sacrificed everything to bring up all her children in the love of God, and to give them a thorough education. The deceased was of a cheerful nature, and the abandonment of friends, reverse of fortune and bigotry of relations at the time of her conversion did not discourage her. Mrs. Burns died on January 27th at the Ursuline Convent in Pittsburgh. On the Feast of St. Polycarp she received the Holy Viaticum, after which she recited the words of the holy martyr, "For eighty-six years have I served Christ," etc. She peacefully expired without a struggle between her two daughters and other members of the community. The funeral obsequies were held on Jan. 30th. Requiem Mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Lewis, O. C. C., Prior of the Carmelite Monastery of Pittsburgh. The Rev. Father Oster, C. S. Sp., Provincial of the Holy Ghost Fathers, was Deacon of the Mass, and Rev. Father Ignatius, O. C. C., Chaplain to the Ursulines, was sub-deacon. The Very Rev. Dr. Wall, V. G., delivered an eloquent and impressive funeral oration. Among the other clergy present was Rev. Father Murphy, C. S. Sp., President of Holy Ghost College. The remains of the deceased were laid out in the full habit of the Third Order of Mount Carmel. Mrs. Burns leaves two daughters, who are members of the time-honored Order of St. Ursula. R. I. P.

P. A. B.

THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

A Letter From our Superior General.

Sta. Maria, in Transpontina,
Rome, Italy, Jan. 20, 1893.

Dear Father Kreidt, — Your last letter reached me only a few days ago, as I had been absent from Rome for a prolonged visitation of our convents in various parts of Italy and Germany. I am most happy to hear of the works to which you have applied yourself for the glory of God and our holy Order. The blessings of heaven will surely not be wanting to accompany and sustain your labors, nor the help and prayers of our Carmelite brethren in all parts of the world.

Above all, I am well pleased to know that you will soon begin the construction of the Hospice. This will be a commendable monument of your zeal for the welfare of souls, and for the honor and growth of our holy Order.

I wish also to express my highest satisfaction in regard to your intended publication of an American Carmelite Review. It will necessarily produce most copious and salutary results in promoting such a great good among the Catholic people, as we all know the devotion to the great Mother of Carmel to be. By means of this periodical will become better known in America what the Carmelite Order was in the Catholic Church, with all its glories and privileges, with the great work it has accomplished in the past, and is still doing in all parts of the world for the greater glory of God and His holy church.

Enter, therefore, with full energy upon the two mentioned undertakings, the Hospice at Niagara Falls and The Carmelite Review. Providence will assist you in the building of the former by moving the minds and hearts of good Catholics to take part in this holy enterprise, which is recognized to be so eminently desirable and advantageous by all who know of it, and which is blessed in a special manner by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII.

And as regards the other work, opportune means shall not be wanting to make it prosper. The whole Order is interested in it, none more so than the Carmelites of Rome, one of whom has already volunteered his services as a monthly correspondent, and who will furnish you with the more important news which should figure in your periodical.

The first letter will reach you in time for the March number, and from month to month it will be regularly continued.

Imploring for you and all your undertakings the most ample blessings,

I remain,
Yours most affectionately in the Lord,
Luigi M. Galli,
Prior General of the Carmelites.

To Rev. Anastasius Kreidt, Prior,
Monastery of Mt. Carmel,
Falls View, Ontario.

The Carmelites and The Hospice.

According to a statement which appeared in the *Ave Maria* some time ago, the first mass celebrated on the territory comprised within the present United States was offered

up at St. Augustine, Florida, by a Carmelite priest.

But no permanent settlement of Carmelite monks was made, as far as we know, until 1865, after the civil war. Two fathers from Bavaria were the first to open a Carmelite priory during that year in the diocese of Leavenworth, Kansas. They soon were joined by some pious secular priests of that diocese, and were enabled to open a novitiate at Scipio, in the same diocese.

From this small beginning dates the establishment of the Order of Mount Carmel, as far as institutions for men are concerned, in the United States and Canada.

The Carmelite Nuns, as is well known, had been established almost a century before, and had several flourishing houses before we came to the country.

But, as it is always the case with early foundations in new countries, there was no settled organization. The various houses, as they sprung up in different parts of the country, were more or less independent of each other, until finally all the branches were united under the first Commissary-General of all the houses, the Very Rev. Anastasius J. Smits. But even the Commissariate is but a transitory state in the organization of a religious body. The regular government is that of a Province with a Provincial at its head, elected by a provincial chapter. It requires a certain number of well-established monasteries and a specified number of regular members, before the Sacred Congregation establishes a new Province of an Order.

It is now just three years that the Holy See gave the necessary authorization to establish a Carmelite Province in the United States, to be called "The Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary." The first provincial chapter was held at Pittsburgh in the spring of 1890, and the present Provincial, Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, appointed.

The monastery at Niagara Falls, although in Canada, belongs to "The Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary."

Under these circumstances, it can easily be understood why the wishes of the late Archbishop Lynch, so clearly expressed in the pastoral letter, quoted in our last number, cou'd not at once be carried out.

As long as the various houses of the Order were not amalgamated into one canonical body the prospects of succeeding in the attempt to erect, what under all circumstances would be a considerable structure, were not very hopeful.

Whatever little resources there were, were barely sufficient to maintain the small community at Niagara Falls.

But as soon as there was a perfect organization, and all the interests of the different houses were merged into the one common interest of the Province, it was resolved at the first provincial chapter to satisfy an obligation which the very existence of the monastery at Niagara Falls seemed to impose upon the Order.

It was clearly impossible, however, to do this without an appeal to all the friends of Carmel for generous aid. This also was resolved upon and a copy of the resolutions submitted to His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, who, ever since his appointment as successor to Archbishop Lynch, has by his apostolic zeal not only perfected the work of his predecessor, but also given a new impetus to the development of all the ecclesiastical institutions of the diocese. The following noble letter was his answer :

LETTER OF HIS GRACE, THE MOST REV. J. WALSH, D. D., ARCHBISHOP OF TORONTO, TO THE SUPERIOR OF CARMELITE MONASTERY.

TORONTO, May 23, 1890.

Rev. A. Kreidt, Prior, Monastery of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel, Niagara Falls, Ont.:

DEAR FATHER KREIDT,—

I am glad to hear that you intend to

begin, as soon as means will allow you, the construction of a house for spiritual retreats at Niagara Falls, in this archdiocese. I sincerely hope that your appeal to a charitable public for the furtherance of this most praiseworthy and meritorious object will meet with the success it so eminently deserves. A Retreat House, conducted by your zealous fathers, could not fail to do much good for the salvation and sanctification of souls, especially in a place and amid surroundings where nature itself invites to solemn thought and serious reflections, and where, in very deed, one hears: "The voice of the Lord upon the waters, the God of majesty hath thundered; the Lord upon many waters." (Psalm xxviii.)

Wishing your pious undertaking the divine blessing and a happy issue,

I am, dear Father Kreidt,
Yours sincerely in Christ,
JOHN WALSH,
Archbishop of Toronto

Only a week afterwards the first subscription was handed to me, accompanied by a letter, which, in its generous simplicity, did more to encourage me at the beginning of the arduous undertaking confided to me by my superiors than the kind hearted donor himself has ever been aware of. Here it is:

THE DEANERY,
St. Catharines, May 30, 1890.

My Dear Father Kreidt:

Do me the kindness to accept the inclosed $50 as my first subscription towards the great and good work you have entered upon. The Retreat House you propose to build will be a blessing to the Dominion, and cannot fail to meet with the approbation and encouragement of all who are interested in the salvation of souls.

Wishing you every success,
I remain,
My dear Father Kreidt,
Very faithfully yours,
W. R. HARRIS, Dean.

Thus the work finally began. How it has succeeded so far, and how the work is going on, can partly be gathered from the list of contributions we publish every month, and will be touched upon in many a future article.

ANASTASIUS J. KREIDT, O. C. C.

OBITUARY.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

Right Reverend Mgr. Strain, of Lynn, Mass., who was one of our most generous benefactors.

Mrs. Ellen Mullins O'Brien, of Quebec, who always took an active interest in all pious undertakings.

Augustus Murray, who ended a well-spent life at Watertown, N. Y.

R. I. P.

FOOT NOTES.

ON Sunday, Feb. 19th, Rev. Father Kreidt delivered his lecture on Pope Leo XIII at Pittsburgh, Pa.

REV. FATHER HYACINTHE of the Passionist Monastery at West Hoboken, N. J., was our guest on Ash-Wednesday.

THE panegyric on St. Patrick in St. Patrick's church, Hamilton, Ont., will be delivered on March 17th., by Rev. A. J. Kreidt.

Subscribers who receive from us no immediate acknowledgement of money remitted will find a receipt enclosed in the REVIEW of the following month.

REVS. FATHERS THEODORE O. C. C. and Cyril O. C. C., of our seminary at New Baltimore, opened the Lenten Missions at the Church of the Scapular, New York City.

Whenever St. Joseph's name is heard in heaven, all the saints respectfully bow their heads towards the Spouse of the Virgin Mother, and cast upon him looks of congratulation upon his incomparable dignity. —*St. Gertrude.*

IRISH NEWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!"

—*Longfellow.*

It may interest many of your readers to know how poor old Ireland is getting along. Things here look bad enough just now, but we live in hopes. The best sign of a country's condition is its population. In 1066, when William the Conqueror landed in England, that country's population, including Wales, was less than that of Ireland. Until the reign of Elizabeth Ireland stood its ground as regards population, but in the reign of Queen Bess it was reduced to three quarters of a million, while the population of England increased. Till 1800 Ireland's population increased, notwithstanding the penal laws and their cruel consequences. In 1846 the number of its inhabitants reached its highest point. It was over 8,000,000, but famine and emigration soon brought it down fully two millions in a few years. Ireland's present population is four millions and a quarter. The Roman Catholics number three millions and three quarters and are annually increasing. There are nearly 4,000 priests in Ireland, including a great number of monks and nuns. The institutions of Ireland for educational purposes and for the relief of all kinds of diseases are unsurpassed by any nation, and her churches, convents and ecclesiastical buildings are remarkable for their size, beauty and costliness. Millions of money have been given by poor Ireland for their erection. Where there are so many Catholics and Catholic works to be looked after it is needless to say that the clergy are not idle. There is not a better or a more hard-worked body of priests in the world than there are in Ireland. Last year was a hard one on those devoted souls. The obituary record had one hundred names of clergymen on its roll, which is a very high percentage.

This is interesting in many ways, but the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW would doubtless like to know how the Carmelites have progressed. Thank God, they have done well. Devotion to Our Blessed Lady of Carmel is on the increase. Our Province has had to lament the death of two of its members, Fathers O'Farrell and Sheridan. Both were born in the same year and died at the same age, namely, fifty-six years. In these two members the Order has sustained a great loss. Father O'Farrell was a man of great literary renown and of uncommon mental ability. He was a master of the English language in all its branches—a profound Latin and Greek scholar—and was well versed in the French, Italian and Hebrew languages. In a word he was made up in "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*" Father O'Farrell was always kind and genial, and brimful of Irish wit and humor. His loss is greatly felt.

Father Sheridan was a man of a different sort. His forte was oratory. He seemed to inherit in this particular the genius of the Sheridans. He devoted a great portion of his life to Missions and Retreats. His discourses were very fine, and were delivered in a way that kept his audience spell-bound. When preaching on sin and its consequences, and on the great truths of eternity, he was really powerful. In this way he did a great deal for Religion. Father Sheridan's loss is deeply regretted. Both of these good Carmelites will be long remembered and their names held in benediction. Father O'Farrell devoted his life to the school and Father Sheridan to the missions.

The latter travelled a great deal in Europe and America, and likewise the Holy Land and Egypt. He wrote an excellent book entitled "A Priest's Tour in the Holy Land," which went through two editions, a review of which on some future occasion will be sent to THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

Dublin, Ireland, Feb. 15, 1893.

MARCH VIOLETS.

For the Carmelite Review.

A BREATH of spring they bring to us, those dark eyed blossoms, which, sure as March comes they'll come too, ushering in the hidden saint of the lovely woodland of Nazareth, the glad precursor of Lady Day in spring, the thought of which fills our hearts with a hope, gay as the young spring herself.

Sweet fragrant blossoms those, of this first month of a season, so full of hope and promise. St. Joseph's month with its wealth of happy memories, and its crown of the fair Annunciation, which brings to us ever a maiden, with a lily in her hand. Hail Mary! Fleeter than a bird do the words carry us back to the holy house of Nazareth, to the silent midnight hour, when the Eternal stepped down from His throne, and "swifter that the glad arch angel's wing, answered Mary's answer." So our faith and hope are quickened by the thought that He will come to us too, and take up His abode with us, giving to us even as to Mary, a glimpse of paradise, because of the beauty of the King's daughter within.

Jesus in Mary—yea, and in us. Hail Mary! said the angel to the Lily of Israel. Hail to thee! may he also say to each of us who bears within the Hidden Treasure, the House of Bread, around which angels cluster as in a sanctuary. And the dear St. Joseph—the guardian of that sweet secret of sanctity hidden deep as violets 'neath a hedge, but betraying itself, even as they, by the sweet odor of an unseen presence. What of him, that wonder of silence, of unbroken peace, who knew the secrets of God, yet spake no word? No dear MAGNIFICAT has he left us, in which we may read his story. "Solitude is the city of the strong and silence their prayer." Great soul, he had no need of many words. So let us mutely look into the depths of his mild eyes, which took their mellow light from the Eternal Hills, and sigh rather than speak our prayer, that he may teach us the lost art of holding our peace, to be "silent and safe" and strong. Sunflowers blaze in every court-yard—violets must needs be sought for. Highly prized are they, and dearly bought, but 'twould take a wealth of them to make a crown for Lady Day. What shall we do then? In lieu of *wood* violets, let us clip *word* violets and so crown with a wreath of silence (dearly bought as the flowers we love) her who kept all things in her heart. Our Lady of the Annunciation, and her blessed Spouse St. Joseph of the Valley of Silence.

DOLORES.

N. Y. City.

Mary stood by the Cross whilst the Apostles fled.—*St. Ambrose.*

Because Mary loved more than all, she also suffered more than all.—*St. Jerome.*

That which the lance did in the flesh of Jesus maternal anguish inflicted in the heart of Mary.—*St. Bernard.*

Mary, more than martyr, was no less wounded by the sword of love than by that of sorrow.—*St. Ildefonsa.*

God has placed the whole Church, not only under the patronage, but even under the dominion of Mary.—*St. Antoninus.*

AS OTHERS SEE US.

ON January 1st. appeared the first issue of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, a monthly magazine devoted to the service of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. The initial number sets a high standard of excellence, the continuance of which is assured by the learning and devotedness of the Carmelite Fathers by whom the new review is conducted. The fact that a number of new periodicals like THE CARMELITE REVIEW are coming into existence is one of the most consoling signs of the times, for an age that is devoted to Mary cannot be considered hopeless. The new magazine is well printed, with a simple cover in the Carmelite colors.—*Ave Maria.*

BLESSED BAPTIST OF MANTUA.

Among the blessed Carmelites whom we honor in March, Baptist of Mantua claims our special attention. He was of Spanish extraction, but was born in Mantua, Italy, about 1448. Fully comprehending the dangers that might beset him in the turmoil of the world, he determined on seeking refuge in the seclusion of a monastery; and entered the Order of Carmelites in his native town of Mantua. So earnest was he in the fulfilment of his religious duties, that not many years had elapsed before he was thought fit to be proposed to others as an example worthy of imitation. Being yet comparatively young, he became the superior of the Mantuan Carmelites, and so well did he know how to blend kindness with severity in the discharge of his office that he gained the affection of all his brethren. For six successive times he was elected by unanimous choice to fill the office of Prior. So great was his reputation in the Order that in 1513 he was chosen Prior-General of the entire Carmelite Order, in which capacity he died.

He excelled in the virtues of prudence, and charity, and great patience in suffering, as also in the observance of religious discipline. Not only did he excel in the science of the saints, but likewise held a prominent place in the intellectual world of his day. Amongst Christian poets, he certainly ranks with the highest. Many even have not hesitated to place him by the side of that other great Mantuan, Virgil. In Mantua a statue was erected, representing an angel in the act of crowning the successful competitor for the poet's laurels, but hesitating whether to place the wreath on the brow of Virgil, or of the humble Carmelite.

What better evidence could we have of the esteem in which his poetic genius was held? Blessed Baptist died at Mantua, on Maunday Thursday of 1516 in the 68th year of his life. After his death people began to venerate his holy remains, and many miracles were wrought at his tomb. This veneration was in late years confirmed by the present gloriously reigning Pontiff, Pope Leo XIII. A. F. B., O. C. C.

Some touching examples of the devotion of St. Francis of Sales to St. Joseph have of late appeared in the *Annals of St. Joseph*. Among other things the writer says:—"Another mark of his tender devotion to St. Joseph is related by Father Peter Bernard, S. J. Having already promised to preach in the church of the Jesuits upon the feast of St. Joseph, he was requested by the Cardinal Archbishop of Lyons to preach on the same day in the church of the Carmelites to which he replied: Although, when I bring forth twins by one day's labor, I shall not come off well, yet, for the love of St. Joseph, I will do it. However, he performed it in the afternoon with great success, and for an hour and a half employed his eloquence in expressing his feeling devotion to St. Joseph."

Do you recite the Angelus daily? If not, you are a poor sort of a Catholic. When you say this beautiful prayer you commemorate the mystery of the Annunciation and make an act of faith. The custom of ringing the Angelus bell is an old one. Pope Urban instituted it in 1095. All who recite the Angelus gain each time a hundred days' Indulgence.

There is nothing more profitable and more consoling to the mind than to frequently remember the Blessed Virgin.—*St. Teresa.*

Let us seek grace, and let us seek it through the intercession of Mary; for she is the mother of Jesus, and her petition cannot fail to be heard.—*St. Bonaventure.*

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M C., 1588, Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

The wee tailors of Carmel whom I foretold would have a busy Lent, might like an opportunity to move into a new workshop. We all long for a change once in a while; so let us go on a mind journey, far, far away from the cold north where the frozen birds sit dumb and hie us off to a sunny land, to the little village of Nazareth, where the dear old St. Joseph stands waiting for us at the door of a little house, which many of us know and love as the Holy House of Loretto. He will bid us welcome, and so we will enter and be the guests of the Holy Family. The foster father will let us go into his workshop, and I think we will find it such a cosy, quiet little spot, with the far green hills of Judea in sight from the low window, and the very air sweet with the perfume of heaven that we'll forget to do anything but look and listen. Now, the saints tell us that the Holy Family spoke but little while on earth, yet it seems to me that when the *little* ones came to the door of the Blessed Mother's house, she *did* speak some sweet low words to them as they clustered 'round her. Why even the village children used to say of the dear Child Jesus: "Let us go to Sweetness." And how could they know that he was sweet unless he had spoken to them. "Taste and see that the Lord is sweet," says the holy Scriptures. So I am sure that if we are very quiet, St. Joseph will be a real host, and entertain his little guests who have been so hard at work button-holing for two weeks. Perhaps though, he has been so used to the same kind of work all his life that now, with a sweet smile, and a shake of his dear old head, he may say but one word—Listen! Persevere! And so says your loving friend, who fears to tire the button holers this month,

Carmel's Secretary.

March 1893

PUZZLES.

IX

To a circular letter be sure to prefix
Four times five and twenty, without any tricks;
A thousand inverted, just topped in the rear,
Will make what's most useful to man, I declare.

X

Whole I am what boys get into;
Behead me and I am what people wear;
Behead me again and I am a seed for birds;
Behead me again and I become an animal.

XI

What is that which has no body and yet can be distinctly seen?

XII

Something there is which lives only in winter, would die in summer, and grows with its root upwards?

XIII

What is that which belongs only to yourself, but is used by everyone else more than yourself?

Answers to Puzzles.

IV—"Carmel's tailors will have a busy Lent."
V—Herein.
VI—A shoe.
VII—Acts chap. xvi, 14th verse.
VIII—16½ feet (or 1 rod.)

"Sec."

POSTSCRIPTS.

Puzzle No. IV. in Feb. number has been answered correctly by one little tailor or tailoress, S. X. B., of Saint Mary's, Pa. The Secretary has quite a hankering after Saint Mary's. Spent many happy years in *one* St. Mary's .....J. R., of Pittsburgh, sends a page of humorous writing. Original? Am afraid the reverend Editor might object to any other kind. Try again with J. R's. own.....Ed. S., of Chicago, sends a very nice letter, in which the Secretary is much more interested than in the Big Fair, and hopes Edward will live to be a Chief *Justice* like St. Joseph.

"Sec."

THE Carmelite M Review.

Approved by the Archbishop of Toronto, Cardinal Gibbons, Bishop of Buffalo and others.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., APRIL, 1893. NO. 4.

THE SCAPULAR.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

This earth where Spring her fairest tints is showing,
Where sun and sea and sky are mellow glowing,
Where soft and tender airs are gently blowing,
Is still a battle-field.

Not pleasant paths with roses running over,
Not meadows scented sweet with dewy clover,
Can hide the direst trace of conflict over.
It is a battle-field.

Not notes of birds in twilights the serenest,
Not wavelets lapping upon shores the greenest,
Can dull our ears to sounds of strife the keenest.
It is a battle-field.

And when with battle's rage and toil o'erheated,
We stand at close of day, so near defeated,
Waiting, with upraised face, for judgment meted,
After the battle-field.

Well that we wear that livery of sweetness,
That Mercy's eyes beholding it may greet us,
And with forgiving look and smile may greet us,
Safe from the battle-field.

Visit to Mount Carmel.

For the Carmelite Review.

WHEN we came on deck on the morning of the last day of April, 1890, we were greatly surprised to see before us the grand Mount Carmel. The pilgrims saluted the holy mount with song and prayer, the echo of which returned to our ship. We were surrounded by the Arabs who were anxious to bring us on shore. We were soon on land, and were welcomed to the Holyland by the Catholics of Kaiffa, who invited us to visit their churches and convents, and we gladly accepted the kind invitation. We first visited the Arabian Church. The Christian Brothers have a good school here. The children were all well trained. The church is not very large, but was kept in very good condition. Many priests of our party celebrated Mass in this church. From here we went to see the church of the Maronites, which is also a very nice Catholic Church. We also visited the convent and went through the extensive gardens of the same. Kaiffa has a population of about 5,000, most of whom are German protestants.

About 9 o'clock we started for Mount Carmel. It took us about an hour to reach the convent. Many of the Catholics of Kaiffa escorted us up the mountain. The banner of the Sacred Heart was carried at the head of the procession. On the way we sang hymns and recited the Rosary, and it was a great joy to hear the voices of the Arabs mingled with our own. About half way up the mountain stands a small pyramid on the spot where the Blessed Virgin rested awhile with her divine Son on her return from Egypt. We all devoutly kissed the ground surrounding the pyramid. After an hour's walk we reached the gates of the convent, where we were met by the Carmelite Fathers, who received us with the greatest joy and gave us a hearty welcome.

The convent of the Carmelites is an immense square building located at the extreme north-west of Cape Carmel. There is likewise a church here, the door of which

faces the Mediterranean Sea. Beneath the high altar which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is the Grotto of Elias. This grotto was once the dwelling place of the great prophets Elias and Eliseus. We entered it down a flight of five steps. The grotto is about fifteen feet long by ten feet wide. It was here where the prophet lived, and it presents the same appearance now as when St. Elias resided there. It is yet black from the smoke of the fire used by the prophet in preparing his meals. There are three altars within the grotto, and two other priests and myself celebrated Mass there at 12 a.m. on the first day of May. Although it was so early, some Arabian boys were in the church ready to serve our Masses, and it was very edifying to hear them answer the prayers. When a priest has the happiness to offer up the Sacrifice of the New Law in the place where the prophet Elias lived, the soul is moved to thoughts of great devotion. The high altar of the church is above the grotto. The sanctuary is fourteen feet higher than the floor of the church. The altar is crowned with a grand statue of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. On her right arm reposes the Holy Infant, and in the left hand she holds the holy Scapular.

Having come from the church we noticed before us the small pyramids which mark the burial place of the French soldiers, who were massacred by the Saracens at St. John d'Acre in 1799. Every year the French pilgrims offer up Mass for the repose of the souls of these soldiers. At the northern extremity of the enclosure of the convent grounds is the summer palace of Abdallah Pascha. It is built from the remains of the old monastery. The building is now used to lodge the native pilgrims, and for the last twenty years has had a tower which serves as a light-house.

I would like to give a few historical details about Mount Carmel. At the time of the chananeans, Carmel was a kingdom, Their king was killed by Josue. It is believed that Lamech killed Cain the fratricide on Mount Carmel. It was on Mount Carmel that God, through His prophet Elias, confounded the ministers of Baal. This famous mountain was the home of Elias and Eliseus who had their school there. It was on Carmel where the Sunamite came to tell Eliseus of the death of her son, who was restored to life by the prophet.

The beauty of Carmel often serves as a comparison in Holy Writ. According to tradition, St. Anne kept her flocks here, and had a house for the shepherds which was often visited by St. Anne and the Blessed Virgin. It is also believed that the immaculate Mary on her return from Egypt remained there for some time with the divine Child and St. Joseph. During the stay, Mary with her divine Babe occupied the Grotto of Elias.

In the early ages of christianity, the hermits who inhabited Mount Carmel embraced the Gospel and united with the Apostles in preaching Jesus Christ. Towards the year 83, the hermits built a church, which, according to Joseph of Antioch, was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. 130 pious hermits left their convent in order to preach the gospel in Samaria and Galilee.

In the fourth century St. Helena built a church on Mount Carmel. In the year 412, John, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave a Rule to the Hermits of Mount Carmel.

Mount Carmel has been the home of many saints, amongst others being St. Narcissus who lived in the first century, and became Patriarch of Jerusalem. In the third century St. Spiridion, Bishop of Cyprus, resided there. St Eutemus dwelt there. He founded a branch house at Jericho. In the sixth century St. Cyriacus and St. James adorned the holy mount by their saintly lives.

Towards the middle of the 12th century the venerable Berthold united the Carmel-

ites into a community. The priest Phocas, who visited Carmel in 1183, said he found a small church and a convent, which was erected by a priest from Calabria, who, moved by a revelation from St. Elias, came to reside there, and had gathered about him ten other brothers.

In the year 1209 St. Brocard, then the superior, applied to St. Albert the Patriarch of Jerusalem, for a Rule, which they received. It is the same which is observed till this day. The convent inhabited by St. Brocard and his community was situated in the Valley of the Martyrs. It was afterwards assailed by the Saracens and was finally completely destroyed by a troop of Mahomedans.

In 1245 St. Simon Stock of Kent, England, came to Mount Carmel and lived there for some time. This was the saint to whom the Blessed Virgin afterwards appeared and handed the Scapular, the heavenly habit which is now worn by all zealous Christians.

In 1291 one hundred of the religious were massacred on Mount Carmel whilst they were singing the *Salve Regina*. The infidels continued at times to harass the Carmelites who were all massacred in 1635. After this, the school of the prophets was converted into a mosque. Some years later the venerable sons of the prophet again assembled in their convent on Mount Carmel. In 1821 Abdallah Pascha of St. John d'Acre, under pretence of fortifying the place, destroyed the church and convent, from the material of which he erected a summer palace which now serves as a light-house.

During the siege of St. John d'Acre by Napoleon Bonaparte, the Carmelite convent was used as a hospital for the sick and wounded. After the retreat of the French army, the Musselmen slaughtered all the inmates of the hospital and left them unburied. When the Carmelites returned to their monastery they found the bones of the victims scattered over the mountain. They gathered them together, and interred them in one common grave which faces the door of the church. A small pyramid marks the spot, and here it is that the French pilgrims every year sing a Requiem for the souls of the soldiers who are buried there.

Mount Carmel extends from south east to north-west. It is fifteen miles long and four in width. The mountain terminates in a most pronounced promontory towards the sea. Its height is over 1,800 feet. The mountain is well wooded and most fertile, producing many plants most valuable for medicinal purposes. I walked over the whole length of Mount Carmel, and discovered but two small villages. The ground is entirely abandoned to wild animals. There are many hyenas, bears, and panthers, There is plenty of game, especially a large number of partridges.

The good Carmelite Fathers were always willing to answer all the questions which I put to them, so that I had to admire their kindness towards me.

J. B. BROUN.

Akron, Ohio.

INDULGENCES.

During April a Plenary Indulgence can be gained on

(1) Easter Sunday.

(2) The Patronage of St. Joseph (April 23), and during the Octave.

The usual conditions are Confession and Communion.

By a rescript of the Sacred Congregation dated March 26th, 1729, Pope Benedict XIII conceded to the Prior of every Carmelite Monastery, or his delegate, the power of imparting the Papal Benediction four times a year. All our readers living near Carmelite churches should avail themselves of this Blessing, which will be given in all our churches on next Easter Tuesday.

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

BY K. MADELEINE BARRY.

For the Carmelite Review.

(*Conclusion.*)

"I DO hope I am not an intruder," he said to her on the way, "but if I am, I am a very happy one, Miss Marcia."

"There can be no intrusion where there is real friendship," was her guarded reply, after which she smiled very sweetly and reiterated her good-night.

She looked in at the guest-room on her way to her own apartments; it was aired and ready, with a good maple knot burning brightly in the fireplace. "It was very curious," she was saying to herself. "Winter — Christmas — and Mr. Walton in the house!" She strayed to the window. The storm was over, and beams of broken moonlight were scattered about the grounds. Gradually her head drooped until it leaned against the casement, and then by turns her eyes grew bright and dim, her lips quivered and smiled, her brow contracted and relaxed. A strange, wild Christmas reverie it must have been—yet not more strange nor wild, perhaps, than a thousand others within the narrow radius of that dull town. Whoever we are, and wherever we are, we see things in the Christmas moonlight that only God and ourselves know anything about—things that might have been, and to our sorrow, were not and shall never be; things that may yet be—if not here and now on this trite planet and during this transient life, then farther on, and later on, in a better place and time in God's safe keeping. Such things Miss Marcia's wistful, dreamy eyes were made to conjure in the Christmas moonlight.

She turned from the window suddenly and drew the curtains together. A Sixtine Madonna looked tenderly down at her through the fitful firelight. It was a picture she had loved from childhood. She got up on the chair beneath it, and with half blurred eyes she kissed the Mother's cheek, and laid her own against it while she muttered her nightly prayer: "To thee, and to thy blessed charge and special keeping I commend myself body and soul. My every hope and every joy, my every trouble and every sorrow, my life and my life's end I commit to thee—that by thy intercession all that I have may be ordered, all that I do disposed according to thy will and that of thy divine Son," after which she crept softly away to her own apartment and was soon sleeping a dreamless, heavy sleep.

Mr. Walton and his host smoked by the fire below for hours after Marcia's departure; they talked about many things and argued from their different standpoints in friendly controversy until the small hours startled them. Then Marcia's father escorted his guest upstairs and left him to his own reflections.

It was not likely, late as it was, and tired and worried as the travelling and the unpleasant news had left him, that he was going to tumble into bed as usual and forget his cares in oblivious sleep. Indeed when he had closed his door upon his host he felt as if he had only just then wakened up to a full and proper realization of the strange experience that had befallen him. He drew a chair up to the fire and fell into it anyhow, and let his thoughts so long restrained flow as they listed. Now and again the firelight leaped—just as his heart did—and startled him into some new groove. Once he lifted his eyes and saw the sweet Madonna looking at him. In the warm glow of the maple knots she seemed to live and breathe. He let his gaze rest on her until heart-aching memories of the mother who had taught him to love and reverence this type of truest womanhood flooded his mind and soul He

reached to the table beside the fireplace and took a book that was lying there. He had to get the film from his eyes and the sob out of his throat before he could think of going to rest. He opened it at random; it was a popular volume of a favorite English historian's. He had read it before and recalled its familiar passages with grateful pleasure. Suddenly he came upon one so pertinent to the very situation he was in that he read it with eyes dilated and pulses throbbing. Was it by chance this curious coincidence occurred? These were the lines he read:

"It is remarkable that the Jews, who of the three great nations of antiquity certainly produced in history and poetry the smallest number of illustrious women, should have furnished the world with its supreme female ideal; and it is also a striking illustration of the qualities which prove most attractive in woman, that one of whom we know nothing, except her gentleness and her sorrow, should have exercised a magnetic power upon the world incomparably greater than was exercised by the most majestic female patriots of Paganism." *

Mr. Walton sat petrified, and stared over the open book into the fire before him. Clearly, some supernatural influence had directed him to this. A moment ago he was torturing himself with the, to him, vital problem: Which of the two types so strikingly represented by Miss Evelyn and Miss Marcia should best supply what was wanting in his life? And when all was said he was inclined to think the bright, vivacious, careless girl was the surer choice to make. A moment ago he had all but resolved to end all doubt and hesitation by writing to Miss Evelyn on the morrow and staking his future on her answer. But now how changed it all was! Now that the supreme female ideal was lifted up before him, and by no partisan hand either, as one of whom no other thing was known, except that she was gentle and had had great sorrow—and yet as such had outreached and outlived all other and more dazzling types. Now that he had it put to him what the qualities are which *prove most attractive in woman*, he saw his way "as birds their trackless way." He closed the book, knelt humbly down before the sweet sixtine Madonna and her lovely Babe and prayed as he had not done for years. And after that, he felt that he could rest and sleep and dream and be at peace under one roof with Marcia! "If I can win her," was his last thought in the waning fire light; "If I can win her," was his waking greeting to the morning sun.

* * * * * * *

Through all of the next day, Christmas eve, his mind had but one tenant. He made pretense of looking after his affairs, but it was plain to everyone that a keen sense of his loss, or something else was responsible for the perfunctory way in which he attended to them. Many should have been amused, no doubt, if they had known that a man in his unpleasant situation was made callous to it all as if he were a Hindoo hermit absorbed in the contemplation of all that was suggested to him by the three simple words: "Marcia, her gentleness and her sorrow." He went about deploring and despising the wasted months in which he had forgotten her, and the demented days in which she had seemed less lovely than the shallow, showy, perishable type he had preferred with forethought and deliberation. His prospect began to grow warrantably gloomy. He did not feel justified in making her a tardy offering of a love that was an aftermath, and what guarantee had he that she would let him care for her at all? He was not worthy of her in himself, and he certainly had not tried to make himself so. He grew despondent and discouraged as the twilight fell, and he wended his way towards her home. If chance favored him, he thought, he would put his whole case simply to her, unmask his past and confess

* Lecky—History of European Morals.

his folly. He would tell her that he loved her now, and would love her for evermore, that the thought of her and what she was would be the guide and solace of his future life, that whether they walked together or apart, whether she held him by the hand or withdrew herself from any contact with him, whether he basked in the wholesome mountain air of her presence or never laid mortal eyes on her again, he was regenerated by the simple knowledge of her goodness and would strive to give a better proof than words of its saving power over his coming life. He would tell her all this, humbly and sincerely, but he would not ask her to be his wife—and of course he could never put the question to any other woman afterwards.

Strung up to this point of rarest altruism, Mr. Walton presented himself at dinner in that sadly affable mood peculiar to the converted sufferer. He was dressed with his accustomed taste and care and looked, in spite of the havoc his self-disparagements ought to have made of his better qualities, quite nice enough, as men go now-a-days, to suit the fancy of a more fastidious young woman than Miss Marcia, if any such were conceivable. A deplorable inconsistency about the men and women angels, of the mortal state, is their lack of affinity for each other. Put the sweetest little maiden saint on earth between the typical "good young man" of meek apologetic aspect and the typical "man of the world" of graceful but positive mien at your dinner table, and test the maxim for yourself. The good young man invariably stands well with the little saint's mamma, but the little saint herself will never put her prettiest things on just for him, nor perk up under his glance and compliments as the woman in her is sure to do when the "nice" man is available.

Miss Marcia, for all that her eyes were so dreamy, could appraise a man at a glance, and whatever else was against Mr. Walton his personal appearance was not. "Good stuff, and plenty of it," was the epitome her father had given of him in her hearing once, and somehow she always thought of it when he came into her presence. Of course it was nothing to her individually, but for the honor of the race, and for the sake of the women who might love them, she always had gloried in the well-proportioned men of muscle and sinew and latent strength, men warm at heart, like their mother earth, but as cool as it pleased them in the arctic regions of the brain, men reckless in chivalry, tenderly sensitive about woman's inalienable rights, and more sensitive still to her inevitable wrongs. She gloried in these as anybody does, and if she knew one when she saw him, and if she liked him when she knew him, there was nothing extraordinary in that.

When dinner was nearly ended Marcia's father asked her if she would go to the midnight Mass and Mr. Walton pulled himself together suddenly as if the question had been put to him. Go out with Marcia into that wanton Christmas moonlight? Wouldn't he? Marcia answered that she meant to go, and her father then asked Mr. Walton if he would care to accompany them.

"I don't remember ever missing it myself," he said. "It has been my only Christmas celebration for years." Mr. Walton agreed, not too ardently of course, to make one of the party, casting about instinctively, however, for someone to complete the double elective affinity and take Marcia's father out of the way.

It was close upon eight o'clock when they rose from table. At a little after nine they separated to rest a bit before their midnight walk, Marcia's father admitting very frankly that he could never keep awake during the mass otherwise, and didn't believe anybody else could either. Mr. Walton pleaded that he was not in the least afraid of such a contingency and begged leave to sit and read before the drawing room fire, for another hour at least,

and Marcia, though she too protested that she had not the slightest inclination to sleep, abetted his wish by walking off with her father and yielding up the apartment to him. The old man made no compromise of expediency, but went straight to bed. He didn't commend the practice of lolling about in chairs or on sofas when you wanted rest. Marcia, however, was not so stringent in her views, and when she had escorted him safely to his door she crept down stairs again and cuddled herself up among the down cushions of the library settee.

Presently a great stillness fell upon the whole house. Mr. Walton, who, of course, did not read at all, unless whatever he could see transcribed upon the burning coals out of his own heart, sat listening alone to the plaint of the December winds, high up in the old elm tops, and the sonorous tale of the quaint armorial clock upon the wall in the passage without. He was growing impatient with his fancy, which would persist in catching sounds strangely like "M-a-r-c-i-a"—in the moaning of the wind—and—"gentle—sorrowful"—in the ticking of the clock. His longing to go to her and lay the burden of his new discovery before her was growing absolutely unbearable. Every moment of time brought him nearer to the desperate step, but left him less courage and hope with which to dare it. If he could have recalled one look or word of hers which might have meant the possibility even of being able to love him, he need not have been so diffident, but she had always been guarded and merely kind with him; that was the worst of it. He did not weaken in his fixed resolve withal. He felt compelled by some mysterious force (why not a law akin to that which overtly attracts and sustains matter in the physical order? he asked himself) to give himself up to the power she wielded over him. He could not see the sense of carrying a great strong passion still and stagnant in his breast forever more, a dead sea of voiceless love with neither inlet nor outlet; and he would not believe that an economy which ruled and ordered with such foresight and precision the attractions and repulsions of inert creations would give the sensitive hearts of men and women to be the plaything of chance or accident. If such words as gravitation and cohesion and affinity hold up the universe of matter, why may not such forces as human friendship and love sustain the higher world of conscious joy and sorrow? If they have meaning, I have a better meaning, if they operate for good and worthy ends, why not I? Of course, it goes without saying that a man whose love could ramify into reflections and conclusions of this sort was not the average Romeo, but one of those Neo-Platonists that come in cycles to rescue the escutcheon of the noblest passion from ruin and dishonor.

The wind was still crooning and the fire was very low when the old clock tolled eleven. Mr. Walton stood up and moved towards the window; the glorious moon was looking straight at him, but he was not going to be lured into another Christmas reverie. He thrust his hands into his pockets and turned his back upon the scene. He made a step forward and then stood stock-still. In the open doorway, with her soft dark hair dishevelled and half hanging about her shoulders, stood Marcia, pale and eerie as he had never seen her before. He almost cried aloud, as if he were a woman, but she forstalled so mad a blunder by creeping softly in and coming towards him with her hands extended and a gliding gait as if she did not touch the floor. What could he do but stand, spell-bound as he was, and wait for the sequence whatever it might be? Whatever it might be! The girl went straight up to him, laid her pretty palms upon his breast, and looking at him—but with eyes which saw him not—said in a tense strange voice monotonous and passionless.

(*Concluded on page 61.*)

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Terms: $1 per Year.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, APRIL, 1893. NO. 4.

EASTER greeting to all our readers.

HIS Holiness Pope Leo XIII, has just conferred another favor on our Order by appointing our Father General, the Very Reverend Aloysius Galli to the important office of Consultor of the Congregation of Rites.

THE Cincinnati *Catholic Telegraph* in remarking that our REVIEW was one of the last to enter the journalistic field, gave the Religious Orders their due by saying that many of the Catholic magazines of this country are published by Religious.

"WRITE up the Third Order that many of us may join it," suggests a priest in Minnesota. In course of time we shall follow the advice. We hope to soon see the *men* join our Third Order, since it was not established for the devout sex exclusively.

THE "boiler-plate" men have of late been making the columns of their patrons unusually spicy with a sensational, but ridiculous rehash of an article about the "Carmelite Nuns," from the Paris *Figaro*. The account is undeserving of mention. It is about as silly as the list of Catholic Feast-days which lately appeared in a prominent Boston Sunday paper, in which the archangel Gabriel is referred to as "St. Gabriel, Archbishop."

THE canonization of Columbus has been of late strongly urged by many. Although respectfully foregoing a premature anticipation of the decision of the Holy See, would it be out of place during this memorable Columbian year, that Columbus be declared the patron of the Catholic seaman?

THE glorious Spouse of our Holy Mother has been from time immemorial the Protector of the Order of our Lady, and it is a joy to know that the saintly Pio Nono declared St. Joseph a protector of the universal church. When the faith of his clients is sincere, his protection in spirituals and temporals is infallibly certain.

OUR Roman correspondent has just sent us an interesting sketch of the life of Jean de Toulouse. This holy nun of our Order died in the odor of sanctity. The process of her beatification will, we hope, soon be commenced. Her short biography, lately sent to us by Father Ronci, will appear in one of our future numbers.

IN his reply to the address of the Christian Brothers during the Jubilee celebration, His Holiness Pope Leo XIII, referred to the education of children. Among other things he said: "Inspire them especially with a tender devotion to the Blessed Virgin; teach them to allow themselves to be led, as by the hand, by this good mother, until they arrive safe and sound at the threshold of eternity." Let parents consider well these words of the Holy Father.

WE would like to add a few words to the account given in the last issue of the *Homeless Child*, about the saintly Bishop

Newmann. The name of the holy Bishop appears in the baptismal registers of some of the German parishes around Niagara Falls, which are attended by our fathers. It is an extraordinary fact that this saintly man, who was so near the great cataract, on account of his great spirit of self-denial, never allowed his eyes to behold this great natural wonder.

The great fact of the Resurrection, which is again brought home to our minds at Easter-tide, ought to raise our Christian hopes to a conspicuous buoyancy. Alas, hope in many cases diminishes into an almost unknown quantity. As a rule too much time is spent in viewing things through the wrong end of the spiritual field-glass. Let us during this Paschal month pray with the holy League of the Sacred Heart for the "Steadfastness of Hope." If our hope increases not, let us not forget that we have still the "Hope of the Hopeless,"—Mary.

The Provincial Chapter of the Carmelites of the United States and Canada, meets soon after Easter. We most respectfully call the attention of those who attend it to the remarks of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, in his reply to the address of the superiors representing the thirty-two Religious Orders, who presented their Jubilee congratulations last month. The Pope said he expected much for the good of the faithful and salvation of souls from the Religious Orders. They ought to shine as a brilliant firmament in the church by their virtue and learning. "Let the Superiors of the Religious Orders," said the Holy Father, "not fear the difficulties and trials which have been raised against them on account of various conditions of time and place. If the life of the Religious Orders is conformable to that of their saintly founders, God will protect them."

POSTSCRIPTS.

Bellevue Hospital, New York City, has at last a new chapel. The same is attended by the Carmelite Fathers of the Church of the Holy Scapular.

In the May number of the Review will appear the first instalment of a story, written expressly for us by a well-known Catholic author.

The beautiful life of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, lately mailed to some of our subscribers, was given as a premium to all who sent us ten subscribers.

We beg the prayers of all the clients of Mary for the Rev. Fr J. C. Feehan, O. C.C, who lies in a precarious condition in our convent, in Dublin, Ireland.

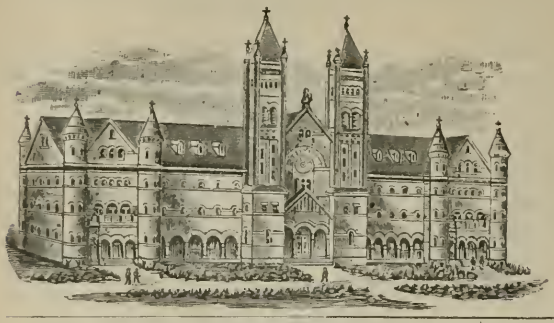
We are in daily receipt of many encouraging letters from our friends throughout the continent. We again renew our thanks, and regret that time does not allow us to answer all by letter.

If you receive no acknowledgement of money you have sent us, look for the date stamped on the wrapper of the next copy of the Review. The date will indicate the time when your subscription expires.

Any of our French subscribers wishing a Carmelite publication in their own language can have the same sent to their address by writing to the Carmelite Monastery, 134 Barrack Street, New Orleans, Louisana.

Some of our friends seem surprised at our not immediately inserting their contributions. We do not intend to give the first place to the best articles, but to those which in our judgment come in the nick of time.

In a few cases it is clear that money sent to our office has not reached us. We caution our subscribers and advise them to always, if possible, remit the amount by a money-order on the post office at NIAGARA FALLS, Ont.



THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

Notes and Queries.

HUNDREDS of questions about the Hospice have been asked by our correspondents, and until now we were obliged to answer them one by one by letter. Only those who have had a similar experience can understand the amount of labor involved in answering the same questions over and over again, not to speak of the monotony of the thing. It is therefore a great relief to have these pages at our disposal to answer questions publicly and once for all. Correspondents should not hesitate, however, to ask questions as they have done hitherto, and if they find that some of their questions remain unanswered in our reply, let them look for the answer in these pages.

Qu.—"When will you begin to build?"

Ans.—This question deserves the first place, because it is so pertinent, and because it is so frequent of late. Fortunately we are not obliged to answer any longer, as we did for the last two years, "as soon as our means allow it," for, owing to the generous aid we have received, we can begin shortly.

A few days ago the last instructions were given to our architect, and the plans and specifications will be ready by the end of this month.

Building operations are to commence in May, the month of our Blessed Mother.

We have about one-fourth of the sum required to complete and furnish that portion of the building intended for the Hospice. We rely upon Providence and the generosity of the friends of Mount Carmel for the other three-fourths. So far we have had no reason to regret our trust in the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel and her devoted children, and it is not likely that we shall be deserted by either, now that we are more than ever in need of their help. We shall have to go into debt, but we have no misgivings about it. The institution is so much in demand, and we are urged with so much holy impatience by so many who intend to make use of it, that we can no longer doubt the expediency of beginning at once.

We ask our friends to redouble their efforts to help us, and their prayers for our success.

Qu.—"Some of my friends have been wondering what kind of favors those are which you acknowledge every month at the end of your list of contributions. I hope you will not think us too curious, since it is only the desire to do you similar favors, if possible, that prompts us to ask?"

Ans.—Your curiosity is quite pardonable. There is no secret about it. On the contrary the kindness of so many religious communities deserves a more pronounced acknowledgment than we have given it so far.

More than a year ago we addressed a circular to all the sisterhoods of Canada and the United States, asking them for scapulars and other religious articles, and in case their poverty would allow them to do nothing more, to send us cancelled postage stamps.

The scapulars are sent to our collectors as a little return for their work, and the stamps are sold to swell the Building-Fund of the Hospice.

The answer to our appeal was beyond our expectations. We have been supplied with scapulars, Agnus Deis, gospels and medals in sufficient number to be able to send something to every collector. Let our numerous friends, who have thanked us so effusively for these little souvenirs, give the credit to whom it is due and say a warm prayer for the sister who made the beautiful scapular or Agnus Dei and sent them to us.

But we, too, are glad of this opportunity to thank the good sisters throughout the country, who for the love of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, have been so ready to help. Many communities, knowing that our needs are continuous, have repeatedly sent us little boxes of religious articles—or big boxes of stamps. We hope they will not grow tired of this good work, but keep on, convinced as they surely are that Our Lady will know how to accept and reward any sacrifice made for her sake.

One of the reasons why we did not mention these facts before, is that lay people could hardly be expected to prepare such articles for us, and the religious communities, as a rule, do not wish to be made prominent.

But now, since the question has been put, we gratefully publish the answer, though it may be distasteful to these humble religious, who wish to do good with as little show as possible.

At the same time lay people can help in the second way indicated above, namely, in the collecting of old and used stamps.

We have received millions of them so far. One community alone of Philadelphia sent over a million. Dealers in stamps all through the country are becoming acquainted with us, and we can sell to advantage.

Articles have appeared in nearly all our Catholic papers about the use made of defaced stamps. We can assure our friends that we deal only with firms of acknowledged honesty and are entirely convinced that these stamps are sold only to collectors and for decorative purposes.

It was by accident that we came into possession of a collection of stamps about two years ago, and inquiring into their value we were surprised to find that although there were no "millions in it," still a good sum of money could be made by selling common stamps in large quantities, or rare stamps to the highest bidder. And thus we began. It may surprise some of our friends to hear that in less than a year we have gathered about a thousand dollars worth of stamps. So far only religious communities have helped us in this way. A few friends among the laity, who had visited us last summer, or heard of our collection, have also sent us some stamps.

We now invite all our readers to make use of this inexpensive means to help us. Let them gather all the old stamps they can find in their own or in their friends' houses, and when they have a sufficient quantity notify us, or send them on at once by mail or express.

Anything that looks like a stamp may be used. Old medicine stamps, watch stamps, playing-card stamps, revenue stamps and old envelopes.

Old stamps (before 1870) should be left on the envelope. Later ones should be washed off the paper. Stamped envelopes should not be cut out round, but square, leaving a margin all around the envelope-stamp.

Further information will be given to all who are interested.

Qu.—"Are those who contribute to the Building-Fund of the Hospice entitled to their share in the spiritual benefits accorded to your benefactors from the moment they make their donation to the collector, or only from the time their names are filed at the monastery?"

Ans.—Anyone who gives a donation for our benefit is our benefactor from the moment he gives it. This would even hold good if by some accident the contribution never reached us. Collectors are included in the monthly mass offered up especially for them from the moment that they solicit the first contribution.

Qu.—"Do the subscribers of The Carmelite Review get the special blessing of the Pope, accorded to all those who help you in your undertaking?"

Ans.—Yes. The Carmelite Review is published in the interest of the Hospice. The document, which we have received from the Vatican, containing the Pope's special blessing, dated 23rd of August, 1892, expressly states that His Holiness most lovingly grants His special blessing:—"*Operis promotoribus, cooperatoribus et omnibus opem ferentibus.*" In English:—"To all promoters of the work, to all co-operators and all helpers"

Every subscriber to The Review helps along the good work, and is therefore included among those mentioned in the Papal document A. J. Kreidt.

For the promotion of the truth and Catholic faith, was the Third Order of St. Dominic founded seven hundred years ago. In its mission, its organisation and its rule, it is as well adapted to the nineteenth century as to the thirteenth, which saw its birth. A series of papers on the subject giving many interesting details is being published in *The Rosary*, an excellent magazine published at 871 Lexington Avenue, New York.

IRISH CORRESPONDENCE.

{ Carmelite Convent,
{ Dublin, March 17th, 1893.

The great ecclesiastical event of last month was the Golden Jubilee of our Holy Father, Leo XIII. Catholic Ireland, as usual, on this happy occasion has nobly done her part. The Archbishops and Bishops wrote pastorals and instructions on the subject to their flocks. The Religious Orders of men and women poured forth their souls to God in thanksgiving for the blessing of having so good a common father, and the laity crowded the churches and likewise sent worthy gifts to their Captive King. Throughout the length and breadth of Ireland the jubilee was celebrated with pomp, solemnity and devotion.

Hundreds of Irish pilgrims in the early part of the month had set out for the City of the Popes and paid to the Sovereign Pontiff the respect of love and homage. From the beginning to the end of their journey the pilgrims were respectfully and enthusiastically greeted by the inhabitants of the countries through which they passed. In Rome they were met by hundreds of their fellow-countrymen who had already reached the Eternal city by different routes, and by the Irish residents of Rome. The day appointed by the Holy Father for the reception of the Irish pilgrims was one of great joy. To use the words of a correspondent, "it was a great day for Ireland." Cardinal Logue, archbishops, bishops, superiors of religious houses, the clergy and over eight hundred pilgrims assembled in the Consistorial Hall at the hour appointed. The Pope, attended by his court, on entering, was greeted with loud cheers by the Irish pilgrims. After the usual introductions and presentation of addresses, the Holy Father made a few most appropriate remarks in which he extolled the devotion of the Irish race to the See of Peter, and praised their unwavering loyalty to the Vicar of Christ. The pilgrims were all allowed to kiss the hand of the Holy Father, and each one received from him a silver medal as a momento. Thus ended the reception. Soon after the pilgrims left Rome *en route* for the Emerald Isle.

A. E. Farrington, O. C. C.

MARCIA'S MADONNA.

(*Continued from Page 55.*)

"'Twould be enough to know you loved me, Alfred Walton. Did you never think of it in all the days—the days—I—I want I think I want—you—?" She passed one hand confusedly across her brow, and by some dexterous movement he did not believe himself capable of, he slipped behind her and out of the room, in a perfect transport of preternatural joy. He screened himself under the old tep hangings of the doorway and waited with breathless anxiety for what might follow He could not see her now, but he heard her move about and presently draw a long breath and say to herself in a half whisper: "Dear me, what am I doing here? I went to sleep in the library, could I have come this far without waking up?" The eavesdropper could hear his own heart beat, but to his relief she seemed suddenly to realize the situation, and that she had no time to lose if she was going to midnight mass.

She came to the door within an inch of where he stood and peered anxiously around. But the coast was safe and clear, so she sped along towards the library, and Alfred Walton breathed again. He had crossed the Rubicon of his doubt in a few brief moments, and he was the happiest man in all the world that Christmas Eve.

The missing element for the double elective affinity was not long forthcoming. Scarcely had the trio emerged from the old stone gateway than a neighbor fell in with Marcia's father and gave Mr. Walton his coveted opportunity.

Marcia walked beside him silent and pale and strange in the hallowed moonlight. The bells were pealing out their tidings of great joy; the air was crisp and stimulating; the sweet spell of reverent association touched the white roofs and the naked branches. It might have been a street in Bethlehem in the days of king Herod, so vivid to the fancy of the midnight worshippers was the storied coming of the Infant Saviour.

"The way is not smooth, Miss Marcia, will you lean upon my arm?" Mr. Walton said when they had turned into the open road. She was going to demur, as he half expected she would, but after a moment's hesitation she changed her mind.

"I am feeling only pretty well," she said a little gaily, "so I will take your help."

Then they walked on in silence for a while, Mr. Walton wondering, probably, if the earth thrilled all the way to the centre when the apple it had attracted touched its surface, and if the heart of the apple thumped in responsive perturbation. All at once he began to think about his projected speech, but the road was shortening and he could not quite remember how he was to attack it. Then it occurred to him that the silence was very sweet and suggestive and he doubted if he could improve on it by talking. Still there was something waiting to be said to make it less embarassing. He looked down at the gentle, sorrowful face beside him.

"Marcia"—of course she raised her eyes to his—"do you know this is the first glad Christmas I have ever had?"

The girl's white lids drooped at once, and she turned her head away.

"Oh, if I might say more, Marcia!"—he pleaded without restraint now. "Will you let me tell it all, dear? I can be brief and put it in a word. Marcia?"

"What is it, Mr. Walton?"

"Were we not made to love each other, you and I? Are we not needful to each other's peace and joy? Tell me; what do you think?"

"I think we were made so, Mr. Walton. I think we could give each other joy."

"Marcia," he said, "I thank God for this night and these words."

"And His mother," the girl put in devoutly. "Ah yes, the dear Madonna," Mr. Walton answered, "I thank her too."

[THE END.]

EPISCOPAL APPROBATIONS.

ARCHDIOCESE OF NEW ORLEANS.
NEW ORLEANS, LA.,
Feb. 28, 1893.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—

I add my commendation to those of His Grace of Toronto and of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. May THE REVIEW increase the devotion towards the Blessed Lady and the Scapular. With blessing,

Yours truly in Xto,
F. JANSSENS,
Archbishop N. O.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, PITTSBURGH, PA., March 18, '93.

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,—

I cheerfully add my approbation of THE CARMELITE REVIEW to those of His Eminence, the Cardinal Archishop of Baltimore, and the Most Reverend Archbishop of Toronto.

I welcome THE REVIEW to the field of Catholic journalism to aid in the diffusion of Catholic truths and morals. There was room for THE REVIEW, in fact a vacant place for it. I am glad it has occupied that place and I have no doubt will do it worthily, to promote, after the glory of God and of our Divine Redeemer, the honor of His holy mother and devotion to the holy Scapular of Mount Carmel.

I trust THE CARMELITE REVIEW will meet with all the encouragement and success it deserves in the fulfilment of its mission, and that it will be found in every Catholic household in our diocese.

Yours sincerely in Christ,
R. PHELAN,
Bishop of Pittsburgh.

ON Friday, April 21st, and on each succeeding Friday preceding the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, prayers will be said in honor of the holy Carmelite virgin. This is an old custom amongst us. We invite our readers to unite with us in thus honoring the saint.

AMONG OUR EXCHANGES.

WE gratefully acknowledge the kind remarks of *El Movimento Catholico* of Madrid, Spain, concerning our REVIEW.

THE *Sacred Heart Review*, of Boston, is quietly but surely marching to the front as an ideal Catholic family paper.

THE Mount Angel *Students' Banner* from far-off Oregon is always a welcome visitor. It contains a very choice selection of original reading matter.

ST. JOSEPH'S *School-Day Gleanings*, published at Washington, Georgia, is a neat little journal. The good sister who edits and prints it is an old pupil of the academy at Niagara Falls.

OUR Carmelite confreres in Cuba have of late celebrated the Columbian year with extraordinary religious *eclat*, according to the reports given in one of our exchanges, the *Voice from Carmel*, of Graz, Austria.

THE *New World* of Chicago still holds its own as a Catholic journal, worthy of the city of the World's Fair. Judge Hyde, its clever editor, is a great devotee of our Lady of Mount Carmel. The worthy judge was enrolled in the holy Scapular by one of our Irish Fathers at Kinsale.

THE *Villanova Monthly* is well worthy of the noble institution from which it issues forth. In seeking its position among the college journals, the editors seem to have been fully aware of the fact that there was "plenty of room on top." The mathematical department is a commendable feature.

WE feel grateful to have on our exchange list such an able magazine as the *Rosary*. The Scapular and the Rosary are the two most popular devotions. The former will receive its share of attention in our own little monthly, and the latter will be kept to the front by our esteemed Dominican confreres.

OBITUARY.

*"Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire."*—PROMISE OF B. V. M.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of :

Madam O'Rorke, the Superioress of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, who died lately at Providence, R. I.

Her name will not be soon forgotten. Her spiritual daughters will ever treasure up her wise counsels and words of encouragement which helped and cheered many a child up the steep and rugged path of learning and duty. Hers was a rare character. The love of God was the mainspring of all her actions. She always lived in God's holy presence. She had a large, generous heart, open to the cry of sorrow and distress. She was loyal and true, just and merciful. She was not only a superior but a mother, large-hearted, noble and true. She was an earnest, zealous and model religious :

None knew her, but to love her,
None named her, but to praise.

To the esteemed community at Elmhurst, which has generously encouraged and substantially helped us, do we tender our prayerful sympathy, and beg all our readers to unite their prayers with ours for the repose of the soul of Madame O'Rorke.

Miss Kate Sheehan, who died lately at Whitinsville, Mass.

One of the last acts of her life was to help our undertaking.

Michael Fitzpatrick, who died suddenly, but not unprepared, while assisting at Mass on St Patrick's Day, at the Church of Our Lady of Peace at Falls View.

Michael Coffey, who died lately at Montreal.

Deceased was a very staunch Catholic. His honesty and kindness won for him a large circle of friends. Mr. Coffey was an uncle of Mr. Thomas Coffey, publisher of the *Catholic Record.*

Catharine Fletcher, who died at Kinkora, Ont.

Miss Agnes M. Poetz, who departed from this life at Niagara Falls, N.Y.

Mrs. Johanna O'Driscoll, of Brickley, Ont.

Mrs. John Massam, who died on March 1st at Trout River, P. Quebec.

John P. Straub, who died at New Baltimore, Pa., on March 20.

R. I. P.

A Thought Before The Holy Veil of St. Veronica.

For The Carmelite Review.

[April is the month consecrated to the Holy Face of our Lord.]

O Son of God ! O son of man !
Thy face, how fair to see !
Where angels fix their rev'rent gaze,
And read Thy love for me.

Thou art the head, a member I,
Frail creature of an hour ;—
Sin-stained am I, but Thou art Lord,
Of life, and light and power.

And Thy hand such Bread bestows
Who feeds on it, eats Thee !
So Thy own life unites with mine,
That Thou mayest live in me.

As Others See Us.

"The double purpose of this little magazine commends it to all good Catholics. It is, we are glad to say, still further to be commended for the religious interest and literary excellence of its contents."—*Boston Pilot.*

"There is no devotion more popular among Catholics than that of the Scapular of Mount Carmel, and the new REVIEW, as the organ of this devotion, ought to be welcome in every Catholic home."—*The Casket*, Antigonishe, N. S.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

A bright, happy Easter to you all, with the sunniest of skies, and not a cloud up stairs, down stairs nor anywhere to be seen. Are the little ones tired of work after those six long weeks, when the old woman of the sky seemed to do nothing but fill up her pillow slips with snow flakes, and then empty them over hill and dale? Well, never mind. The snow taught us one pretty lesson. It came down so noiselessly. We saw it, we felt it, but we did not hear it:—so it is with true charity. Now, what shall we talk about this month? You all like beautiful pictures; and sometimes those we frame in our own minds are the most pleasing to us. So let us get our brushes ready; we who have been stitching so long. Now that the dark days of Calvary are over, and the glad Easter sunshine and sweet spring air are filling the earth with beauty and fragrance, 'twill be easy for us to see a gentle form in white garments walking among us His face shining like the sun, —"the most beautiful of the children of men." There are so many beautiful parts of our Lord's life that we are lost in trying to say which is most so; but oh! dear children, think of him on the morning of the Resurrection. Think of Him as He appeared before the longing eyes of His dear Mother. Try to picture to yourselves that meeting, when He folded her in His arms, and made up to her in His own royal way for all she had suffered because of Him. I think that heaven could not give her a greater joy. Then came the days of peace. What sweetness there is in the word, 'tis like honey on the lips, and it always comes with the Risen Life of our Lord. The days when He walked slowly and familiarly with His disciples, stealing their hearts away by His beauty and tenderness, and the thought that He would soon leave them alone. Oh! the memory of those happy days! how it must have lingered with them when He was gone, and been like oil and wine to them when their hour of trial came. So, with all those beautiful pictures in our minds, what shall we do during April? "He loved not Himself" was said of our Blessed Lord—so let it be said of us. *Unselfishness* is the most beautiful thing in the world. It makes us beloved of all, while making us the happiest of all. So we'll set to work, and see how many times this month we can forget that capital letter "I" which is such a giant in our way, and make our prettiest bows to all the big and little "U's" that come along. They'll bow back, —never fear. 'Twill be a regular dance of graceful little courtesies, getting ready for the May pole. But don't forget the Queen, even before the maying. Our dear Lady of Peace—may she send it to us as bountifully as the warm April showers.

Carmel's Secretary.

April, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XIV

How many neckties had Job, and what became of them?

XV

Who went to sea for fear of drowning?

XVI

From six take nine, from nine take ten, and from forty take fifty. How much remains?

XVII

Who was the first white man to discover Niagara Falls?

XVIII

Take away my first letter, take away my second, take away ALL my letters, and I remain the same. Who am I?

XIX

I am composed of four words and twelve letters.
8, 5, 9,—A garden tool.
6, 3, 1, 7.—An adjective describing speed.
1, 3, 7.—Means rest.
My whole is a title of Our Blessed Lady.

Answers to Puzzles.

IX—A cow
X—Scrape.
XI—A shadow.
XII—An icicle.
XIII—Your name, your umbrella.

FOOT NOTE.

A little letter from a "little friend Dame Durden," of Pittsburg, answers puzzle No. 10 correctly. The little lady is a wise lassie. She is very sparing of her words.

"Sec."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., MAY, 1893. NO. 5.

MAY BLOSSOMS.

For the Carmelite Review.

The valleys are chanting thy praises, O Mary,
The woodlands are ringing with voices of flowers ;
The birds and the blossoms were never so chary
As now, for thee filling the groves and the bowers.

But nature though beauteous, gives place to the holy,
Does honor to flowerets of lovelier hue :
The valley has naught in its depths half so lovely
As blossoms of Carmel that bloomed far from view.

St. Simon salutes thee, O Queen of the May love !
His oak tree is rich in humility's flower ;
Fair virgin of Pazzi, contemplation's wrapt dove,
Brings lilies meet offering for virginal bower.

St. Angelus, kindred with thee, Jewish maiden,
Comes too, with his hands full of passion flowers rare ;
Like him are they dear to thee, nail and spear laden
Like him do they Calv'rys insignia wear.

Yes, dearer to Mary the saints of her Order—
The flowers of Carmel, the blossoms of grace :
Than rarest exotics adorning earth's border—
The saints are the flowers that gaze on her face.

M. C.

New York.

THE MIRACULOUS PICTURE.

The following explains itself :

ALLSTON, Mass., April 14, 1893.

DEAR REV. FATHER,—

I wish to thank the Blessed Virgin through THE CARMELITE REVIEW for saving me from a great accident. One day, as I was returning from a visit to my mother in Lowell, in a steam car, I was reading my office. It grew too dark to see. Having the miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mt. Carmel with me, I placed it in the book as a mark. As I stooped over to look at the book I heard a shot, and turning around saw a large hole in the window on the side on which I was sitting. I was not in the least frightened, but the other occupants of the car were amazed to see me neither hurt or startled.

K. G. R.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

IT stood dark and solemn, that old house. Few remembered to have seen its shutters unfastened, or its great gloomy door swung ajar. The little patch of ground around it had been planted once in careful rows, with many an old-fashioned flower. Four o'clocks and peonies, tulips and dahlias, staring scarlet poppies, sweet Williams and carnations enough to make the air for half a mile around smell spicy. Now, in the summer-time they were all in inextricable confusion, all striving, as it were, for a place, and getting entangled with the ribbon-grass, and straying into the lawn at one side, on the brick court-yard on the other. Ah ! even the gloom that had fallen on the mansion could not penetrate to that one favored spot. It was on the sunny side, this court-yard, and its red bricks, no doubt, lured the genial sunshine to rest upon them, whilst nests of birds had been built in the gnarled tree that grew there. It had been straight and young once, and even now in the spring-time it was still gladdened by its hosts of budding leaves and feathered lodgers.

Upon the work of man, the house, time had set its seal and claimed it with that harsh irrevocable claim against which there is no appeal. It was undeniably old, its boards dim for want of paint, the tiles upon the roof broken, the windows loose-jointed, the blinds awry.

An enquirer would have been told that the house was tenanted by an old woman, who occupied one of the large grim rooms upstairs, from which she was never able to descend, and who was attended by another woman, more aged, but not so infirm as herself. The imagination of the young was forever invading this somewhat ghostly dwelling-place. Some even invested it with the additional interest of supernatural terrors. But their conjectures fell short of the reality. The papers upon the walls had been hung there at some long-forgotten period, the window-curtains, where there were any, playing idly in the summer breezes, or drearily shutting out wintry-skies, were of a pattern of chintz, long since vanished from shelf or counter. The passages were long and bare, and they ran into out-of-the-way corners and suddenly found themselves confronted by needless stairs, and were bordered by futile cupboards, the doors of which were never so much as opened. Strange windows looked out of walls like staring eyes.

There was a perpetual hush in the place, as though the walls were listening for feet that never came. An impressionable person could scarce have escaped the idea that viewless feet must pass by night up those unused stairs, and that voices whispered to each other in sounds that never definitely reached human ears.

Into this waste, came, one clear May evening, a girl, nineteen years of age, warm with the life of a lovely Spanish American town, glowing with health, youth, beauty and animation. Into this emptiness came, in short, Carmelita.

She was more than beautiful in her travelling, dress of sombre gray, with a bunch of red roses fastened near her throat. Her large, soft eyes beamed with a light that seemed to warm and brighten all that they came in contact with; her lips were smiling, as a happy child smiles, when it finds itself suddenly among flowers.

Is it the sudden entrance from the warm sunlight that chills her, as she passes through the great door, which swings reluctantly open, the first time for more than twenty-five years, to admit her. It had closed upon her young mother, closed in wrath and bitterness, a quarter of a century ago. Since then, no human foot had crossed that threshold. Even the minister, who had come thither to read the burial-service over Elder Johnson, had been admitted by the side-door. The Elder himself had been carried thence by that same side-door, to the grave that was waiting for him on the green hill-side.

Why had the door been unclosed to-day? Was it because the old woman above was urged by the same divine mystery of forgiveness, which had moved her to send for this girl, to throw open heart and door and take in the long-banished past? Up the stairs, which creaked at every step, even under the light pressure that now for the first time touched them went Carmelita, up, and into the presence of her grandmother. The old woman from below led her there and would have lingered. A stern wave of the hand bade her go. Grand-parent and grand-child were left alone. The strange old figure upon the bed, shaded by its dingy curtains, looked out upon the lovely young presence that might have been Spring personified. To her it was a spectre, back from the twenty-five years.

"You have come," she said, "you have come at last." "Yes," said Carmelita, "I have come, grandmamma." "Grandmamma!" repeated the old woman, suddenly covering her face with both hands, while the tears began to trickle through them, "grandmamma!"

To her mind, somewhat dulled by the silence of these long years, the word was a cruel shock. It was her own daughter, who had gone away from her and would never, never come back. Carmelita paused a moment, out of respect for this grief,

then passing hastily round to the side of the bed, she kissed the yellow cheek and reverently touched the wrinkled hand.

Presently, the old woman recovered herself.

"You'd better go," she said, "let Nepzibah get your fixen's and take them to the brown room and give you something to eat."

Carmelita would have lingered.

"What are you waitin' for? you'd better go."

"Grandmamma, is there not something you would like?"

Oh, the odd sound of that sweet foreign voice in that dingy room. It was like a breath from the South, coming after the cold nasal twang of the older woman.

"No, Nepzibah'll see to that. Don't you fret."

Carmelita, going down the broad staircase met Nepzibah.

"Grandmamma wishes you to take me to the brown room," she said in her foreign sounding English. Nepzibah looked keenly at her.

"Your things are in there now. I guess you'd better eat something."

"I am not hungry," said Carmelita, tremulously.

The thought of the last meal she had taken at home, that home that was so far off and was to be hers no longer, came upon her with a sudden rush of pain.

"Guess you'd better try," said Nepzibah, observing the signs of emotion, but disregarding them. "There is some cold mutton, a bit of pumpkin-pie and a dish of stewed huckleberries down there."

She jerked her thumb towards the kitchen.

"Oh, thank you," said Carmelita.

"If you want to tidy up any, just you go along that hall, first door to the right, and then come back here and go down to the kitchen. If I ain't there, you'll find them things on the table."

Carmelita passed along the passage not without a secret dread, for the light was waning, and it was full of shadows. "Oh, I am sure," she said to herself, "that a great many people must have lived here once, and that they are all dead now. God give rest to the dead."

And she opened the door of the brown room and went in. It was brown, indeed. The paint was dark brown, the strips of scarlet aggressively dark brown, so were the bed-curtains and the window-curtains. For a moment Carmelita's heart stood still. The very aspect of that great bed was terrifying, formidable in its solid mahogany, of which there was enough almost to build a modern house. And the looking-glass. Ah, it was as well, perhaps. It was like the convent. It was so high, that Carmelita had to rise on tip-toe to peep into it, and it was small and oval, and oh, such a reflection as it gave forth.

"To-morrow, the windows will be open and the sun will come in," said Carmelita, trying to cheer herself with the thought. She washed her hands, smoothed her hair and went down.

Oh, yes, this was a cheerful place, at least comparatively, this kitchen, not like the one at home, indeed, great and broad, with an open fire-place, an ornamental dress, big windows and a savory smell of cooking. But still it was large, though bare and prim in its arrangement, and broad windows let in the fading light, and there was a fire in the big black stove, its red warmth coming cheerily to the poor little Southerner's heart. At least this kitchen was not suggestive of ghosts.

On a corner of the table stood the scrag of mutton, the hunk of pumpkin-pie and the huckleberries with a loaf of home-made bread. All her life Carmelita had been accustomed to certain little delicacies in the matter of the serving of food, but on the other hand she had been taught to eat, uncomplainingly, of whatever was set before

her. And, at least there was spotless cleanliness here.

Carmelita, therefore blessed herself and began to eat. Presently, she became aware that Nepzibah was staring at her, with a genuine ill-concealed astonishment.

"See here," said Nepzibah, at last, her curiosity, which all these years had been smouldering for want of material, leaping into life. "Whatever made you do *that* just now?"

"What?" asked Carmelita half-alarmed.

"Why *that*, what you done, when you began to eat."

As Carmelita still seemed unconscious, the old woman attempted an imitation of the Sign of the Cross. Carmelita's sense of the ridiculous overcoming all else, she burst into a merry peal of laughter, which was taken up and re-echoed through every nook and cranny of the old place. For just that moment she forgot home-sickness, weariness, the dreariness, almost fear, produced by her first impressions of the old house and its inmates. Her native light-heartedness had surmounted them all. Meanwhile the old woman looked on in stony silence, much amazed and no little offended by this untimely mirth.

"I forgot you was a papist," she said at last, snappishly. "They does them sort of idolatrous things down to their meetin' house. Elder Robinson, he says so, and I guess he knows."

Poor Carmelita. Much of this harangue was wasted upon her, but it came to her with a sudden feeling of desolation, worse than the dark rooms above, worse than the dreary house, than the uncongenial companionship, the sense that she was in a land where the Sign of the Cross was unknown. She had left a country where warmer than the warm sunshine was the Catholic spirit that vivified the air, where the evening fell and the morning rose with the Angelus bell, where churches arose at every square and corner, where the laboring-man lifted his hat as he passed the church, and the working-woman paused from her toil to kneel at the way side shrine. Here—— oh, the cold of it, the bitter, biting cold. She rose and went near the fire, while Nepzibah observed that she had barely tasted of the viands.

"I should not have laughed," said Carmelita presently. "You must forgive me, I did not mean to be rude. But ——"

"Tain't no matter," said Nepzibah, shortly, "only I'd advise you to be more careful with some folks around here."

"I will, indeed," said Carmelita, "and as for what I was doing, why, I always make the Sign of the Cross before eating."

"Why, do tell," cried Nepzibah, regarding her, and holding the dish of huckleberries, which she was removing from the table, at a perilous angle, and overcome by curiosity, "perhaps you might as well let me see what it is anyhow."

Carmelita repeated the action, saying the words clearly and distinctly.

"I always did think Papists was queer folk," commented Nepzibah, "though I never did know but one, and he was demented. Now, what on airth do you do sech a thing as that for?"

"We make the form of the Cross to remind us that Christ died on the Cross, and we say the words to bring the Blessed Trinity to our remembrance.

"Downright mummery," muttered Nepzibah, "but I guess I must go now. I've got to give Mrs. Johnson a dish of gruel for her supper."

"Oh, is that grandmamma? Can I do anything for her?"

"You'd better set right still and not worry If she wants you, she'll let you know it."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHEN you say, "Hail, Mary," the heavens smile, the angels are filled with new joy, earth exults, hell trembles, and the devils are put to flight.—*St. Francis.*

A REVERIE.

BY A CARMELITE NUN.

For the Carmelite Review.

I followed Him in His beauty,
Jesus the meek and the true;
I kept close upon His footsteps,
As my love the stronger grew.
He led the way in the darkness,
He led the way in the light;
All through the long day-time,
Adown the dim aisles of night.
The sound of His voice was music,
His footfall soft and low;
I scarce could hear the echo,
Of the accents sweet and slow.
He led me through earth's valleys,
Where the flowers were sweet and fair;
He led me on the mountain side,
Where the air was pure and rare.
He led me o'er the desert ways,
Through the hot and burning sands;
The beacon marks to guide the path,
The blood from His wounded hands.

* * * * * * *

At last our journey ended,
'Neath Carmel's verdant shade;
Where the flowers in roseate beauty,
Bloom on and never fade.
His Holy Mother's garden,
Sweet cloister of the King;
An echo of my heart-thanks,
Lips fain would ever sing.

A True Story of a Child's Faith.

For the Carmelite Review.

"In laughing youth, or nigh the tomb,
O! when is prayer unheard or vain?"

One lovely summer morning a few years ago three boys set off into the country to fish. With usual school-boy carelessness, they had forgotten until the moment of starting that though going a-fishing, they had no fish hooks. "What shall we do?" they exclaimed. Silence for awhile, then one, Will by name, said: "Never mind, we'll try with pins, as the stores are closed on holidays and we can't buy any, but even if we have no sport it is too fine to stay at home, so we'll just go to Mud Brook and have the fun of trying anyway." "Agreed," the others replied, and laughing, off they started with their rods and lunch baskets. They were young, twelve and fourteen, and yet, though full of frolic and fun, could and often did talk seriously. Two were brothers, Will and Jim, and Catholics, the third, Charlie, a Protestant, and Will's chum. After walking some distance the conversation turned on religion. Charlie said: "I don't believe in God, Bill, nor in prayer." "Why, Charlie?" "Well, I don't think He hears us, and I never had any of my prayers answered." "But you don't expect God to answer your prayers directly." "No ——— but I would like to *see* anyone who ever did get his prayers answered." "Well, Charlie," Will replied, "I have often received what I asked." "Have you?" in a very incredulous tone. "Would you believe in prayer if you saw it answered, Charlie?" "I would, of course," he said. "Well," said Will, "we have no fish hooks?" "That's true." "We can't buy any, first because the stores are not open, and if they were I have no money; have you?" "No." "Well now, I am going to say a prayer to the Blessed Virgin, and you'll see we'll get fish hooks." Will said his innocent "Hail Mary" and they walked on. Presently they met a farmer. "Oh, here's Dick Weir," said Charlie. "Hello boys, going a-fishing? But what have you got on your rods, fish hooks?" "No, we have none." "That's strange, but," hunting in his pockets, "I find I have some with me, and you can have them." "Thanks, Dick, thanks," from three grateful voices, and the boys rushed on. Suddenly Charlie turned to Will and said: "Bill, I never again will say I do not believe in God, nor in prayer; your prayer was certainly answered."

M. E. B.

Never shall one perish who remains sedulously devoted to the Virgin Mother of God.—*St. Ignatius.*

MAY DEVOTION ON MOUNT CARMEL.

For the Carmelite Review.

"It is the convent bell; it rings for vespers."
—*Longfellow.*

AFTER supper we all went to the beautiful church of the good Carmelite Fathers, in order to be present at the opening of the May Devotion. The singing was very fine. The four hundred pilgrims with heart and soul joined in chanting the praises of our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

One of the Carmelite Fathers preached an eloquent sermon. He referred especially to our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, and remarked that *millions are in heaven who are there on account of graces which they received through the intercession of our Lady of Mount Carmel* The father at the same time praised the zeal of the many pilgrims, who for a time had left home and friends, and had come a great distance in order to visit the holy places in Palestine.

On the high altar of the church is a beautiful statue of our Lady of Mount Carmel. She is represented in a sitting position. On her right arm she holds the Infant Jesus and in her left hand she has the Scapular. The high altar stands about twelve feet above the floor, since, as I have said before, it is built over the Grotto of Elias. The altar is a very costly one. One feels at home here, since the kindness of the good Carmelite Fathers makes the stranger forget all the hardships he had to undergo in order to reach Mount Carmel. The pilgrims felt that they were in a holy place. They showed it by their devotion whilst in the Grotto of Elias and in the chapel.

After the May Devotions were concluded we retired to our resting place, but our first night in the Holyland was very tiresome, since we had left our tents and beds at Nazareth. The Carmelites had not enough beds for the four hundred pilgrims, so they prepared about three hundred and thirty straw mattrasses on the floors of the corridors for the men. The good fathers could provide only enough beds for the ladies in our party. We were thinking before we lay down that our pilgrimage was truly a penitential one. And yet I heard no complaints. Before leaving we thanked the Carmelite Fathers for their great kindness to us during our stay. They answered us: "Come again."

The horses were in readiness for those who could ride, and at the foot of the mountain were wagons for those who could not go on horse-back. No wagon can be brought to the top of the hill. Everything is carried up by camels and donkeys. I did not see a comfortable seat in any vehicle in the whole of Palestine. In each of the wagons is a kind of a box arranged so that the pilgrims had to sit down flat on the bottom of it. The wagons were used by the ladies. During the night before, the latter had had comfortable beds, and we had stretched our weary limbs on the straw sacks on the floor. But now I was comfortable in my saddle, and said to the ladies: "Now it is your turn to do penance."

On our return we had to pass through the town of Kaiffa on our way to Nazareth. We took about seven minutes in passing through Kaiffa. In the middle of the town is the market-place. The Arabs had their different kinds of vegetables, fruits and grain scattered about the pavements. What mostly attracted my attention was that one merchant had hundreds of bushels of wheat piled up in the centre of the market. An Arab sat there guarding it day and night. We passed along the foot of Mount Carmel on our way to Nazareth. We met several shepherds leading large flocks of sheep. They often bring their herds far away from their homes. When they find a good pasture, there they pitch their tents. They often stay from home several months.

We soon reached the stream of Gison, which was dry. These streams depend on the rainy season for their supply. We finally reached the spot where St. Elias met the priests of Baal. In some future number of The Carmelite Review I shall have something to say of other places of interest to the clients of our blessed Lady of Mount Carmel.

Akron, Ohio. J. B. Broun.

Sighs Wafted From Carmel.

For the Carmelite Review.

"Not to die, but to Suffer."—*St. M. Magdalene de Pazzi.*

"Oh! not to die and be at rest,
But still to suffer more.
This grace my Lord, my Love, my Spouse!
I earnestly implore."

"To Suffer and to be Despised."—*St. John of the Cross.*

"Give me to suffer, O my God!
And be despised on earth."
His love for Jesus crucified,
To this sweet sigh gave birth.

"Either to Suffer or to Die."—*St. Teresa.*

"Either to suffer, dearest Lord!
Or else for Thee to die!"
This was her burning heart's desire,
This her seraphic sigh.

* * * * *

Sweet sighs that linger, zephyr-like,
O'er Carmel's Mount of prayer,
For noble souls like those of old,
E'en now are dwelling there.

And we, far in the vale below,
May still a lesson take
From these, sweet sighings of its saints,
Which holy thoughts awake.

We all must drink the cup of pain,
Then let us day by day
Say, "Lord! Thy will, not mine, be done!
If this pass not away."

Oh! soon shall earthly sorrows cease,
And anxious cares and fears,
Our Lord will sooth our weary hearts,
And wipe away all tears.

Enfant de Marie.

Dublin, Ireland.

OBITUARY.

"*Receive, my most beloved son, this Scapular, * * * in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire.*"—Promise of B. V. M.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of:

Margaret Bresland, who died in New York City, on March 22.

Mrs. John Walsh, who died lately at Jackson, Mich.

R. I. P.

Our Lady of Good Counsel

[With pleasure we make room in The Review for the following "Circular to the Catholic Press" just received in our Irish mail.]

An Irish Catholic layman, having obtained through God's mercy a signal answer to prayers made through the intercession of Mary the ever Blessed Virgin Mother of Good Counsel, wishes as a thanksgiving to spread still more widely devotion to the Mother of God under that beautiful title. With this intention he has sent out an appeal with copies of the miraculous picture at Genazzano to be multiplied and placed in churches for veneration of the faithful. Also that the indulgenced prayer be printed in large readable type. The indulgenced prayer reads thus: Most Glorious Virgin! Chosen by the Eternal Council to be the Mother of the Eternal Word made Flesh, Treasure of Divine Grace and Advocate of Sinners, I, the most unworthy of thy Servants, supplicate thee to be my Guide and Counsellor in this valley of tears. Obtain for me by the Most Precious Blood of thy Son, pardon for my sins, the Salvation of my soul, and the means necessary to secure it. Grant that the Holy Catholic Church may triumph over her Enemies, and that the Kingdom of Christ may be propagated on earth, Amen. (100 days' Indulgence whenever said.) Reverently kneeling before a picture of Our Lady of Good Counsel, and using the above prayer, we hope to get any lawful request. Do not forget beloved IRELAND in her difficulties. We all want God's grace and Mary's "Good Counsel." After the Rosary every night, say devoutedly this prayer, read it aloud for the family, especially during May. The month of May, just opening after the feast, would appropriately continue the devotion to Mary Mother of Good Counsel, and no doubt bring down upon us innumerable graces from God through the hands of His Mother. To Ireland this year A. D. 1893 promises to be momentous beyond others—and to England no less so, for similar reasons. The greater reason is there, then, to make a most special and earnest remembrance of our beloved country, in this the crisis, as it may prove to be, of her fate.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, MAY, 1893. NO. 5.

HAIL, holy Queen!

WHO can count the many salutations which will ascend to our Lady's throne during this lovely month?

THOSE who are prevented from going to church can gain many Indulgences if they hold May devotions at home.

TAKE all the flowers you can spare to your parish church during this month. They are needed on the Blessed Virgin's altar.

THE calendar on the inside of the front cover of THE REVIEW will keep you posted each month as to the days on which special Indulgences can be gained.

TO MYRY the mystical Rose, Queen of the holy Rosary and fair Flower of Carmel, do we, her children, dedicate each day and hour of this, her own dear month.

A SPIRITUAL pilgrimage to some shrine of the Blessed Virgin is one of the devotions recommended during this month. Those who carry out the practice should not overlook the shrine of our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls.

OUR thoughts are drawn heavenwards on Ascension Thursday. One of the easiest and surest ways of reaching our celestial home is in the company of Mary.

THIS year is the 700th centenary of Blessed Joanna through whom our Lord made known His desire that the Feast of *Corpus Christi* should be instituted.

"HONOR our Lady Queen of May" is the first practice recommended during the month to the members of the League of the Sacred Heart. May the advice bear much fruit.

MAKE a little shrine at home in honor of the Queen of May. A few flowers and some candles placed around her statue, or picture, will complete this little labor of love.

AT the commencing of this feast of thirty-one days, we remind the clients of our holy Mother that an Indulgence of three hundred days can be gained each time they attend the May devotions.

YOU will have gained very little at the end of the devotions practised during this month in honor of the Blessed Virgin unless you try to please her by looking after your own progress in virtue.

REQUESTS are daily received by us asking prayers for different intentions It is not possible, nor is it necessary, to enumerate them all. All our readers can help those recommended to their prayers by uniting them with ours when we daily present all these petitions at our Lady's altar.

"Help of Christians" is the title under which our Blessed Lady is honored on May the 30th. To whom has she ever refused assistance? Go to her in all your needs. She was never invoked in vain.

One of the many means at your disposal, if you are desirous of spreading devotion to Mary, and are anxious that our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel be better known and loved, is to send us a new subscriber. It is a practical way of honoring our Lady of the Scapular. Try it.

We read that of old whenever the pursued criminal chanced to come near the person of the Queen of Bohemia he was safe, and no one dared lay hands on him. Let us poor sinners keep near Mary, the Queen of Heaven. It will be a safe asylum when hard pressed by our spiritual enemies.

The correspondents of the secular press, who are so well instructed as to ecclesiastical matters, were wrong in making the Holy Father, in reply to the jubilee addresses, refer to the Benedictine monks as foremost among the mendicant friars. The four great mendicant orders in the church are the Augustinians, Franciscans, Dominicans and Carmelites.

The custom of dedicating this month to the Blessed Virgin had its origin towards the end of the last century. Father Lalomia, a missionary, was the first to recommend May devotions. He wrote a little treatise on the subject in Italian. This latter book was first translated into French under the auspices of Madame Louise, Prioress of the Carmelite convent of Saint Denis.

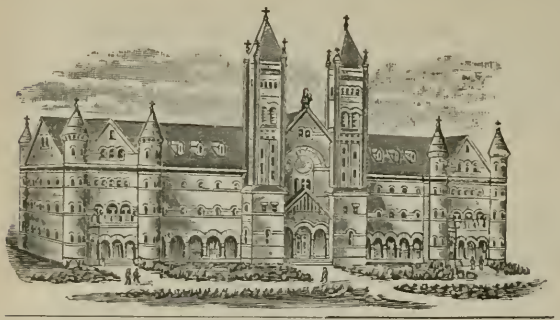
In an horticultural garden of one of our large cities there is one spot much sought after during the season of flowers. It contains a large variety of sweet-smelling roses, and hence is known as the "rosary." This fact brings home a lesson to the child of Mary. What an attraction to her servants is the beautiful Rosary of the Queen of May! What more beautiful nose-gay could we offer to Mary? Be zealous in often devoutly saying your beads this month.

The author of *Carmel in America*, the Rev. Father Currier, after he visited our monastery here last year, proceeded to Spain. He has been giving a charming account of his tour through the Iberian peninsula for the benefit of the readers of the *Orphans' Bouquet*. The places rendered historic by St. Teresa are all described. During his graphic description the reverend author exclaims: "Salamanca! Who has not heard of this renowned university? Alas, it has lost much of its former splendor." Yes, its glory has perhaps faded from the high heavens, but the volumes of priceless theological lore left by our fathers has given them a name which can never die.

KIND WORDS.

"The new Carmelite Review is a neatly gotten up magazine of sixteen pages devoted to the lovely duty of honoring 'Mary the Flower of Carmel.' The proceeds of this magazine are to be devoted to the erection, on the banks of the Niagara, of a great Hospice of Mount Carmel, similar to the one in the Holy Land. May The Carmelite Review, associated as it is with most fragrant memories of our Blessed Lady, win a wide circulation."—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart*, Philadelphia.

Ansonio Franchi, once one of the leading promoters of irreligion and atheism in Italy, and the editor of a paper, the *Difesa*, which was notorious for its fierce hostility to everything Christian, is now a lay-brother novice in the Carmelite house at Genoa.



THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

NOTES.

THE Falls of Niagara are sublimely beautiful at all seasons of the year. In winter as well as in summer, the Creator clothes all the surrounding scenery in a garb of transcendent loveliness. The great influx of visitors, however, comes with the approach of summer. Already have we been apprised by many of our friends of their intention to visit the Falls during the coming season, not only to see this wonderful manifestation of God's power and beauty, but, also to pay a visit to the still humble shrine of our Lady of Peace and our little monastery. They wish to offer up their prayers at this spot made holy by its consecration to our Lady the Queen of Peace through the late pious Archbishop Lynch during the civil war in the States to obtain her powerful intercession, in order that the deadly feud between brother and brother might soon end; made still holier by the solemn and definite ratification of this sacred purpose through its erection into a favored place of pilgrimage by His Holiness Pope Pius IX of sacred memory.

They wish to gain the Plenary Indulgence attached to such a visit, and the many particular favors which undoubtedly will be granted to devout pilgrims.

The first question which they all ask is invariably, "How can we most conveniently reach your place?"

In answer to this question, we shall describe as far as possible the exact location of the church and monastery. They are on the Canadian side of the Falls, a few hundred yards above the Horse-shoe Falls. The monastery overhangs the cliff just above the little island, called Cedar Island. In our immediate neighborhood is a large stone building crowned with the cross, the highest and most conspicuous structure on the Canadian side. This is the famous Loretto convent and academy. South of the convent, touching its grounds, is the church of our Lady. Just opposite the church is our small monastery.

The simplest way to reach us, is by the Michigan Central Railway, which passes our house. From Buffalo the trains of this road run on both sides of the river, and all the trains stop five minutes at Falls View, Ontario, to give the passengers an opportunity to see the Falls from the best point. Falls View station is only a few hundred steps from our house.

We shall most gladly welcome all these visitors.

Our only and greatest regret is, our present inability to offer proper accommodation. During this summer the building will be in course of erection, and it will be many a day before the Hospice will be in a fit condition to receive our many guests. However, this should not deter any of our friends from visiting us, for they can always be assured of a *Cead mille failthe*, even if our means of entertaining them are limited.

On account of the many trains stopping near our monastery every day, it will be easy for any of our guests to determine the length of their visit here.

Anastasius J. Kreidt, O. C. C.

Letter From Ireland.

CARMELITE CONVENT, DUBLIN.
April 3, 1893.

SAINT Joseph, our great Patron, so dear to every Carmelite, was duly honored throughout Catholic Ireland during the month of March. The 17th of March, a day very dear to all Irishmen, the Feast of our glorious Apostle, St. Patrick, to whom we owe our conversion to the faith, was fittingly celebrated.

This dear saint's feast, it is needless to say, was kept with great pomp and devotion in Ireland and, indeed, wherever the sea-divided Gael is to be found. Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, solemnized the event, and the great Leo XIII wore on that day a shamrock plucked from the green hills of Erin.

In St. Patrick's church, Rome, the feast was celebrated with becoming *eclat.* Pontifical Mass was celebrated by one of your visiting Bishops, the Right Reverend P. L. Chapelle, of Santa Fe, New Mexico. The panegyric of Ireland's great apostle was delivered by Reverend Father Moore, O.C.C., the assistant of our Very Reverend Father General.

Last month was a very busy one for the Carmelites here. We have been conducting missions and retreats in different parts of the country. One mission was given in Wicklow in close proximity to the most lovely and enchanting region of the county. Another mission was given in Dublin and a third one in the Carmelite convent at Kinsale, in the county of Cork.

The convent and church at Kinsale are not so well known as they should be. There is no convent that approaches so much in appearance to our convent on Mount Carmel, in Palestine, as this one at Kinsale. It is situated on a high hill overlooking the town. The Atlantic ocean is visible in the distance, and the great American liners can be seen as they plough the mighty billows on their way to and from the western continent.

Many decisive battles were fought around Kinsale, in which Ireland was deeply interested. The view of the town and harbor on a summer's evening, just before sunset, is really magnificent. As the sun sheds its rays on the land and lights up the green promontory, the ferny glen, the blooming gorse and purple-heathered hills, the scene is most entrancing and not easily forgotten. At such a glorious view the emigrant's heart is touched and melts within him.

The Carmelite church and convent are the last buildings of importance to be seen from the deck of steamers leaving the coast, just as Mt. Carmel is the last of Palestine that can be seen by vessels bound for Europe, as they sail through the blue waters of the Levant.

Our convent at Kinsale was founded in 1350, and re-established in 1735. About fifty years ago a new church was built here, but not completely finished until twenty years later. It is a very fine building.

The Rev. Father E. Southwell, O.C.C., at present the Superior of Carmel Priory and Rector of the Church of the Holy Scapular in New York city, at a great expense furnished, enlarged and beautifully decorated the church at Kinsale. Owing to the indefatigable zeal and energy of Prior Southwell, a magnificent convent has been erected and the grounds enlarged and tastefully laid out. It is the finest group of buildings to be seen in the south of Ireland.

Of late some very fine stained glass windows have been erected in the church at Kinsale by the inhabitants, as memorials of their departed friends and relatives. Three beautiful marble altars have been added, which are of costly material and of most artistic finish and design. The church is an architectural gem. It has a most devotional air about it, and is much frequented by the good people of Kinsale, who have the deepest devotion to the holy Scapular and to our Blessed Lady, the Queen of Carmel.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O.C.C.

SCAPULAR AND SHAMROCK.

For the Carmelite Review.

I love that sprig of shamrock I got on Patrick's Day,
For it grew on that holy soil, three thousand miles away;
I wear it next my Irish heart from morn till late at night,
And I think of sainted Ireland till tears bedim my sight.

The years have rolled since last I stood upon my native sod,
Where I was taught my daily prayers, my intercourse with God;
And when I received thy Scapular, great Lady of the Mount,
My soul was filled with ecstacy of joys I could not count.

I'll wear that sacred emblem of a faith which ne'er shall die,
Thro' this world's dreary wild-wood all dangers I'll defy;
And when my glass of life has run, and I am laid at rest,
The Scapular and the Shamrock will be found upon my breast.

STANONYMOUS.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

ROMAN NOTES.

CARMELITE CONVENT, ROME, Italy,
Easter Monday, 1893.

I SEND by this mail the balance of my sketch of the life of the Blessed Joanna of Toulouse for THE CARMELITE REVIEW. This biography will, I hope, be read with interest in some future number of your magazine.

The renovation of our church of Transpontina is proceeding rapidly. The interior of the cupola has been beautifully frescoed. The pillars and capitals which are encased in the richest marble have just left the hands of the sculptor. The decorating of the vaults of the choir has just been commenced, under the direction of the best artists.

I am sorry to have to announce to you the death of Fr. Albert Rossi, O. C. C., the Prior of our Convent of San Martino in Monte, who died at the ripe old age of 75 years.

Your Irish correspondent has doubtless already told you of the solemn manner in which St. Patrick's Feast was celebrated here. Rev. Father Moore, O. C. C., the co-adjutor and English secretary of our Prior-general, was the orator of the day.

The Sacred Congregation of Indulgences has of late solved some interesting doubts. The decisions are, in brief, that any of the faithful who recite the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin in order to gain the Sabbatine Indulgence cannot at option change from the recitation of the office to the abstinence of Wednesdays and Saturdays. The dispensation must be asked from one of our fathers, or from a secular priest who has been invested with the authority to change the obligation, otherwise, those dispensing themselves at will, do not gain the Indulgence.

Our Reverend Father General has doubtless already informed you of his intention of visiting our monasteries in the new world next year, and that your Provincial Chapter which was to convene at New Baltimore after Easter, will in consequence be postponed until the arrival of Father General, who will preside over the Chapter.

A. M. RONCI, O.C.C.

CARDINAL GIBBONS, in his introduction to *Carmel in America*, says: "If there is a country in which the contemplative life is needed it is surely in our young and active Republic, where the spirit of action prevades all classes. That action, not to be exclusive and absorbing, must be counterbalanced by reflection and contemplation, and it is from the contemplative Orders we must learn this. Thank God, the contemplative life is not unknown amongst us and shows us the days of heroism are not past. May it live, increase and flourish!"

POSTSCRIPTS.

The Novena to St. Simon Stock commences on the 9th of May.

Rev. Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C., of Englewood Priory, has been lately conducting a mission at Paris, Ont.

Some candidates for the Third Order will receive the habit at the Chapel of our Lady of Peace, Falls View, on the 1st of May.

The Carmelite communities in the East Indies have of late lost many of their members, who fell victims to the ravages of typhus.

On Sunday, the 14th inst., Feast of St. Pius, we celebrate the Names-Day of our very Reverend Father Provincial, Pius R. Mayer.

Tell the children to read the instructive letter of "Carmel's Secretary" in this month's Review. It is sure to please the little ones.

The reverend Superiors of all convents in our Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary met for consultation at New Baltimore, Pa., on April 27th.

The 18th day of May is the day on which we commemorate the many monks of our order who were massacred on Mount Carmel by the Saracens, whilst they were singing the *Salve Regina*.

According to letters received of late, the Carmelites are making great progress in Australia. We hope soon to receive an interesting budget of news from our brethren beneath the Southern Cross.

All wishing to preserve the opening chapters of the beautiful story commenced in this number of The Review should subscribe now, since later on it may be impossible to supply all the back numbers.

We take the liberty of recommending ourselves to the venerable religious communities and beg them to help us to increase our subscription list. We intend to make many improvements in this little magazine, but do not wish to increase its already low price, and therefore in order to do this we earnestly beg the co-operation of the religious communities in procuring for us a few new subscribers.

SCAPULAR NOTES.

We beg to inform an enquirer that it does not suffice to carry the Scapular in the *pocket*. It must be worn on the shoulders in order to enjoy its privileges.

During April names have been received at Falls View for registration from Rev. A. E. Moubourquette, Port Felix, Nova Scotia, and from St. Dominic's Monastery, San Francisco, Cal.

Names of persons enrolled in the Scapular can be registered at the Carmelite monasteries in Englewood, New Jersey; Pittsburgh, Pa. (corner of Fulton street and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Penn., or at Falls View, Ont.

The present limited space of The Review does not permit us to open a special department for matters pertaining to the Brown Scapular. When the magazine is enlarged we intend to treat the subject in a more lengthy and exhaustive manner. However, if in the meantime any of our readers are very desirous of information on any particular point concerning the Scapular, we shall endeavor to satisfy them either by mail or through the columns of The Carmelite Review.

Daily return thanks to the blessed Virgin for all the benefits you have obtained from her.—*St. Anthony of Padua.*

"We have not yet praised, exalted, loved and served Mary as we ought to do. She has deserved still more respect, still more love and far more service." — *Bl. De Montfort.*

FLOWERS OF CARMEL.

"Carmel's flowr'y top perfumes the skies"
—*Pope.*

SOME of the choicest flowers which have appeared on the luxuriant vine of Carmel are those holy men and women of our Lady's Order who have left behind them on the holy mount a never dying odor of sanctity. At this season, so propitious to flowers, the calendar for the month of May calls our attention in the first place to

ST. SIMON STOCK.

This great saint and favored son of Mary has been already made familiar to our readers, since he was the privileged one through whom our Blessed Mother bequeathed to us the holy Scapular. His early life was that of a hermit. His biographers tell us that he passed his youthful days in the trunk of an oak tree. In the natural order that giant of the forest gives us the diminutive acorn; in St. Simon the order is reversed, and we behold a giant in holiness. The historic English oak in which was hidden the *Magna charta*, the famous document which gave temporal rights to a nation, bears somewhat of a similarity to this other venerable oak tree "rich in humility's flower" which lodged the saintly Englishman who was to be the heavenly appointed means of giving to his Order and the universal Church the great privileges of the Brown Scapular.

The details of his life we shall leave for a more lengthy sketch in some future number of THE REVIEW, suffice it to say that he was appointed Superior-General of the Order of Carmel. It was his lot to witness stormy days in his native land. He saw his Order threatened with destruction, but his courage failed not. He knew too well that his Blessed Mother would protect her brethren. Then it was that he composed, and often fervently repeated, that beautiful prayer *Flos Carmeli*, Flower of Carmel. On that memorable day, the 16th of July, 1251, the Queen of heaven came to him with the holy Scapular, and addressed him in those consoling words,—

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites."

St. Simon had seen the vine of Carmel transplanted from the hallowed soil of Palestine, and now saw it firmly rooted in the land which was "Mary's Dowry." Before his happy death the saint beheld the vine of his order spreading its branches throughout the European continent. At his death he left 7,000 flourishing monasteries with a total membership of 180,000. His spiritual children modeled their lives after that of their father. They were, so to speak, new blossoms on the old but fruitful tree on the mount. It rejoiced the heart of St. Simon to behold his disciples like so many

> "May flowers blooming around him
> Fragrant, filling the air with a
> Strange and wonderful sweetness."

The saint died at Bordeaux and was buried there. His last words were "Ave Maria!" About twenty-two years ago a large portion of the relics of the saint were transferred to the Carmelite church in London. It was an occasion of great festivity. The ceremonies were presided over by the late Cardinal Manning.

The practical advice for the Feast of St. Simon, which occurs on May 16th is designated on the calendar of the League of the Sacred Heart, viz:—"Wear the Scapular."

ST. M. MAGDALENE DE PAZZI

is another conspicuous flower on the holy vine. She was born of an illustrious family in Florence in 1566. On entering religion she took as her motto "To Suffer and not to Die," and her life henceforth was one of penance for sins, not her own, for the love of God. She was raised by God to the highest state of prayer. She died after a life more

angelic than human in 1607. Her body remains still incorrupt in a magnificent shrine in our convent at Florence, and appears but very little changed after a period of 286 years.

ST. ANGELUS THE MARTYR

was a holy Carmelite whose life was synomymous with his name—angelic. He shed his blood in defense of the truth. When living in Rome the saint was the frequent companion of the humble St. Francis and St. Dominic, the founders of two other great mendicant orders of the Franciscans and Dominicans. St. Angelus was ever desirous to spread the devotion of the Rosary of St. Dominic, and the latter saint was no less zealous in propagating devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel. The beads and the scapular are inseparable companions.

BLESSED ALOYSIUS RABATA

was a Sicilian. He was renowned for his great humility. He only accepted the office of Prior through obedience. His death was hastened by a wound inflicted by a public sinner whom he charitably reproved. The office of this saint was approved by Gregory XVI, the predecessor of Pius IX. The feast of B. Aloysius is not observed this year, since the greater feast of Ascension occurs on May 11th.

There are many other men and women of the Order of the Blessed Virgin whose names will adorn the vine of Carmel in this month of flowers when the voice of Rome is heard, but in the meantime we must treat them as if they had been but "born to blush unseen." Among these many venerable Carmelites the Third Order is largely represented.

Let us offer this sweet smelling nose gay to the Queen of the saints of Carmel, and may we too take to heart the lesson which they teach. Let us remember that "each blossom, on its leaves a mystic language bears." May we learn from St. Simon's oak tree holy humility and confidence in our Lady's protection; from St. M. Magdalene De Pazzi let us learn to suffer, even if we deserve not chastisement; from St. Angelus let us learn to give up all, even our lives, for our faith. May Blessed Aloysius teach us how to forgive our enemies, finally, may all the saints and flowers of Carmel, whose feasts we celebrate in the month of May, teach us how to become true children of Mary, and let us not forget that these "flowers preach to us if we hear."

P. A. B.

FLOS CARMELI.

The Miraculous prayer to our Lady of Mt. Carmel. Composed by St. Simon Stock.

Most holy Virgin! Beauty of Carmel. Virgin-flower forever in bloom. Bright ornament of Heaven! Thou Virgin Mother of a Man God! Mother of holy love, Mother of mercy and meekness. Mother honored above all mothers, be thou propitious to thy dear children of Carmel, and to all who have the happiness of wearing thy holy Scapular. Amen.

Go without fear to the blessed Virgin, pray lovingly to her, you will always find her ready to grant all you ask.—*St. Bernard.*

WHENEVER our Holy Father, Leo XIII, is presented with any flowers, he always places them before the statue of the Madonna in his private chapel.

JESUS desires that thou shoulds't love His Mother, my child, and that thou should'st love her as much as possible; so that in this as in everything else thou mays't resemble Himself.—*Mgr. Segur.*

"MARY is the true garden of pleasure, abounding in the sweetest flowers and the celestial odor of all the virtues.—*Sophronius.*

A BEAUTIFUL article on St. Athanasius written for THE REVIEW will appear in our next number. Want of space prevents it appearing this month.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

A very wise man, who lived long, long ago, said "There is nothing new under the sun," and yet I think you will agree with me in saying that May,—laughing, happy May, our own dear Mother's month is new every year. King David, the sweet singer of Israel, whose psalms are so full of beautiful thoughts, tells us, "Thy mercies are every morning new." What does this mean? Ask those who go to daily Mass, and they will tell you that they never tire of it. That each morning is as fresh as the air of spring and as sweet as the flowers of May. Oh! the joy that comes to those who seek the Lord early, and find Him. Now, I am sure that the children of Mary, big and little, have been thinking what they can do for their dear Mother in her own especial month. Well, here's a May offering that will *last*. The flowers of earth, beautiful though they be, fade so soon. But a bouquet of Masses! How she would prize them. "Mass is the gold of your soul, go and enrich yourself." Try it, dear children. See how many of our dear Lady's little ones can prove that they love her full well, by going every day this month to say to her, "Good Morning, sweet Mother." Come now. Let it be a pillow war this month. Which of us would be willing to to say we love our pillow, soft feathery friend as it is, better than our Blessed Lady? 'Tis nice, indeed, I grant you. I know some one who often kisses her pillow at night, so glad is she to rest her head upon it; and it does for a "Good night sweet Mother," too. Let us bargain then with our Blessed Lady that she is to awaken us every morning, and be there, her own dear self. Our Lady of the *Pillow* let us name her, and may she soften and sweeten its rest every night for you dear children, and help you to leave it bright and early each morning, for a nice walk to holy Mass. Just think how glad you'll be on the last day of May, when you can count thirty-one victories over the nice soft pillow. Now, I have been thinking that perhaps if the little ones have some work to do for their "Corner," they might like it better—a little finger in the pie. So the Secretary is going to give you some questions to answer each month, and then we'll get better acquainted than by riddling and puzzling only. So, No. 1, *What* do you like best to do? No. 2, *Where* would you like to go? and No. 3, *What* would you like best to be? Now who is going to write such a pretty letter about his or her *best* likes? The editor will certainly make room for your letter since he is seeking the best things you know. And who is going to have a May-pole party? Tell all about it to your devoted friend,

Carmel's Secretary.

May 1893.

PUZZLES.

XX

What is higher when the head is off?

XXI

He who makes it doesn't want it,
He who buys it doesn't need it,
He who needs it doesn't know it.
What is it?

XXII

What is the difference between a girls' school and a post-office.

Answers to Puzzles.

XIV—Three wretched comforters, and they were all worsted.

XV—Noah.

XVI—SIX $\left\{\begin{array}{ccc} \text{SIX} & \text{IX} & \text{XL} \\ \text{IX} & \text{X} & \text{L} \\ \hline \text{S} & \text{I} & \text{X} \end{array}\right.$

XVII—Father Hennepin.

XVIII—A postman.

XIX—"Star of the Sea."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JUNE, 1893. NO. 6

JUNE'S LESSON.

For The Carmelite Review.

What say the roses of June's sunny hours?
What tale are they constantly telling?
What lesson lies hidden in rose laden bowers?
From nature's rich bosom now welling.

Ah! *Love* is the burden of June's rosy song;
Each chalice of crimson o'erflowing
With mystical wine, speaks throughout the day long,
Of *Love* which is burning and glowing.

Of Love which is stronger than death—mighty foe;
No waters can quench its great fire,
The Heart of a God filled with bitterest woe,
Is the victim on Love's sacred pyre.

How plaintive it's accents, how pleading its tone!
"Behold, what a meagre return,
From hearts which in very truth should be mine own,
In which I so long to sojourn."

The sunbeams so fervid, the roses deep hue,
Are types of that Love e'er so tender;
Ah! pity, 'tis pity, that love which is due,
We hasten now gladly to render.

E'en nature reproaches—ah! let her not say,
That we alone nought will return
For Love at which angels do marvel each day.
Sacred Heart! make the icy hearts burn.

M. C.

New York.

OUR religious communities of women form armies of noble virgins as pure and as chaste as Agnes and Lucy, as learned as St. Catharine. They have not the glory and the renown of the short martyrdom, but they have the merit of the long-enduring martyrdom in the Christian schoolroom.—BISHOP MCQUAID.

"Thou art the King of king's delight,
The plane of heaven, its portal bright."

Venantius Fortunatus.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

SO Carmelita sat still and looked at the red embers as they peeped at her through the bars of the stove, while the shadows closed in about her, and she heard the old woman go shuffling upstairs and back and fro in the room above, slowly, heavily, regularly, like the pendulum of the old clock in the hall without.

"I would like to have said good-night to my grandmamma," said Carmelita, when Hepzibah had returned to the kitchen.

"Well, its a right good thing you didn't do it," said Hepzibah, "I found her scarey and lookin' into all the corners, as I never seen her before, and cryin' out that Araminta had come back and was lookin' at her. Not that you be anything like Araminta. You ain't got her good looks. She had real pretty blue eyes and brown hair and a skin like cream. You're well enough but you've got something kinder outlandish about you, with them big black eyes and black skin, too."

Carmelita listened, only half comprehending, as the old woman passed to and fro, at her work, talking the while in a careless monotone.

"Any way, she took you for Araminta, and it gave me a turn to see her settin' up there and callin' out kinder pitiful. And I kep thinkin' of you settin' down here in

the spot Araminta she used to set and makin' them idolatrous signs."

It began to dawn upon Carmelita that Araminta was her mother. She had known her by her baptismal name, when she became a Catholic, of Mary, softened into Maria. But upon Hepzibah's mind as upon that of the old woman above, had seized the image of another young girl, who used to find her chief solace by the kitchen fire and who had shown a degree of affection for this grim, old woman, to which she had been otherwise a stranger.

"Yes Araminta she set right there," said Hepzibah, "it was after the Spanish chap had come into the town, I reckon the Romish priest, he brought him here, to look after the music at the mass-house. Well, Araminta, she sat there, and she never was one to talk much, but I seen she kep lookin' out of the window, uneasy like, But I never know'd that she'd walked home from meetin', lots of times, with the foreign chap—not that he went to her meetin'. He was that uffish he wouldn't put his foot in it. Well, she sat there, and when it was dark and she couldn't see out any, she asked me to light the candle, and then I see'd she been cryin.' I asked her if it was her head, or if she felt rheumatiz anywhere and she said, 'Oh, no, Hepzibah, the pain is all here.' She put her hand to her side and then I wanted her real bad to take some boneset, because folks says you git pleurisy jest that way. But she wouldn't hear of it.

"'Don't be afraid, Hepzibah,' she says, with a sickly smile, 'I'm not gettin' pleurisy. But something else might happen. Would you miss me, Hepzibah, were I to go away from here.'

"I thought she was clean takin' leave of her five senses, and I says, I'll tell you that, when you go, there's not much danger.

"After that she never said a word, jest gave a sigh, like, and afterwards I was kinder sorry that I hadn't said I would miss her, because I did, often enough." To Hepzibah's astonishment, Carmelita, arising from her seat, threw her arms in warm southern fashion round the old woman's neck. Imperfectly as she understood Hepzibah's manner of speaking English, still the word picture had been very vivid to her mind. She could recall the old kitchen and her mother sitting there, young as she was then, silent and reserved, but very fair and sweet as Carmelita had known her. She could fancy her craving the sympathy, of which any demonstration was so studiously withheld, and yet the presence of which she had been conscious.

"You loved my mother," said the girl "you did miss her. You were kind to her. Oh, thank you."

Hepzibah slowly withdrew herself from the young girl's embrace. She regarded her, a faint smile stealing over the grimness of her face like the firelight on the rough deal table. Then she said, with marked emphasis:

"You ain't like Araminta, nohow."

But from that moment she took the young Spaniard into her heart, to fill the place long since left vacant by the undemonstrative New England girl—by Araminta.

II.

From that month of May a revolution began in the old house. The neighbors began to see, with wonder and an uncontrollable curiosity, the figure of a young girl flitting about in the brick courtyard, or bending over the flower beds, or training the long neglected vines about the front door.

The front door itself was usually wide open now, so that all the sweetness of the spring might steal in and drive thence the musty past, with its shadows and its prejudices and its bitternesses. As if, symbolically, the lilac tree, just bursting into luxuriant bloom, thrust itself obstrusively inwards. The warm south wind blew in and

up the great stairway and into the very face of the old clock, standing at its station in the hall.

Grandmamma's room was daily adorned with a bunch of lilacs or other spring flowers, the chintz curtains during the day were drawn far back to let in as much sun as possible. New life seemed coming into the shrivelled figure on the bed. Perhaps it only seemed so because new curtains had been hung upon the bedside, of bright and cheerful coloring. But there was distinctly a gleam of hope, of pleased expectancy in the old eyes, as they watched the door for the coming of a bright, young presence. How bright they grew as Carmelita entering knelt impulsively to kiss the wrinkled hand, or put an arm about the withered neck, whilst coaxing grandmamma to eat.

The brown room was relieved of its curtains and other gloomy appendages. A neat toilet table took the place of the cumbersome bureau and distorting mirror. Pretty trifles in fancy work gave touches of harmonious color to the apartment. Upon the walls were pictures of the Sacred Heart, of Our Lady of Lourdes, and a print which Carmelita highly prized of St. Simon Stock receiving the Scapular from the hands of the Blessed Mother. This had been given to Carmelita by her dead mother, and besides, said the young girl once to Hepzibah:

"It is my name-picture. I was born upon the feast of Our Lady of Carmel and that is why I was called Carmelita, and why my mother always loved this picture." All of which was Greek to Hepzibah, except the fact that Araminta, despite her godly training, had grown to love "idolatrous images."

The old woman's astonishment, indeed, upon first seeing the room thus adorned, was more easily imagined than described.

"Sakes alive," she found voice to gasp, "I would'nt a good deal any of the folks 'round here got into this room. Why, Carmelita," she always pronounced the "i" broad,—"whatever makes you go to hang up graven images, right here under your grandfather's roof, him that was an elder of the church."

"You call these pictures graven images," said Carmelita with some anger, "why, do you not see that they are the countenances of our Lord and His Blessed Mother."

"Thou shalt not make to thyself a graven image," began Hepzibah, in the sing-song voice of the Bethel Sunday-School, which forty odd years before she had attended.

But Carmelita put her little hand upon the woman's mouth.

"Bah, my good Hepzibah," she said playfully, "if we may not have the faces of those we love to remind us of them, then take away that portrait of my grandfather from the parlor below, and that other, oh naughty Hepzibah, which hangs in your own sleeping room."

"Sech a child," said Hepzibah, no little flustered by this allusion to the counterfeit presentiment of a half-legendary and long departed sweetheart, "I declare you'd most argue the birds of the bushes. But all the same——"

"When you see the faces of our Lord and our Blessed Lady here all the time, said Carmelita, "you will grow to know and love them much better than you do. I want to put them wherever I can in this old house. It needs warmth. I wish you could put one in grandmamma's room."

"Don't you do nothing of the sort," cried Hepzibah, "you'd most kill her if you did. It gave me a turn comin' up here in the dim light, Sabbath evening, and I just home from setting right under the pulpit, where Parson Jenkins, he preached on the idolatry of the Papists."

"He must be a very foolish, ignorant man," said Carmelita, cooly, "but I suppose he cannot help it. I pity him."

"You pity a minister of the Baptist

Church," cried Hepzibah, "and a righteous and God-fearing man."

"I pity them all," said Carmelita, "but we must not talk about religion. Only, I do wish I could warm a little this cold house and this cold village."

With which enigmatical words, Carmelita went down to the brick courtyard, where she had had a little seat put up for herself in the sunniest corner, which was, however, shaded by the great tree, just overhead. There she sat, while the rooks cawed so loudly and the robins twittered so mirthfully that the little Spanish canzonetta she was singing, was almost drowned.

Here she was first seen by three persons, who were simultaneously approaching the house: Minister Jenkins, whose fame had already reached her by Hepzibah; the Catholic Priest, Father Brady, pastor of a very poor and scattered flock, and Andrew Rutherford, the rich and handsome son of a neighboring property-holder and who had but lately returned from abroad.

Of these three, who observed her keenly and closely, the priest was the only one who passed through the gate and addressed her. Minister Jenkins was eyeing her, with the instinctive feeling of the war horse scenting the battle from afar, for despite Hepzibah's caution in the many interviews which she had had with curious neighbors, and despite her desire to keep the disgraceful truth a secret, rumors concerning Carmelita's religion had already got abroad. Andrew Rutherford took up his station in the shadow of a tree. He was not ashamed to stand thus concealed and observe the most delightful picture which, he said to himself, had ever met his eyes in this grim New England village. And thus he saw and heard Carmelita's interview with the priest. Minister Jenkins had likewise observed it from another vantage corner. Carmelita had arisen a little surprised, a little doubtful. After a quick glance, a strange little cry of delight escaped her.

"Oh, *Padre mio*, forgive me, sir, but you are a priest?"

"Yes, my child," said Father Brady, "and you are the young Spanish lady of whom I have heard."

"Oh, the joy of seeing a priest once more. Oh, *Padre*, you cannot guess what it has been. And the church, is it near?"

"A good two miles," said the priest.

"I shall go there to-day."

"You must not attempt to go alone," said Father Brady. "It is far and some factories to be passed, where there are plenty of rough characters."

"Hepzibah, perhaps, will go with me."

"Not unless you have brought a talisman from the south to charm her," said the priest, smiling, as a remembrance of certain passages between him and the old woman came to his recollection. "I go away from home to-morrow for a month, that is I have to visit outlying districts under my charge. When I come back I shall see what can be done."

"Can I not drive there?" asked Carmelita.

The priest shook his head.

"It is not customary here to take out any vehicle on the Sunday."

"Not even to go to church," said Carmelita, wonderingly.

"Not even to go to church," repeated the priest, with a twinkle in his eye, "so rigidly do our Puritan fellow townsmen keep, not their Sabbath of the Bible, but our Sunday of the christian church. But I must leave you now, my child."

"So soon," said Carmelita, regretfully.

"I am on my way home from a sick call. But we shall be better acquainted soon, I hope."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MEANING OF THE SCAPULAR.

CARDINAL VAUGHAN thus beautifully explains the meaning of the brown Scapular :

"Some ignorant people are said to regard the wearing of the Scapular as a foolish, or at best a childish thing," says His Eminence. They ask what possible advantage can there be in wearing two bits of brown cloth? What is the use, they say, of these externals, when virtue and religion have their place in the heart?

They forget that external acts of worship, by striking man's senses, force upon his soul thoughts and feelings of devotion and piety;—that inward acts of worship naturally manifest themselves by outward signs, which re-act upon the soul;—that religious rites are always external, and that there is no religion without them.

They forget too the value which the most educated and civilized nations attach to their flag, the sign of national honor. How men reverence it! How willing they are to bleed and to die for it! And yet what is their flag, if considered in itself, but a piece of bunting?

How many civil and military Orders have been founded in different countries! How highly their emblems are prized! The greatest personages consider it an honor to wear the clasps, ribbons, medals, and cloaks which have been chosen as the insignia of these Orders. These are outward signs of honor and pledges of loyalty; and civilized nations universally recognize and value them.

The Holy Scriptures themselves show us that from the earliest times the bestowal of a garment has been used as an indication of love and favor. The Patriarch Jacob gave his favorite son Joseph a many colored tunic as a sign of special love. Jonathan stripped himself of the coat with which he was clothed and gave it to David, because he loved him as his own soul (1 *Kings* 18). Elias, ascending to heaven, bestowed his cloak upon Eliseus as a sign of the descent upon him of his own prophetic spirit. And the Church hastens after baptism to clothe the adopted child of God with a white garment, as indicative of the purity bestowed, and of the innocence of life to which it has been pledged.

Now, the Scapular of Mount Carmel is the badge of an Order of devotion. It is an external mark or sign that the person wearing it has been enlisted under the banner of the Queen of heaven, as a knight bound to her honor and service.

Great houses have their liveries; and those who wear them are known by their livery to be in the service of a particular family. In like manner, the Scapular is a livery; and those who wear it are considered to be in the service of the Blessed Virgin. If they are faithful, and place confidence in her, she will protect them; she will show them special favor, as it is natural to her character to do. Even in this world, lords show a preference for the servants who wear the livery which they recognize as their own.

The Scapular then is the badge of an Order of chivalry, which is purely devotional; it is a livery of the Blessed Mother of God, which all are free, and none are forced, to wear. It is an external sign of love, fidelity, and service. It is a great honor to be enrolled in the Confraternity and to wear the Scapular, both on account of its origin, its meaning, and the numerous and extraordinary privileges which have been attached to it.

"Our Lady of Mount Carmel, thus
Sometimes thy name is known;
It tells of the badge we wear,
To live or die thy own."

—*A. A. Proctor.*

COLUMBUS daily recited the Hours of our Lady. The pious navigator received a beautifully bound copy of the little Office of the Blessed Virgin as a gift from Pope Alexander VI.

The Return of Columbus.

For The Carmelite Review.

On from Seville comes one whom all acclaim
And none deride;
For of late days applause hath caught his name
In mighty tide
That rushes like a torrent through the land
And bears away
Each word that might oppose the high command
Of him to-day.

Trampling of horse at Barcelona's gates
Bids all the town
Rush forth to speed him where the court awaits
His coming down.
So fares he on, as those to Rome of old,
With fine array
And splendid show of rough-wrought virgin-gold
That gilds the day.

But not in Roman triumph was their face
Like this aglow
With patient majesty which told the trace
Of much sorrow;
And noble impress of strong will power bore,
Perhaps his glance
Aside the veil of fortunes favoring tore
From future chances.

To-day there is no high ceremonial
Of old Castile
Not largely greater than his Admiral,
The king doth feel.
And all the gracious sweetness of her soul
Queen Isabella
Expends on him who hath won hard the goal
And so done well.

The holy tomb and Sacred Palestine
Dwelt on the thought
Devout of navigator and of queen,
And high hopes wrought
Of ransom from the Mussulman, with gold
Of boundless West.

* * * * * * *

And so, Columbus' day of triumph rolled
At last to rest.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

RELIGIOUS ART.

For The Carmelite Review.

IT has been a fashion of a passing generation to refer to the so-called "ignorance of our Catholic population." This is the last fading shadow of the fluid arrogance of the Puritan fathers.

It would be amusing, were it not exasperating, to listen to "the sweet girl graduate" of the protestant seminaries, as she talks about the dark ages, her information drawn totally from those writers who condemn all modern as well as past monastical institutions. May we ask them to kindly remember that the early illuminated manuscripts and artistic church decorations are properly our inheritance. Let us demand that the good old maxim, "credit to whom credit is due," be put to the test. If all the books and parchments, the metal and stone work of those so-called dark ages descended into their rightful possessors, the members of the church militant, while all other elegances came to the living representatives of the opponents of the church, how should our fortunes compare? The injustice of laying claim to early art, while ignoring the spirit of beauty and truth which wrought these evidences through human agents, amid dissension and earnest toil, somehow remind us of the early German barons, whom later ages have entitled the noble robbers of the Rhine.

While persuing a course of art history a few years ago, the writer studied up to that age of wonderous artistic development—the fifteenth century. When the student enquired from the instructor how such barbarians as the early popes were reported to have been, could have produced the only surviving monuments of the dark ages, "the director of art studies" replied that these curious things were not to be explained. Why not seek an explanation?—history is not a puzzle, it is but a problem with a definite answer.

The recent wonderful discoveries in the

Catacombs, have brought to light undreamed of expressions of the early christians. The monasteries of the eighth and ninth centuries have bequeathed to us the only art works of that time. The fourteenth century and the revival of the poetry of art which subsequently developed into the splendor of the sixteenth century, all belong distinctly to the Catholics.

The whole history of art is indissolubly connected with the spread of truth. The time is now ripening for a new era of christian art.

While attending an organ recital recently in Grace Episcopal Church on Broadway, New York City, the attitude of that denomination in regard to christian art, assumed a somewhat illogical aspect. Pray what evil have the brush and canvas been guilty of that our separate brethren should abjure them? Listening to a rendition in that church of a Mass written by a *Catholic* musician, my eyes rested upon an upper stained glass window, representing the Nativity, then upon one figuring forth the Crucifixion, and finally upon two angels adapted from Fra Angelico. Pray what right have these people to claim the handiwork of the angelic monk, who would have scorned him in the flesh? And why, pray, should a picture be permitted to be painted on glass, that would not be allowed to hang upon the wall should it have been painted on canvas? Would any Episcopal association dare to order an Annunciation from a modern artist to adorn the walls of their church? But if the subject be permitted in small size and in glass, why not life size and on canvas? Our Jewish friends are more logical in tolerating conventional design only in their glass, in accordance with the law: "Thou shalt not make unto thyself a graven image!" It is the illogical spiritual state of most artists that deprive them of an essential requisite in their work, which is *belief* in their subjects. How shall they paint Her whom the nations call blessed among women, if they deny Her recognition?

Fancy a cultured Greek presented with an Oxford bible and asked to reproduce the scenes? Do you not think that the tales of Homer would appeal more near to him? So stands the modern artist who rejects the wealth of the centuries. *What*, not *who*, built the middle age cathedrals? Conviction. *What*, not *who*, painted the great frescoes of the world? Conviction. What gave birth to the great musical genius? Conviction. It is *not* skill we lack to-day, it is conviction and love of Her who is the Queen of the Art Realm, Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

Josephine Lewis.

EXCHANGE LIST.

The *Rosary* for May comes to us full of the best that its readers can wish for. Father Goggin does not occupy the editorial chair in vain.

Our Young People, of Milwaukee, in the kind mention of The Carmelite Review refers to our little monthly as a weekly journal. We hope that this remark of our e. c. will be verified in course of time.

The *Stimmen vom Berge Carmel* contains among other good things, in its May number, an interesting letter from a member of the Third Order in Norway. Notwithstanding many drawbacks, we learn that our Fathers and Sisters, under the leadership of Father Elias Paul, O.C.C., are succeeding in making our Lady of Carmel known and loved in that northern clime.

No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, JUNE, 1893. No. 6.

THE May number of THE REVIEW did not reach some of our subscribers for several days after we had mailed the same. Every copy of the last edition was delivered to our postmaster on April 27. The delay can only be attributed to the neglect of some postmaster outside of Falls View.

THE pious custom of honoring the Holy Face mentioned this month by our Irish correspondent, is not altogether confined to our brethren across the Atlantic. The devotion has been long since canonically established in several of our churches and convents in North and South America.

THE approaching feast of the Nativity of St. John the Baptist should be an occasion of great religious solemnity in all our houses. According to the learned Jesuit, Cardinal Bellarmin, and other ecclesiastical writers, the holy Precursor spent most of his time on Mount Carmel with the sons of the prophets and followed their rule of life.

THERE are few who do not feel a little sad when May is gone. It is usually such a bright and joyous month. Even the saddest have found Mary to be the "Consoler of the afflicted." Mary has prepared the way for Jesus as she always does. Through her shall we be better able to love the Sacred Heart of her divine Son.

BISHOP RYAN, of Buffalo, says:—"The grand and beautiful ceremonies of the Catholic Church would be but human, if we did not have that glorious Centre, which, as a magnet draws all hearts to it."

ON June 25th, 431 the Council of Ephesus declared Mary to be the Mother of God. For nearly fifteen centuries, therefore, has our blessed Lady been greeted with this title of dignity. And neither shall we cease to so honor her, since, as the archbishop of Cashel once remarked, "devotion to the Holy Mother of God shall last as long as Christianity itself."

ALTHOUGH we would wish it to be so, the Feast of Corpus Christi is not a holy day of Obligation. Nevertheless, it should be only the most urgent reason which would prevent any Catholic from going to church on that feast, and doing his, or her, share in making reparation to our Lord in the Sacrament of Love. No child of Mary is worthy of the name who shows no anxiety to honor Jesus in the Tabernacle.

THE Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Niagara Falls has been endowed with all the privileges of the European sanctuaries by Pope Pius IX. All who come to pray before our Lady of Peace on Sunday 16th of July next can gain a Plenary Indulgence at each visit, as in the case of the Portiuncula. The latter favor was conceded to our order last year by Leo XIII. We shall have more to say concerning this next month.

THERE was nothing attractive to Ingersoll in Niagara Falls. When in the neigh-

borhood lately he remarked : "There is too much noise, too much tumult." Just so. Nothing gives rest to the godless, or peace to the wicked. All right-minded visitors here (minus noisy infidels) generally found like Dickens, that "the first effect—the enduring one of the tremendous spectacle of Niagara was Peace. Great thoughts of eternal rest and happiness,—nothing of gloom or terror," except, we might add, to those who are too deaf to hear the "Voice of the Lord upon the waters."

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Many of our friends will be disappointed this month when they look for the department in The Review which is devoted to the Hospice of Mount Carmel. Reverend Father Kreidt, although rapidly convalescing from his late illness, is not as yet in a condition to attend to all his duties, and hence regrets his inability of addressing our benefactors in these pages. We beg the prayers of all our readers for our reverend Superior that he may quickly regain his former strength and vigor, and so be enabled to complete the work he has commenced here for the honor of our Lady of Mount Carmel and the benefit of her many clients.

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Words of praise for our Holy Mother from those not of the household of the faith is unusual. A minister who is the pastor of a prominent Methodist church in Ontario has sent us "With compliments of the author" a book which he has written on the Blessed Virgin. In the introductory the writer says :

"I am ashamed beyond measure, as I come face to face with the record divinely given for our edification and salvation, that I should have been so long blind to the beauty and worthiness of the one chosen of God for the mission so divine. And when I read the words uttered under the sense of the divine presence and blessing, and find that the prophecy declared that "henceforth" she shall be called "blessed" by all generations, I feel guilty that my own soul has never uttered its "Amen" to the sublime "Magnificat," and never before chosen her character as a theme for study in the course of twenty years' exposition of the revealed Word and will of God. I am glad, indeed, that others have been truer than I to the sacred record, and that her place in history has not been hidden to the gaze of the mothers of earth's children, amid all their peculiar sympathies, touching the life of them who come into this world."

POSTSCRIPTS.

Subscribers will please notify us if they change their address.

The Carmelite Seminary of St. John the Baptist celebrates its Patronal Feast on the 24th

On the 12th of May was commemorated the fifth anniversary of the death of the saintly Archbishop Lynch.

Names received for registration in the Scapular confraternity at New Baltimore have been received from Bellefonte, Pa.

A very successful theatrical performance was given at Niagara Falls on April 28 for the benefit of the church of our Lady of Peace.

On June 16 we commemorate the many Carmelite friars who shed their blood for the faith during the reign of King Henry VIII.

The 26th of this month is the Feast of Our Lady of Meliapore, in the East Indies, the shrine wherein St. Francis Xavier loved to pray.

No important changes resulted from the meeting during last month of the superiors, consultors, etc., of the Carmelite monks of America.

The venerable dame figuring in "Carmelita" assumes her proper name of "Hepzibah" this month. The type had christened her "Nepzibah."

Names for registration in the Scapular confraternity have been received during the past month from St. Helen's, of Brockton, Ont., and Brechin, Ont.

Among the jubilee-gifts to the Holy Father was a box of beautifully-wrought

vestments. It was an offering from the Carmelite Nuns of S. Matteo, near Florence.

A CEREMONY of Profession was held a week ago by the Carmelite Nuns of Boston. Archbishop Williams presided, and the Rev. Father Langcake, S. J., preached the sermon.

THE summer arrangements made by the railroad and steamboat companies have made it quite convenient to all who can spare but a few hours in which to visit Niagara Falls.

A LETTER just received from Dublin informs us that Rev. Father Feehan, O.C.C., had left for Rome much improved in health. He will afterwards pass some time in one of our Monasteries on the Island of Malta.

MANY improvements are being made from year to year at Niagara Falls for the accommodation and pleasure of sightseers. Visitors here during the season will return home with many pleasant recollections.

PRIOR Southwell, of New York City, has been lately giving some very interesting discourses on the various shrines of the Blessed Virgin. The Reverend Father illustrated his lectures by the aid of a stereopticon.

AMONG the visitors at our monastery during the past month were: Col. Fellows, of New York, Rev. Dr. P. Cronin, Editor of the Buffalo *Catholic Union* and *Times*, and Hon. T. V. Welch, superintendent of the N. Y. State Reservation.

AMONG the religious Orders devoted to the moral and intellectual education of woman that of St. Ursula holds a prominent place. The order retains all its time-honored lustre and likewise adapts itself to present times and circumstances. These religious will show to the world at Chicago what they can do and have done. The "Columbian Souvenir" catalogue kindly sent us from the famous Ursuline academy at Pittsburg, is a sure proof that the Ladies of that institution are true to their motto "Let your light shine." May its brightness never grow dim, is the wish of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

AMONG OUR FRIENDS.

OUR mail-bag daily brings us scores of encouraging letters from the many friends of THE REVIEW Below we give extracts from a dozen letters taken at random from those lately received :—

A Government Official at Ottawa, Ont., says :—"It is a fine specimen of Catholic literature "

From an old friend in Kansas :—"I will, please God, take it as long as I am able to read and pay for it."

From a lady in Washington, D. C. :—" I am indeed interested in your project, and wish you all success."

From a subscriber in Cambridgeport, Mass :—"I consider it an honor conferred on me to be allowed to help such a work."

From a merchant in Austin, Texas :—"Enclosed find my subscription. I wish you success in your worthy undertaking."

From a lawyer in Ohio :—"I wish you success which I am sure will attend your exertions for the honor of our dear Mother."

From the Reverend President of Villanova College, Pa.—"I need not say we are pleased and edified by its matter and spirit."

From a prominent Catholic in Rochester, N. Y :—"I hope God will bless the enterprise and swell the subscriptions into the thousands."

From an architect in Belleville Ont. :—"I beg to congratulate you on the issue of a paper which should be welcome in every Catholic family in the land."

The Rev. Rector, of St. Patrick's Taberg, N. Y., says :—"I hope it will meet with a speedy and abundant recognition, and thus increase the number of Mary's Servants."

From a lady in Vicksburg, Mississippi :—"I hope it may prove a success. There will be better times when Cleveland takes his seat, and then I will send you some more subscriptions."

From a prominent Catholic writer in California :—"I hasten to lay my mite at the feet of Our Lady of Mount Carmel by asking you to enroll my name among your subscribers. May our all-powerful Mother bless your undertaking, and your journal be a messenger of great joy to many hearts who will glean from its pages knowledge of the glorious attributes of the Immaculate Queen of Carmel."

ST. ATHANASIUS.

For the Carmelite Review.

NERO, it is said, lighted up his gardens with burning Christians, who, clad in oil-soaked hides of beasts, were fastened at intervals and slowly roasted alive. Nero is dead, but his spirit has survived him; and as we glance through the garden of history we see at stated intervals—epochs of exceptional hate—the giant figures of Christian heroes, afire indeed and affording fiendish joy to the persecutors, but at the same time shedding on the surrounding darkness rays of a light which is the dawn of heaven's day.

Athanasius, Bishop of Alexandria, in Egypt, was one of these victims of the world's malignity, and as his feast falls in this month it is opportune to pass in review his wonderful career. Born in 296 at Alexandria, his education was conducted by Alexander, later metropolitan of the great Egyptian See. While yet under twenty, we find him seeking spiritual direction from the famous Abbot Anthony in the desert; and when he was but a deacon his eloquence charmed, while his extraordinary learning amazed the Fathers assembled in 325 in the Council of Nice. A few years after this St. Alexander died, and the young Athanasius was chosen, amid universal applause, to succeed to the See of Alexandria.

Athanasius ruled the See for forty-six as stormy years as our holy Church passed through. During this period six Popes succeeded one another in Peter's chair, while six Emperors wielded the absolute sceptre over the vast Roman empire. At this time heresy, like a pleasant but deadly intoxicant, claimed its victims among imperial and episcopal dignitaries. Courtier bishops fawned on crowned heads and foreswore their allegiance to the centre of unity, while inferior clergy and the laity ran about in bewilderment like flocks without a shepherd. Arianism, the fad of emperors and the bane of the church, was victorious in a worldly sense, and earnest, honest hearts like St. Jerome's were almost broken at the spectacle of delirious and rampant error. In the midst of all this wreck and ruin the faith of Athanasius, ever one with that of Rome, shone above the strife like Pharos over the treacherous waters of the Alexandine harbor. And one man was the cause of all this trouble. What the demagogue Luther was to the 16th century or Voltaire to the 18th, that and more was Arius to the 4th. A born conspirator, prepossessing in appearance, captivating in manners, magical in eloquence, and matchless, even among Greeks, in diplomacy this heresiarch pulled down with him a "third part of the stars" in his fall. His ambition was to become Patriarch of Alexandria, but when St. Alexander was appointed he sought balm for his disappointment in schism and heresy.

The "Meletian" heretics, whose chief fault was exaggerated asceticism, welcomed Arius to their ranks, and together they began that series of persecutions which rendered the life of St. Alexander bitter and that of his successor a martyrdom. Arius denied the godhead of Christ, and after the Council of Nice was banished by Constantine; but shortly after, through the influence of courtiers like Eusebius, he was recalled and admitted to the friendship of the emperor, with whom he posed as a persecuted man.

These were not the days of parliaments or of constitutional monarchies. The emperor was the government; his pleasure, law; his frown, exile or death.

The adherents of Arius, many of them noble and powerful, became so unruly that the peace of the empire was disturbed by their tumults. They affected submission to the decrees of Nice, and thus deceived the emperor, whose nature was frank and ingenuous. They held numerous councils

and formulated countless professions of faith, that always came near to calling Jesus God, and yet made him but a creature. These formulas satisfied Constantine, who ordered Athanasius to admit Arius to his communion. The saint refused the compromise and was banished. Five times in all, under Constantine, Julian and Valens, was a like sentence passed on the intrepid defender of our Lord's honor. He was exiled into Thrace and into Gaul, he wandered about the deserts of Thebais, sharing the frugal meals of the Anchorets, and lay concealed in tombs and caverns, his haunts known only to his clergy. He was driven from his cathedral and dragged from his native city, forced to stand before judges who had no jurisdiction to try his case, and accused of crimes that only such monsters could commit, as invented the charges against him. Before the Emperor he was accused of withholding the corn supply, of misappropriating revenue, and of favoring a rival to the throne, and before the Bishops he was charged with rape, simony, witchcraft and murder! Divine Providence baffled his accusers on one occasion. A suborned woman fixed her charges on a deacon whom she mistook for the saint, to the chagrin of the Arians, and Bishop Arsenius whom they had accused Athanasius of murdering, walked into the court alive to confound their hideous malice. Nevertheless the Patriarch was judged guilty and deposed. He appealed to the Pope and after a trial was acquitted of all charges brought against him. Christ's Vicar even upheld him while the world struggled to cast him down. And this struggle lasted almost half a century.

There are two reasons why Athanasius was so persistently assailed, even after the death of his personal foe, Arius. First, the Alexandrine See was nearest to Rome in honor—the Patriarchate of Egypt, established by St. Mark. If a heretic were bishop of this See his influence would speedily establish Arianism in the East. Hence the struggle to get rid of the orthodox pastor. Second, a vast number of irregularly ordained bishops, intruders in the Sees of exiled Catholic bishops, feared the great champion who upheld Catholic unity, and by implication condemned them It was their interest to protect their livings, no matter what the cost. But the saint never faltered in his course. He knew no compromise, welcomed no truce, spared no energy, feared no danger. The asperity of exile only whetted his pen to keener logic, and isolation in the desert served but to etherealize and refine his style. His daily meditation of the scriptures, which he knew by heart, and his filial obedience and attachment to the centre of Christian authority buoyed him in his struggles for the right and gave depth, solidity and order to his prolific writings. Had the doctrine of Christ's divinity fallen at that time, the church could not have presented a united front to the barbarians in the next century. The motive would have been taken away from Christian endeavor to convert these savages, and letters, arts and religion would have shared the fate of civil government, a fate we read in the moss grown ruins that cover Italy and Gaul. The life work of Athanasius was the providential lion in the path of heresy. Many of his persecutors, struck by his unselfish heroism, returned to the faith and rejoiced the church by their penances. His obstinacy, as his enemies called his steadfastness, revived serious thought, and thought conversion. It abashed the proud, nerved the weak, encouraged the timid, and aroused the dormant martyr spirit in the faithful at large. While unyielding in faith, our saint was merciful in discipline, pardoning and sparing where others would have exacted more prolonged penances.

Thus we see this great athlete made a spectacle to angels and men, like his Divine

Master. His whole life was a martyrdom. Learned, his science was employed in preaching and explaining Catholic truth. Charitable, he never sought to revenge himself even by words on an enemy. Courageous, he bore tortures rather than betray the faith, and finally, victorious, even over the Emperor, who tired of harassing him, he died in the city of his birth, and the scene of his valor, in the year 373. His clear exposition of the mysteries of the Trinity and the Incarnation has been embodied in the creed that bears his name, and wherever that symbol is sung or recited in the wide world the odor of Athanasian virtue, like the fragrance of flowers wafted on a summer breeze, floats across the mists of intervening centuries, refreshing and stimulating to sterner effort the soldiers of Christ and His holy cause.

P. J. HAROLD.

Petitions and Thanks-givings.

S. M. Colgan, Ont., requests a novena of masses in honor of our Blessed Lady.

J. McC., Springtown, Ont., thanks our Lady of Mount Carmel for a special favor received.

The prayers of our readers are requested for the repose of the souls of: REV. FATHER RYAN, one of our benefactors, who died on April 16 at Harbor Grace, Newfoundland; VALENTINE SCHAUS, who died at Buffalo, N. Y., on May 7; JAMES BARRY, who died at Ottawa April 30; PATRICK O'LEARY who died at Manhasset, N, Y.; JAMES A. GARDENER, who died April 14th at Great Neck, L. I. MARY A. QUINN, who died at Lakeville, L. I., April 21; WINIFRED J. WELSH, KATIE McMAHON and KATIE GRIFFIN who died lately at Fitchburg, Mass; EDWARD, CATHERINE and JOHN BENNETT, of Independence, Kansas; MRS. CATHERINE FOY, who died lately in Toronto

PRAYER AGAINST CHOLERA.

[Approved by His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, during the epidemic in Europe in 1885. An Indulgence of 200 days granted to all who recite it with a contrite heart. Rescript S. C. R., Feb. 5, 1885.]

O GLORIOUS Patriarch, St. Ignatius, we humbly beseech thee to obtain for us above all things the grace to avoid sin, and also to be preserved from the destructive disease of the cholera, one of those scourges with which the Lord punishes the crimes of nations. May thy example excite in us a strong desire to devote all our energies to the greater glory of God and the salvation of our neighbor. Obtain for us from the most loving heart of our Lord Jesus, that grace which is the crown of all heavenly gifts, namely, final perseverance and eternal salvation. Amen.

"IT is lawful for the Carmelite Fathers to preach that Christians may piously believe that the members of the Confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel will be assisted by the continual intercession, suffrages, merits, and special protection of the Blessed Virgin after death, and principally on the Saturday, the day consecrated to her by the Church, if they have died in the grace of God, worn her habit (the Scapular) during life, observed chastity according to their state, recited the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin, or if they did not know how to read, have kept the fasts of the Church and have observed abstinence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except when Christmas Day falls on one of these days." —[*Decree of the Holy Office, Feb. 15, 1613.*]

IRISH NEWS.

For the Carmelite Review.

I WAS delighted to see, in the April number of THE REVIEW, the beautiful lines on the Holy Face of Jesus. It shows that you are not exclusively devoted to the Brown Scapular, but that you will include occasionally, I presume, other devotions. We Carmelites have a great devotion to the Holy Face, and can claim it, to a certain extent, as our own.

Love and reparation to the Holy Face, like devotion to the Sacred Heart, are as old as christianity itself, but the Arch-Confraternity owes its origin to a Carmelite nun, Sister Mary of St. Peter. Our Blessed Lord appeared several times to this holy soul at Tours, and revealed to her His desire to establish and extend devotion to His Holy Face, and promised most precious graces to those who would practise this devotion. A few extracts will make this clearer.

On the 11th of November, 1845, she writes:—"Our Lord transported my spirit to the road which leads to Calvary and represented to me in a very life-like manner the pious office rendered to Him by St. Veronica, who with her veil wiped His Most Sacred Face, which was all covered with spittings, with sweat, with dust, and blood. Then the Divine Saviour made me hear impious men, by their blasphemies, renewing the outrages inflicted at that time on His Holy Face." "Then I was made to understand that our Lord said that by applying ourselves to the reparation of blasphemies we render Him the same service that the pious Veronica rendered Him, and that He looks upon those who render it with the same complacent eyes with which He looked at the holy woman during His Passion." And again He said, "I seek Veronicas to wipe and honor My Divine Face, which has few adorers." "All those who honor My Holy Face in a spirit of reparation will, by so doing, perform the office of the pious Veronica." "In proportion to the care you take to restore My Face, disfigured by blasphemies, I will take care of yours, disfigured by sin." I will imprint My image upon it, and will make it as beautiful as when it was washed in the waters of baptism. Then He made beautiful promises in favor of those who would practice the devotion."

Sister St. Peter died in the odor of sanctity on the 8th day of July, 1848, and the devotion to the Holy Face was taken up with the greatest fervor by M. Dupont, known as the Holy Man of Tours. This great promoter of the devotion died in 1876. The Archbishops of Tours, Collet and Rene-Meignan established the Confraternity of the Holy Face, and Leo XIII in 1884 approved of it, and thus after years of prayers the devotion was established. It spread very rapidly and miracles and graces without number have been wrought through the Holy Face.

All this and much more is well known to your readers. The devotion in this country spread very quickly, as do all forms of piety, for Ireland is a country, on account of its great Catholicity, well adapted for that end. There is a beautiful shrine to the Holy Face in our church here. A very fine marble altar with a painting of St. Veronica holding the veil on which is represented an authentic likeness of the suffering Face. Lamps and candles burn constantly before it. The Archconfraternity was canonically established here by the late Cardinal McCabe, and the members now number fully 25,000. The exercises are regularly carried on with both pomp and solemnity. Even little children love the devotion and are taught in the schools to say "Blessed be God," when they hear anyone curse or take God's Holy Name in vain.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

Carmelite Convent,
Dublin, May 1, 1893.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

The month of roses has come, and I wonder if there are not many of them on the cheeks of the little early morning pilgrims, who went with light hearts and quick step to greet the blessed Queen of the May all during her own sweet month? I am sure there are. And now what will come of it? Mary leads us to Jesus. Fair and bright as was her own beautiful month, still it could not equal this crowning glory of the year, this glorious month, the ripe rich June, with its deep crimson roses whose petals are heavy with fragrance, and whose wealth fills our hands with daily offerings for the shrine of the Sacred Heart. How fond we all are of saying something about our *hearts* when we write letters to those we love—and, rightly so—because the heart is the *seat* of love. Well, let us remember that when we talk of the *Sacred* Heart it means a living, glowing heart of flesh like our own, but filled, as only the heart of God *could* be, with love—burning love for you and me, dear children, love which told its story in blood. These are the days of strong, ardent devotion to the Sacred Heart; and it was through a gentle nun of the Visitation, a daughter of St. Francis de Sales, (whom they tell us was the most perfect copy of our Blessed Lord that ever lived) that it was made known to the world, Blessed Margaret Mary, whose name is now a household word. What a queenly name it is. Margaret! what a womanly name! but now what a holy name! So let all the girls who own it be passing proud of it, because of the pearl of the Visitation, so dear to the heart of Jesus, and so great a glory to His church. "Love is the strongest rope in the world. Even God will follow when you draw with that." Let us then make cables all this month, joining our poor little hearts with the great heart of Love. Let every breath we draw, and every word we speak, be a thread in the strong rope which will draw us into the safe haven of His Sacred Heart. Think how many rose leaves there are in the world—then say each morning, "Oh, sweetest Heart of Jesus, I offer thee an act of love for each one of them." Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will count them—leave that to her.

Your devoted friend,

Carmel's Secretary.

June 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXIII

Which letter in the alphabet is most useful to a deaf old woman?

XXIV

Why is an egg under-done like the same over-done?

XXV

What bird is a child's plaything?

XXVI

What we all do at every meal?

XXVII

Nothing, twice yourself, and fifty?

XXVIII

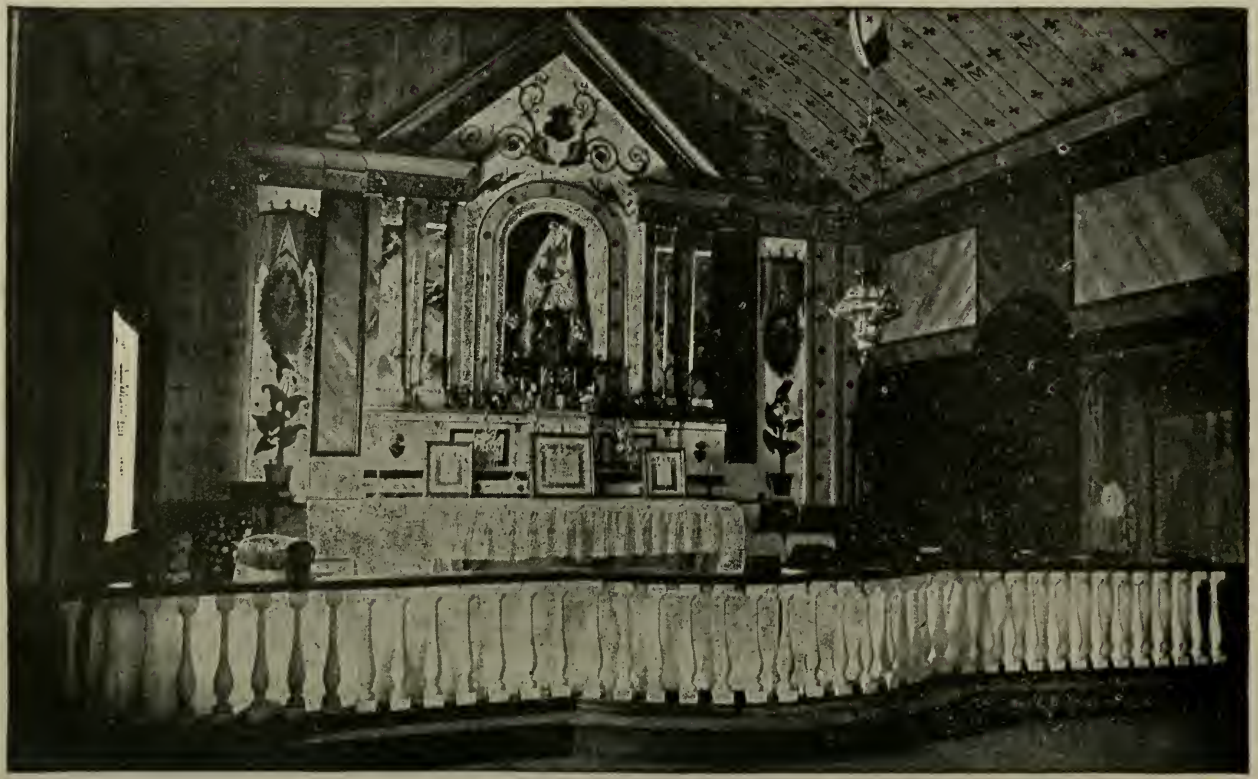
To-morrow I shall be, to-day I am, was yesterday, yet still the same?

Answers to Puzzles.

XX—A pillow.
XXI—A coffin.
XXII – One is for females and the other for males.

"Sec."

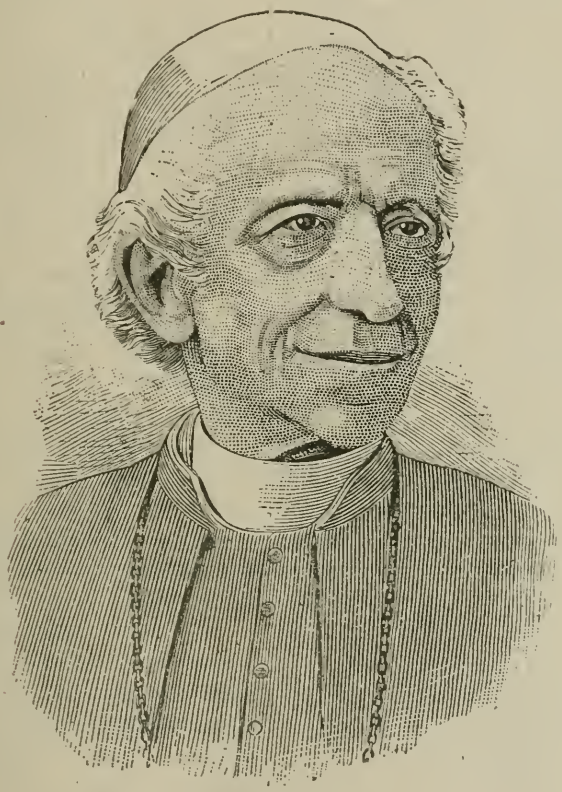
Columbus set sail under Mary's auspices, and one of his vessels bore the name of the Santa Maria. He invoked the Blessed Virgin in all dangers and at the end of his voyages named many places in her honor.



Interior view of the present Shrine of Our Lady of Peace at Horseshoe Falls. Erected into a Pilgrimage and richly indulgenced by Pius IX. A Plenary Indulgence (similar to the Portiuncula) can be gained during every visit to this Shrine on the sixteenth day of July.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., JULY, 1893. NO. 7.



WE, acceding to the request of our beloved son Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, have decided to enrich the Carmelite Churches with a singular privilege.

—*Words of Pope Leo XIII.*

LEO PP. XIII.

FOR A PERPETUAL REMEMBRANCE.

In order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Most Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel may increase more and more, whence flow the richest and most wholesome fruits for their soul, We, acceding to the request of Our beloved son, Aloysius Maria Galli, General of the Order of Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, of the Old Observance, have decided to enrich the Carmelite churches with a singular privilege. Wherefore, confiding in the mercy of Almighty God and the authority of His Blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, we grant to all and each of the faithful of both sexes who, being truly penitent and having received the Sacraments of Penance and of Holy Communion, shall devoutly visit any of the churches or public chapels, in any place wheresoever, of the Friars or Sisters of the whole Carmelite Order, both Calced and Discalced, in any year on the 16th of July on which the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is kept, from the First Vespers until sunset of that day, and shall address pious prayers to God for the peace of Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of Our Holy Mother the church —to these We mercifully grant in the Lord, as often as they shall do so, a Plenary Indulgence and remission of their sins, which they may also apply to the souls of the faithful who have departed this life in charity with God. Notwithstanding Our, and the Apostolic Chancery's rule of not granting Indulgences *ad instar*, and other Apostolic constitutions and orders, and whatever else there might be to the contrary. And the present shall be valid for all future times. And We will that the same faith which would be exhibited to the original letter, were it shown, shall also be bestowed upon copies, printed or otherwise, of the same, provided they be signed by a public notary and sealed with the seal of a person constituted in ecclesiastical dignity.

Given in Rome, at St. Peter's, under the Ring of the Fisherman, on the 16th of May, 1892, of our Pontificate the fifteenth year.

(L. S). S. Card Vannutelli.

N. B.—[The conditions to be fulfilled are the following: To be truly penitent for one's sins, and to have received the Sacraments of Penance and of the Blessed Eucharist; to pray for the intentions of the Holy Father, for peace among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners, and the exaltation of our Holy Mother the Church.]

PETITIONS, Etc.

Prayers are requested for a person who is despondent.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the souls of Mr. James A. Sadlier, who died on May 23rd and Sister M. Thomas who died lately in Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Mary McCarthy, who departed from this life at Pittsburgh, Pa., on June 17.

Ah! there is one devotion! It is to have more confidence in our Blessed Mother's prayers. More undoubted trust, more bold petition, more real faith in her. There would be more love for Mary if there were more faith in Mary. She has been in the secret of all the good things that has happened to us in life. She is ever mindful of that second maternity which dates from Calvary, and how we cost her in the travail of her dolors a price which has no fellow, except the Sacrifice of her Son, Our Brother, and Our Lord.—Father Faber.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

CARMELITA, leaning over the paling, watched the priest, down the road, with a home sick, heavy hearted feeling, as if she had just parted from a dear and familiar friend, so that she did not in the least observe Andrew Rutherford, who came out from his place of concealment and encountered the minister, likewise emerging from a hiding-place. There was a quizzical smile upon the young man's face, which was met by a glance of keen scrutiny from the other.

"I was looking at a very pretty picture," Rutherford said frankly, as the two men went down the village street together.

"And did you ever see a greater bit of play-acting?" said the minister, an angry flush upon his cheek. "You mean the meeting between that young girl and the old priest?" said Rutherford; "to me, that was a most charming incident."

"Indeed, Mr. Rutherford, indeed," said the minister. "Her natural delight" continued Rutherford, "at seeing one associated in her mind with much that was dear and sacred, and here, in such bleakness, was so simply and prettily expressed."

"You are enthusiastic, sir," said the minister, dryly. "It is but rarely that I find anything to excite enthusiasm in these surroundings," said the young man, vexed at the other's tone.

"Andrew Rutherford," said the minister, "will you let me give you an honest piece of advice? You will be in a dangerous way, if ever you put foot inside of yonder gate."

"I!," said Rutherford, with something of indignation, but the minister went on.

"Such a face is a peril to the village, it is a snare devised by the Prince of Evil himself."

"Our way parts here," said Rutherford, sternly, "I shall have to bid you good-day."

The minister looked after him with darkening brow, and Carmelita, unconscious of the storm she had raised in that worthy gentleman's breast, went in to help Hepzibah to peel some vegetables. She began at once coaxing the old woman to take her to church, but upon this point Hepzibah was not to be shaken. She forgave Carmelita her own oddities of belief, so long as they were kept secret, but the honor of the family had to be consulted, the memory of the green grave upon the hill wherein Elder Johnson had been laid to rest, sound to the last in protestant doctrine, had to be respected.

Carmelita should not go to the Romish meeting house, if she could prevent it, and so, for the time being, Hepzibah had her way.

Meantime, an event occurred which sent a flurry of excitement even into the palsied figure on the bed upstairs. Mrs. Rutherford, widow of Squire Rutherford, lately "the biggest man" in the place, came in a solemn old coach to ask after Mrs. Johnson's health and to call upon Carmelita. With her was her son, Mr. Andrew Rutherford, handsome, erect and tall. Carmelita, in a pink print dress, was under the tree in the court-yard when they came. She was feeding a rook which had become tame enough to hop up to her for crumbs.

This old lady, New Englander to the back-bone as she was, was half charmed, half-repelled by the graceful ease, the warm, impulsive courtesy, with which Carmelita received her. When Carmelita would have led them into the house, Andrew Rutherford, by a pleading look at his mother, induced her to second his eagerly expressed desire to remain where they were.

"It is warmer out in the sunshine," said Carmelita, simply, and she made the fluttering Hepzibah bring a chair for the son, whilst she sat beside the mother on the wooden bench, and talked of the flower-beds which she was trying to reduce to order, and of the grandmother, into whom she was striving to put new life, and of the old house, into which she was trying to infuse some warmth. Upon all this she dwelt lightly and gracefully, and, then, listened with a rare, fine courtesy and gentle deference for age, to the elder woman's somewhat prolix accounts of village life and of her family affairs.

Andrew Rutherford was, meanwhile, left rather persistently out in the cold. But he was content to watch and listen. Besides, he so managed that before leaving, he had arranged to call upon the following Saturday, without the awkwardness of purposeless intrusion, to bring a book. On this occasion they sat out of doors, as before, but he was amused to see that Carmelita, in accordance with her Spanish notions of propriety, had installed Hepzibah as duenna. His acquaintance with the young girl, however, progressed much more rapidly than at his former visit. Conversation flowed freely and easily. Carmelita's manner was wholly free from stiffness or affectation, and he was surprised at the extent of her information upon a variety of subjects. He had always had a more or less clearly defined impression that girls in those southern countries were uneducated, or barely instructed in the rudiments of learning, with their catechism, at a convent.

Once, when Hepzibah had slipped away into the house, Carmelita began to tell of her bitter disappointment at being unable to go to church and her old servant's persistent refusal to accompany her.

"I have no desire to seem intrusive in any way," Andrew Rutherford observed with some hesitation, "but if you would permit me to call for you on Sunday morning I should be only too happy to act as guide."

Carmelita looked at him startled. Such an idea had never occurred to her. To walk two miles with this stranger. Mr. Rutherford read her sensations in her face as plainly as if she had expressed them.

"Under other circumstances," he said, quietly, "I should not have thought of offering my services, but you are anxious to attend church and I can see no other way of so doing.

"That is true," said Carmelita, simply, "it would be better to do it than remain away from church, so that after all, if grandmamma does not object—"

Mr. Rutherford could scarcely repress a smile. In the primitive etiquette of that little town there was no reason whatever why a young man might not escort a young woman to or from church or any other public place. Mr. Rutherford knew very well that even to Mrs. Johnson's somewhat dulled wits there would be only a triumph unspeakable in having the most eligible party of the place in attendance upon her grand-daughter.

"She might object for the same reason that Hepzibah refused to show you the way," said Mr. Rutherford, "but otherwise—"

He paused, it was not so easy to explain matters to this young Spanish girl, who sat listening with her little air of courteous attention.

"Our code of etiquette is very different from yours," he said, at last. "With us a young lady may freely accept such attentions from a gentleman And though we are but recent acquaintances there has been a long standing friendship between our families."

Perhaps he strained the truth a little, for the Rutherfords had always stood upon a higher social plane than the Johnsons, and the relations between them could scarcely have been called friendship.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Spanish Correspondence.

BARCELONA, June 3, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

ALTHOUGH rather late, I shall now endeavor to fulfill the office of correspondent, the duty you entrusted me with last January. I shall begin with a description of the warm, extensive and affectionate devotion to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel and her Order throughout the kingdom of Spain, especially in Catalonia. There is a tradition here, that amongst the bishops entrusted by the Apostles to come to Spain in order to preach the gospel in the first ages of christianity, were included some of the sons of the prophets who resided on Mount Carmel. These latter likewise suffered martyrdom Among these the most conspicuous seems to have been Saint Leocadia, Patron of Toledo. It is an established fact that in the 15th century there were Carmelite convents in Toledo, Stuesca, and other towns in Spain. From that time they rapidly increased, having had as many as a hundred monasteries for men and about thirty for women. At the beginning of the present century a pious lady in the town of Vick, at the suggestion of a venerable Capuchin father, and with the approbation of the bishop, Dr. Cormera, established the first Religious Institute of the Carmelites of Charity, whose end was the education of young girls and care of the sick. This institution has now 130 houses. The new society belongs to the old or calceated observance. It is well known that at the end of the 16th century there were in Spain many houses of the Calced and discalced Carmelites. The people called the former by the simple name of Carmelite, and the latter by the name of Teresians, Josephines or barefooted Carmelites.

Concerning the laymen who are devoted to our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, we have here the Third Order of Carmelites, whose establishment was authorized by Pope Nicholas IV in the 16th century. This order is now canonically established in almost every town.

In most of the churches is established the confraternity of the Brown Scapular, the same as that instituted in 1253 by the English Saint Simon Stock, whose life is well known in Spain.

In the province of Catalonia the first Carmelite convent was established in 1206, and that province at one time contained 15 convents of monks and five of nuns, all of whom were distinguished by their virtue, sanctity and apostolic zeal.

The venerable Father Joseph Barros, a native of Catalonia, has of late endeavored to re-construct many of the Carmelite convents which were destroyed during the revolution of 1835. He has already restored the house at Gerez de la Frontera, Ondacandete, Stinogosa, Onna and Olot. There are still living amongst us some of the old Carmelite Fathers who were among those who were expelled from their monasteries and are now the objects of much veneration. Our Carmelite province of Barcelona is the only one which has had the high honor of seeing one of its members raised to the dignity of a prince of the church, viz, His Eminence Cardinal Father Joachim Stuch. In Barcelona, and in fact everywhere in Spain, devotion to our Lady of Mount Carmel is most general. The great number of Christians wear the holy Scapular, and the number of females bearing the beautiful name of Carmelita is very large. Every one considers it a glory to belong to, and wear the brown dress of the order.

When our very reverend Father General came to Barcelona, he was agreeably surprised to see in every church the Mother of God attired as a Carmelite. We do not allow the Blessed Virgin to be dressed otherwise. There are likewise here a large number of devotees of our father St. Elias, St. Angelus, St. Albert, St. Eliseus and other

Carmelite saints, but above all the seraphic Saint Mary Magdalene de Pazzi.

In some churches the people sing the *Salve Regina* on each Saturday, and on the 16th day of each month a visit is paid to our Lady.

In July, however, the faithful seem to pass all bounds in venerating our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. In *Gerez de la frontier*, Palma, Barcelona, Madrid, and other towns during July they celebrate a feast of a month's duration. On the Feast of Mount Carmel itself there is so much splendor and devotion displayed that there are not priests or preachers sufficient to satisfy the devotion of the faithful in their zeal to honor their beloved Mother. Not only in private institutions but likewise by public functionaries is our Lady honored.

The Queen's body-guard, some of our war ships, the Spanish Naval asylum at Barcelona, and many a merchant vessel have taken as their patroness our Lady of Mount Carmel. It is very edifying to see the large number who receive Holy Communion on our Lady's feast days.

In Barcelona there has been published with great success a semi-official organ of our order, the *Revista Carmelitana*. At present this is the centre of Carmelite publications which are sent to all parts of the globe, including America and Asia. The beautiful oleograph pictures, after Murillo, which represents our Lady of Mount Carmel with St. Simon Stock and St. Teresa, (and which was dedicated to Pope Leo XIII for his jubilee,) have been distributed throughout the country. Over three thousand copies have been sold. The prayer to our Lady of Mount Carmel which has been indulgenced by the present Holy Father has been distributed by hundreds of thousands.

Amongst the Fathers of the old calced observance there have been many renowned writers and preachers who can be favorably compared to Balmes, Lacordaire or Father Felix.

Your new CARMELITE REVIEW, although published in a country so far away from Spain, has been seen and received with great joy. People here believe it to be a favor of Heaven, through the intercession of Mary in thus replacing our magazine whose publication has been stopped. I am fully convinced that if the English language was better known in Barcelona you would have many subscribers here. In the meantime I shall willingly endeavor to send you news of everything which concerns the Carmelite Institute. Begging your prayers, I am Rev. dear Father, yours affectionately in Christ and Mary of Carmel.

LINUS SOLER.

FROM FAR-OFF JAPAN.

KUMANOTO, JAPAN, May 21, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

DEAR REVEREND FATHER,—Herein inclosed you will find a little article for publication in your REVIEW. Begging the Blessed Virgin, who inspired me to write to you, to bless you and your REVIEW, I remain you humble servant,

J. M. CORRE.
Missionary Apostolic.

[The article referred to beautifully illustrates the Japanese devotion to our Blessed Lady. Having arrived too late for this number we reluctantly defer the publication of Father Corre's letter to our next issue — ED. C. R.]

WE are not Carmelites? Are we so sure of that? Whose badge, whose livery, do we wear, day and night, upon us? The scapular, the badge of our Lady of Mt. Carmel, which has drawn well-nigh the whole Church into her own peculiar order, and given even the little children their share in the vigils and fasts and prayers and angelic aspirations rising from the convent cells. —*Sacred Heart Review of Boston.*

Mercy Through the Scapular.

THE fact which inspired me to write these lines for THE CARMELITE REVIEW was related to me by a venerable religious, whose own brother was the one who was so miraculously preserved perhaps from instant death.

A young man was walking with a slow but firm step. Being weak from a recent attack of disease he was forced, though reluctantly, to go at his ease. As he passed a saloon the great door was swung back and a man darting out on a run, made an attack, thrusting savagely into his back a sharp knife. He seemed really determined on taking his life. 'Twas all so sudden there was no time for defence, and fright almost deprived the young man of his sense. After making, as he thought, a desperate gash the villian drew the knife and ran off like a flash.

The young man, with limbs trembling and heart weak with fear, went at once to his home which was then very near. How much he might be hurt he did not know, but to his own dear mother his wound he would show. The poor mother came forward filled with alarm. Embracing her son and raising fondly his arm she prepared to examine and see what could be done, while awaiting the arrival of Doctor LeRun.

His two heavy coats, vest and two shirts were much cut and even the flannel of his Scapular, but, behold! on his back there was not even a scar. She bent and kissed devoutly the cut Scapular, understanding at once but saying not a word, though her faithful soul to its very depths was stirred. Our Lady had saved him from a terrible fate; for, oh! he had not been to his duties of late. The poor fellow spoke and his words though few were clear "My Scapular has saved me, I know, mother dear." Then he knelt clasping his hands and bowing his head, while in a manly but tremulous voice he said:

"I promise all my life, aye even to the end,
Our dear Lady's Scapular shall ever be my friend;
Oh, no, never from it shall I willingly part,
But wear it ever and always close to my heart."

And no doubt it was our Lady's intercession that obtained over him the grace of true conversion, patience in sickness, sufferings bravely to bear, and when death came surely, to comfort she was there.

E. R.

CARMEL.

CARMEL, a mountain whose form, rising out of the blue waters of an historic sea, and peering gracefully above craggy rocks, woody heights, and undulating plains, gemmed with flowers of every hue, wields even to this day a strange kind of fascination over all who, having a reverential faith, behold it either from the side of ocean or land. The world possess but one "Carmel by the sea"—Carmel, a word which is still a power; and at whose sound, thoughts of loveliness, grandeur and sanctity rise up into the mind, and follow instinctively in its train. Although the mountain itself may "languish" and its top be withered, it has a fragrance and an immortality which shall never pass away. How can the name of Carmel die? Carmel, the ancient site of that triumphant arch, near which Samuel foretold to the disobedient Saul the division of his kingdom, the august scene of one, and probably two, of the most awe inspiring deeds of the great Prophet Elias, and the chosen retreat of himself and Eliseus. Carmel, set imperishably as a mystical jewel in the inspired poetry of Hebrew prophets—Carmel, far eclipsing, at a later epoch, by the erection of its christian altars, the sanctity of the old, and casting upon the entire Catholic church a new splendor by the saintly brilliancy of the monastic glory. A glory which, tracing back to its natal rays to a no less august source than Elias himself, still lives. Carmel, the spiritual heirloom of a religious order, illustrious by the excellence of its deeds as well as by the continuity of its name!—*Adapted from the "Prophet of Carmel" by Rev. F. Garside, Card. Newman's convert.*

FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL, 16TH OF JULY.

OUR LADY'S INVITATION TO HER CHILDREN.

"Come over to me, all ye who desire me, and be filled with my fruits." Eccli. 24, 26.

Sweet as a strain of music softly stealing
Through the calm air of evening over the sea,
Breathes forth our Mother's loving invitation,
Children of Mount Carmel, come ye unto me.

Perchance you are wearied in your onward pathway,
Come 'neath the grateful shadows to find rest,
Sweet are the fruits of graces to refresh you,
Come unto me, Oh! Children, truly blest.

Ah! in the early spring-time when life's pleasures
Seemed to allure you with their beauty fair,
Swiftly you fled to Carmel's lofty mountain,
Thirsting for solitude and holy prayer.

Oft have you tasted of the mystic fountains,
Fair are the scenes that from the mount you see,
Bright are the golden crowns that still wait you,
Children of Carmel, come ye unto me.

Think how of old, Carmel's holy Prophet,
Rested way-worn in the rugged path he trod,
But when the mystic food refreshed his spirit,
Onward he hastened to "the Mount of God."

Thus when my fruits of sweetness you have tasted,
Fervent in spirit, will you day by day,
Haste o'er the rocky paths and scale the mountain.
Courage! your resting shall ne'er pass away.

And when the shades of death have gathered round you,
Still in your souls a golden light will be.
Saintless my voice whispers, Oh! my children,
Come to your Saviour, and unto me!

ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin, Ireland.

A HOLY SISTER'S VISION.

THE venerable Sister Catherine Emmerich thus describes the Scapular Feast as it was revealed to her:—"Then I had another vision. I saw after the hermits began to live in community, a monk on his knees in his cell. The Mother of God appeared to him with the Infant Jesus on her arm. She looked just like the statue that I had seen by the spring of the mountain. She gave him an article of dress in which was a square opening for the head to pass through. It fell in front over the breast. It was shining with light, the colors brown and white intermingling, as in the vestment of the High-Priest that Zacharias showed to St. Joseph. On the straps that went over the shoulders were letters inscribed. Mary spoke long to the monk. When she vanished and he returned to himself, he was filled with emotion on seeing himself clothed with the Scapular. I saw him assemble his brethren and show it to them. —Then I had a vision of a church festival on Mount Carmel. I saw in the choirs of the church triumphant as the first of the ancient hermits, and yet separated from them, Elias. Under his feet were the words: "Elias, Prophet." I did not see these pictures one after another, and I felt that a great number of years lay between them, especially between the vision of the reception of the Scapular and the feast, for the latter seemed to belong to our own day. Over the spring where once stood Mary's statue, now arose a convent and its church. The spring was in the middle of the latter and above the altar was the Mother of God with the Infant Jesus just as she had appeared to the hermit, living and moving in dazzling splendor. Innumerable little silken pictures hung at her sides attached in pairs by two cords and glancing like the leaves of a tree in the sunshine, in the splendor which radiated from Mary. The holy Virgin was surrounded by the angelic choirs and at her feet, above the tabernacle wherein reposed the Blessed Sacrament, hung the large Scapular she had given the hermit in vision. On all sides were ranged choirs of holy Carmelites, men and women, the most ancient in white and brown striped habits, the others in such as are now worn. I saw, too, the Carmelite Order, monks and nuns of the present day celebrating the feast in their several convents, either in choir or elsewhere, but all upon earth."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When Duty whispered low, "Thou must,"
Columbus said, "I can"

DUKE OF VERAGUA.

One of the events of local interest at Niagara Falls during June was the visit of His Grace, the Duke of Veragua, better known as Christopher Columbus *de la Cerda*. The only reception tendered to His Grace in Canada was given by the religious institutions here. The Duke was not only pleased, but said, "I feel greatly honored." A daily paper thus describes the event:

"An elaborate invitation had been prepared by the Sisters of Loretto Convent on the Canadian side and was extended to the Duke and Commander Dickens by Superintendent Welch. The party then drove up to the Convent where a cordial welcome was given the party.

When the Ducal party alighted at the convent doors they mounted the steps and were received by the Sister Superior and community and Father Philip Best of the Carmelite Monastery. A motto "Welcome to Loretto," hung suspended between the pillars in the reception hall. The party was conducted to the large assembly room which had been profusely decorated in honor of the Duke's visit. The pupils to the number of about 100 were present, most of them in Spanish costume of black velvet bodices, white gimp blouses and black skirts. Spanish flags were pinned on their gowns. The Spanish colors, the yellow and red, were profusely displayed in decorations. Bunting. American and Canadian flags interspersed with the Spanish colors made the interior quite inviting and gay A fine picture of Columbus occupied one side and another of Columbus before the Court of Ferdinand and Isabella was on the other side. A dias had been prepared for the reception of the Duke and Duchess while chairs were ranged on either side for the ladies and gentlemen in the party. They arranged themselves after the Duke and Duchess had seated themselves. Two little girls, Ethel Howard and Mattie Bampfield, presented two large boquets of flowers which the Duke graciously received and tendered to his wife and daughter. Miss Loretto Muldoon then stepped forward and in a very appropriate address presented His Grace with a memento of his visit. It was a large book in white moire, highly illuminated, with pictures of Columbus in 1492 and of the statute of liberty in 1893. The whole was embossed and engrossed by the ladies of Loretto Convent and was a very elaborate piece of work. The Duke received the same by a gracious bow. Miss Marie Johnston, one of the pupils, then gave an operatic selection from Faust. Miss Julia Hubbard accompanied Miss Johnston on the piano. The rendition of the selection was a rare treat and the lady was highly complimented. Miss Nora O'Brien then gave Joaquin Miller's splendid poem, "Sail On." Miss O'Brien was a revelation in her way of treating this poem and the thought and emotion she displayed in rendering it. Her power as a recitationist is wonderful and she stirred the hearts of all present by her masterly way of delivery. The poem was singularly apropos on this visit of the only lineal descendent of the subject of the verses.

The pupils rendered the famous "Salve Regina," the chorus sung by the sailors on Columbus's vessel on the night before he discovered America, in a feeling manner, and the formal reception to the Ducal party was ended."

His Grace made a brief reply and said, "I thank you for this honor conferred on me and beg for you the continual protection of your Blessed Patroness."

An informal reception followed, during which those who were present were introduced to the Duke and Duchess.

The Ducal party felt at home during their brief stay and expressed pleasure at meeting the Nuns of the Institute of Our Blessed Lady and Fathers of the Order of Mount Carmel, the members of which in Catholic Spain, they said, were well known and revered by them.

Carmelite Chronicle.

Rev. Cyril C. Kehoe, O. C. C., has been of late conducting spiritual retreats at Niagara Falls.

Rev. Father Gabriel Browne, O.C.C., of Amawalk, N Y., lately paid a fraternal visit to the Falls View Monastery.

The following changes have been made during the past month in the Province of the Immaculate Heart of Mary:—Rev. Father Jerome Reichwein, O. C. C., has been transferred from Scipio, Kansas, to New Baltimore, Penn., and Rev. Father James W. Singler, O. C. C., has been changed from New Baltimore to Falls View, Ont.

Rev. Dr. Farrington, O. C. C., writes us that last month was a notable one in Ireland. He says: "The corner stone of the new wing of our Carmelite College at Terenure, County of Dublin, was laid by our very Reverend Father Provincial. This college has an existence of thirty-three years, and has been powerful in promoting education. Many of its alumni have become priests or joined the learned professions, which they have adorned by their genius, learning and goodness." "Floreat!" says the Reverend Doctor, and so says The Carmelite Review.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, JULY, 1893. NO. 7.

"HONOR our Lady's chosen livery" is the practical advice this month to the members of the Sacred Heart League. It will be a practice certain of much reward from our Lady of the Scapular.

THE latest Roman news says that Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli has taken under his protection several religious congregations. His Eminence has likewise, since the death of Cardinal Simeoni, been the Protector of the whole order of Mount Carmel.

THE intention this month for the League of the Sacred Heart is to pray for vocations to the vineyard of the Lord Our Lady's garden is likewise in need of many laborers, therefore pray that our holy order may be successful in increasing its membership.

THE letter of the Holy Father promulgated last year on the Feast of St. Simon Stock, which appears in this number, needs no explanation. May every client of Our Blessed Lady fully partake of this great and latest spiritual favor granted to our order by the present gloriously reigning Vicar of the Son of our holy Mother.

THE Solemn Commemoration of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, the great Feast dear to every Carmelite, which is celebrated on the sixteenth day of this month, is an occasion of much interest to the whole Church, for, as an esteemed contemporary, quoted elsewhere, remarks, "it may be safely said that after the Catholic Church, the Confraternity of our Lady of Mount Carmel is the *largest society in the world.*"

THIS is the month of the Precious Blood. It is a custom introduced by the holy Carmelite nun, St. Mary Magdalene de Pazzi, to offer the Precious Blood to the Eternal Father for all the needs of holy church and of each of its members. Let us honor the most Precious Blood of Jesus and daily salute it saying:

"Hail Jesus, hail! who for my sake
Sweet Blood from Mary's vein did'st take,
And shed it all for me"

OF old the Mahomedans gained converts by the sword. Now they find the pen more powerful. The new organ which appeared of late tries to show that Islamism is the cure-all for every evil, and that it is to be the universal religion. But not here. There is no room for the crescent, since the cross has long since been planted by Columbus and the foul plant of Islam shall never pollute the soil dedicated to our Immaculate Mother who has crushed the head of one serpent, and is still able to destroy this more hideous than dangerous monster.

ON the Feast of the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin on July 2nd, there will take place in London a most imposing ceremony, at which the entire country of England will be solemnly dedicated to Saint Peter. Cardinal Vaughan, many bishops and heads of religious orders, will be present. May the prince of the apostles, by his intercession, bring back that land to the true fold, and may its total conversion be one of the

events in the reign of the great pontiff who at present sits in Peter's Chair. And may the favored son of our Lady of the Scapular, St. Simon Stock, help to obtain this grace for his countrymen.

——

THE descendant of Columbus, of late the guest of the country, has been at Niagara Falls. The great cataract, consecrated to our Lady of Peace, must have suggested many thoughts to His Grace. The great battle his immortal ancestor fought with the raging waters doubtless occurred to him. Be his thoughts what they may, the words we heard from him were few, but at the same time indicative of the Spaniard's love for Mary. "I thank you for this reception tendered to me," said the Duke "and in return I beg for you the protection of your Patroness."

POSTSCRIPTS.

PAPAL Benediction will be given in all our churches on July 16th.

CORPUS CHRISTI was celebrated with unusual *eclat* at Falls View this year.

THE Novena in preparation for the Feast of the Scapular commences on the 7th instant.

THERE will be a ceremony of Reception and Profession in the Third Order here on July 16th.

THE Princess Eulalie, the Spanish Infanta, enjoyed all the sights at Niagara Falls on June 15.

THE Feast of our Lady of Peace occurs on the 9th inst. It is the titular Feast of our little shrine here.

ELECTRIC cars now run in close proximity to our monastery. The scenery along the route is unsurpassable.

THE beatification of Father John of Avila, St. Teresa's confessor, is mentioned as one of the coming events in Rome.

THE cut of Pope Leo XIII, appearing on the first page, was kindly lent us by the Reverend editor of *St. Joseph's Annals*, West Depere, Wisconsin.

"RETREATS for the laity and where to make them" has received elaborate treatment of late in some of the Catholic weeklies. Our Hospice is mentioned among others.

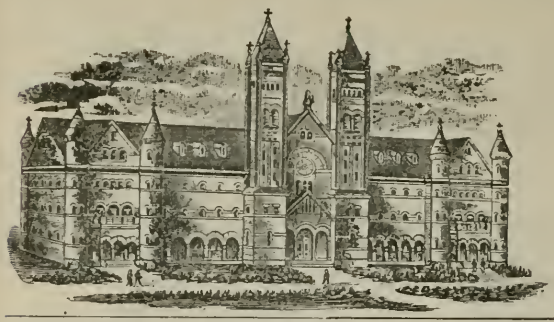
THE early Catholic Canadian Missions have been ably treated in the *Catholic World* by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. No writer is better fitted to treat such a beautiful subject.

THE M. C. R. train which stops at Falls View, leaves Buffalo every morning (Sundays included) at 6:50. This might be a useful memorandum to those wishing to be present at the Scapular celebration.

IT is sometimes amusing to see how some letters sent to us are addressed. FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO, is our post-office. There is no more necessity of writing "North America" than there is of writing our longitude and latitude, or of putting down Lot No. 174 as the place where our Monastery is located.

ONE of *Puck's* latest jokes was that the boy or girl who was known for certain to have read the juvenile department of a paper was eagerly sought after by museum managers as a freak. This might hold good of non-Catholic publications but it is the experience of Catholic editors that children take an interest in *their* part of the paper. The little ones appreciate the "Children's Corner" in our REVIEW, and the child that does not read it is a freak.

NEVER ask for any thing unusual either as regards diet or apparel, excepting there be some great necessity for it. Never cease from humiliating yourself in all things, even to the latest moment of your life.—*St. Teresa.*



THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C., Falls View, Ontario.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "The Monastery of Mount Carmel, at Niagara Falls, Ontario." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

NOTES.

Although the contributions for the Hospice have not ceased to pour in, we beg to remind our friends that much help is yet needed, and trust that their zeal for this pious undertaking will not grow cold.

* * *

In the meanwhile all the preliminaries for the work are being rapidly pushed ahead. Our architect has just completed the specifications, and little remains now to be done in order to commence building.

* * *

In the last number of The Review we begged the prayers of our many friends for the speedy restoration to health of our Father Prior, the Rev. A. J. Kreidt. It is now a pleasure to announce that he is being greatly benefited by the well-earned rest which he is at present enjoying. On his return home his first duty will be to thank our benefactors for their continual favors, and secondly to hasten the work of the Hospice.

* * *

There is no doubt that many of the clients of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel will visit our small church here on the 16th instant in order to participate in the rich indulgences bestowed on it by our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII. Some will doubtless be disagreeably surprised at finding so impoverished a looking building, but let them remember that if insignificant in a worldly way, it is rich in spiritual benefits to the devout worshipper.

* * *

Although it is intended to make The Review an organ of interest to all devout lovers of Carmel throughout the continent, our readers well know that this little periodical came into existence as an aid to the Hospice undertaking. Therefore, it may not be out of place under this department to make a few remarks to our readers regarding the magazine. Small as it is, and in our mind yet far distant from our ideal, it has met with nothing but kind words and encouragement. Having lived the first six months of its infancy, it is not altogether inopportune if we thank the many patrons of this small literary venture of ours. May our dear Mother graciously reward all those kind friends who have contributed to the pages of The Review and sent in subscriptions.

* * *

Another point of practical interest to us is the fact that we have been fortunate in securing the services of a lady who will act as the representative of The Carmelite Review. She will be empowered to transact everything of a business nature connected with our magazine and things pertaining to the Hospice. In a few days this new agent of ours will start on her visit to our many friends in the United States and Canada. We shall consider all kindnesses shown to her as if done to ourselves.

Philip A. Best, O. C. C.

ST. ELIAS.

Prophet of Carmel, Founder of Monasticism.

For the Carmelite Review.

When the skies are blue and cloudless,
And the birds sing glad and free ;
And the streamlets leap in sunshine,
From Mount Carmel to the sea.
Where the waving branches shimmer,
In the woodtide's golden rays ;
In his fragrant greenwood cloister,
Great Elias kneels and prays.

CHORUS.

Mighty Prophet—Carmel's Father,
Pray thy children's aim may be,
On the hill of prayer and penance,
To attain thy sanctity !

In the world below there's darkness,
Sin and treason stalk abroad ;
And the faithless race of Israel
Has forgot its fathers' God.
But the fearless Prophet bearing,
All the powers of earth that be,
Keeps the torch of truth still shining
On the Altar o'er the sea.—CHO.

When amid the groves of Carmel,
In imploring faith he bends,
Lo ! the gates of Heaven open,
And the saving rain descends ;
And the idols crushed and fallen,
Lie around him on the sod ;
For his prayers, a potent sceptre
Waving o'er the heart of God !—CHO.

Holy Father, Saint and Founder,
From that mystic land of calm,
Where thy fiery heat is waiting
For its crimson crown a palm !
Where the ear of God is listening,
To thy lightest, lowest tone,
Even lift thy potent pleading,
For the Mount that is thine own.—CHO.

Watch thy loved and chosen Order,
Bid it keep the Eagle's flight,
'Till the day when thou shalt meet it,
Living still, and young and bright.
'Till the day when thou shalt lead it
To its heavenly throne above,
Mantled in thy zeal and fervor,
Crowned with Teresa's love !—CHO.

Prayer to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

[*By a decree of January 16, 1886, His Holiness Leo XIII, granted an indulgence of 200 days to all the faithful who would recite, with a contrite heart, the following prayer.*]

O BLESSED and Immaculate Virgin Mary, resplendent honor and glory of Carmel, thou who dost deign to regard with special bounty those who are clothed with thy holy Scapular, cast upon me a look of tender kindness, and cover me with the mantle of thy protection. Strengthen my weakness by thy power, enlighten by thy wisdom the darkness of my mind. Augment in me faith, hope and charity; clothe my soul with such graces and virtues as will render it always pleasing to thy Divine Son and to thee. Assist me, help me, during life and console me at the hour of death. Be near me in that supreme moment and present me to the most Holy Trinity as thy child and thy faithful servant, that I may be admitted to praise and bless God with thee eternally in Heaven. Amen.

AVE MARIA and GLORIA PATRI, *3 times.*

Scapular Notes.

NAMES for registration have been received at Falls View from :

1—Rev. Redemptorist Fathers, Toronto, Ont.
2—Ellicottville N. Y.
3—Amherstburg, N. Y., and
4—Walkerville, Ont.

We beg to inform an inquirer that after April 27, 1897 the Brown Scapular cannot be given as part of the five Scapulars. It must after that date be given separately according to a decree of the Holy See.

Regina Decor Carmeli.*

There's a mountain sloping seaward,
Where the fountains ever sing,
And the flowers are ever blooming
With the glory of the spring.
Where the sunshine ever lingers
And a solemn sweetness broods,
Like the calm of Heaven mirrored
In its balmy solitudes!

There's a hill of olden story,
Set in Israel like a star,
Framed in glories grand, immortal,
Of the mystic days afar!
Tomb of martyrs, pilgrim's altar,
Then as now, the cloister fair,
The heights of hidden holocaust,
The home of love and prayer.

Shrine of Seer, of Saint and Poet,
Where the Prophet dreamed of old
Of the wondrous Maiden Mother,
Of her power and grace untold.
Where her form in vision splendor
Rose upon its chancels green,
And Mount Carmel thrilled in homage
To its beauty and its Queen.

Throne of Mary—through the ages
Watching still the orient sea,
Till at length the star of morning
Rose in glory over thee—
Till at length the Prophet's vision
Trod thy paths, a maiden fair,
And the gentle Boy of Nazareth
Blessed his Mother's realm of prayer.

Till at length the Cross was planted
On thy fairest, highest crest,
And the church went on — a warrior
To the combats of the west;
Till the Mother Maid was gathered,
Like a lily from the green,
And the royal crown of Carmel,
Bound the brow of Heaven's Queen.

Queen of Carmel — waves thy sceptre
O'er a great and chosen band,
From Elias, grand, majestic,
With the flame-sword in his hand,
And such hosts for Jesus falling
That the orient reading runs,
"Countless as the stars of Heaven,
Are Mount Carmel's Martyr-sons'."

O'er the Saints and doctors thronging
From their shrine above the sea,
Singing o'er the earth the praises
Of Regina Carmeli.
To that wondrous legion baring
Once again the Prophet's steel,
Kindling all its ancient fires
In the Carmel of Castile!

As the eagle, brighter, bolder,
In its youth renewed again,
Rose the hill of Mary's queendom
In the gallant land of Spain!
And the chivalry of the nation,
And its beauty, and its pride,
To the cloisters of Avila
Thronged to Jesus crucified!

Waked again the mystic lyre,
Neath the wondering southern skies;
Pressed again the fiery spirits
Up the Mount of Sacrifice;
Led by her — the heavenward beacon,
Lent awhile by God to man —
Great Teresa, soul of Seraph,
Of the burning heart and pen.

Wondrous Saint and truest woman,
Standing on the mystic height,
With thy dark eyes raised in longing
To the coming Land of Light.
On thy raptured brow the dawning
Of thy glory looming nigh;
On thy lips the constant murmuring,
"Lord to suffer, or to die!"

Science, sanctity and genius,
In thy deathless fame combine;
E'en the world must pay its homage
To a spirit-might like thine.
But thy fairest crown, Teresa,
Are the children given to thee,
Lily-mantled legions pressing
In thy steps of sanctity!

* * * * * * * *

There's a realm that rose in beauty,
From the heart of ev'ry land,
On the north and southern shores
On the dewless Afric sand.
Now in peace and prayerful splendor,
Now in suffering that must be,
Shedding o'er the world stray glimpses
Of the "Decor Carmeli!"

But no brighter jewel glittered
In that ancient crown, I ween,
Than where Albion's smiling valleys
Made the dower of Carmel's Queen;
Where her shrines were fair and countless
And her cloisters gemmed the land,

*Queen and Ornament of Carmel.

Like a wreath of graces woven
By her gracious Mother-hand.

Where her dearest gift was given
To the 'raptured Saint of old ;†
When with angels thronging round her
In the sunset's shimmering gold—
Mary rose upon his vision
(Sweetest glimpse of Heaven above)
And rejoiced the heart of Carmel
With her wondrous pledge of love !

Where a nation knelt in homage
At her grandest, oldest shrine,
And the sombre badge of Carmel
Was its ever cherished sign,
Old and young revered it fondly,
And the dying died so brave,
For that pledge of Mary's comfort
Would go with them to the grave.

And to-day when sin and sorrow,
Like an awful tempest hour,
Seem to banish from the Heavens
Of Our Lady's Island dower,
Wakes again the old devotion
With the strength and love of yore,
And the heart of England blesses
Mary's Scapular once more !

Once again the sovereign's praises
Thro' her prayerful realms ring ;
As the mystic mountain blossoms
In the nation's "Second Spring !"—
As again—Oh blessed be Mary !
Carmel's cloisters deck the land,
From *St. Cuthbert's faithful Durham*
To *Columbia's* western strand.

Then, float on immortal standard,
Glowing shield of white and brown ;
Crown and stars, and sword of fire,
Under Mary's royal crown ;‡
Float on—till Heaven's glory
Floods the brown in golden sheen,
And the court of Carmel clusters
Round the footstool of its Queen !

†St. Simon Stock.
‡Arms of the Order of Mount Carmel.

"UNFORTUNATELY there are many who are willing to overlook the great good a paper may be doing, but who are quick to point out some slight error which can easily be remedied. The man who enters the Catholic editorial chair and is afraid to risk an occasional blunder, has mistaken his calling and is of little use in the battle of truth."—CARDINAL GIBBONS.

THE FEAST OF THE SCAPULAR.

For The Carmelite Review.

IT is customary among the rulers of nations to decorate deserving subjects, by granting them a cross, a medal or a ribbon, that are to be worn over the heart, and confer upon the wearer a distinction not only in the eyes of their less fortunate fellow men, but also in the eyes of the decorating prince. The church likewise decorates eminent men in her service, giving them the title of Doctor, Monsignor etc., and attaches special privileges to their distinctions. All this is but an imitation of what God himself does. He distinguishes his saints by the gift of miracles, prophecy, the stigmata, etc. As the mother of God is always "leaning upon her beloved," we need not be astonished that Mary also grants to her favorites distinctions and privileges, and of all the favors shown by the Blessed Virgin to her devotees, there is none greater in distinction and in privilege than the Brown Scapular.

Let the Queen of Carmel herself prove this assertion: "Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire ; behold the sign of salvation, a safe-guard in danger, a covenant of peace and everlasting alliance." Thus the Blessed Virgin spoke to St. Simon Stock on the 16th of July, 1251, as she handed to him the Brown Scapular.

I called the Scapular a distinction, and our Holy Mother designates it "a sign of my confraternity." It is precisely this confraternity, this everlasting alliance, which constitutes the distinction. How are people envied by the world, who rising from humble beginnings, become allied by position or marriage to the first and most influential families of the country, how proud do they feel at their elevation. Yet such

distinctions are as nothing when compared to the relationship with the Mother of God, the Queen of Heaven. And whilst all worldly alliances sooner or later are severed by death or other causes, this alliance, according to the words of Mary herself, is "everlasting" on her side, so that it will or can be broken only by ourselves. Mary granted many different favors, wrought uncounted miracles, extended her protection and intercession to millions, but only the Scapular does she constitute a sign of her confraternity, conferring on the wearer the proud title of a brother of hers. Only the Scapular is to be a covenant of everlasting alliance, a badge and pledge of a contract between her and us. Can a higher distinction be given?

I called the Scapular a *privilege*. Read the words of Mary, and you will see that she grants to it, first, protection, in perils of body and soul, "a safe-guard in danger," and second, a happy death; "a sign of salvation, a covenant of peace, freedom from eternal fire." What privilege could possibly be more valuable than this? The great power and influence exerted in our behalf in temporal and spiritual necessities during life and her inestimable interposition in the moment of death, which decides an eternity.

Let me relate here two instances that came under my personal observation, which prove that Mary still holds to her covenant. A woman whom I had invested in the Scapular fell into the Danube when the river was swollen beyond bounds and was rapidly carried towards a mill-race where an instantaneous death seemed inevitable. Whilst alternately cast up or drawn under by the turbulent waves, she invoked the "safe-guard in danger" and all at once found herself cast on shore in close proximity to the mill-race. She ascribes her salvation exclusively to the Scapular.

A young man in a congregation attended by our fathers in the United States lay at the point of death. He had neglected his religion in life and refused its consolation in death, refused even to speak a word to the priest. The latter having exhausted every argument invested him with the Scapular, and within fifteen minutes the young man spoke, received the sacraments in very good disposition, and an hour after he died—Mary had saved him.

Besides the privileges enumerated, there is a third and valuable one granted by Mary herself in the "Sabbatine privilege." And if among the religious or brethren of the Confraternity who depart out of this life there shall be any who for their sins have been cast into purgatory, "I, their glorious Mother, will descend on the Saturday after their death, I will deliver those whom I shall find in purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life" Pope John XXII promulgated this privilege, adding "I accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth as Jesus Christ, by reason of the merits of His glorious Mother, has conceded it in heaven." Truly such an alliance is "everlasting."

The Church on its side not only stamped with its official approbation and promulgation the favors extended by Mary but also opened its own treasure house, enriching the Scapular with indulgences. It would bring me beyond the space allotted for this article were I to enter into details. Let them be reserved to future articles. Allow me only to direct attention here to the latest favor shown to the Scapular by our gloriously reigning Pontiff, Leo XIII, in a brief, dated May 16th, 1892. The holy father there says: "In order that the devotion and piety of the faithful towards the Blessed Virgin of Carmel may grow and bring forth abundant and wholesome fruit, We, yielding to the pious petition of our beloved son, Aloysius M. Galli, General of the Order of the Blessed Virgin of Mount

Carmel of the Old Observance, have resolved to enrich the Carmelite churches by a special privilege. Therefore, through the mercy of Almighty God and the holy Apostles, Peter and Paul, relying in His authority, we grant a plenary indulgence to all the faithful of either sex, who after worthily receiving the sacraments of Penance and holy Eucharist, shall visit a church or chapel of the Order of Carmel, calced or discalced, of monks or nuns, between the first vespers and the sunset of the 16th of July, the day on which the festival of the Blessed Virgin of Mount Carmel is celebrated, and shall there devoutly pray for union among the christian princes, the extirpation of heresy, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of Holy Mother church, *as often as they do so.* We also grant mercifully in the Lord, that these indulgences be applied to the souls in purgatory, who left this world joined in love to God—notwithstanding, etc."

Hence, the 16th of July now shares the famous privilege of the Portiuncula. Any one living within proper distance of a Carmelite Monastery or Convent may gain from the afternoon of July 15 to sunset of July 16 as many plenary indulgences as he wishes, and I only hope that a great many people will avail themselves of the privilege.

In conclusion let me say that the Scapular is a privilege also on account of the easy conditions on which its blessings are secured since the general obligations of the wearers of the Scapular (exclusive of the Sabbatine privilege) are only, first, that they may be invested by a priest having the power. Second, that they always wear the Scapular in the proper way, one tablet on the breast the other on the back, and, third, that their names be registered in a Carmelite monastery. For those who wish to enjoy the third privilege, it is moreover required that they, first, observe chastity according to their state of life, second, that they recite daily the little office of the Blessed Virgin, or if unable to read, that they instead abstain from flesh meat every Wednesday and Saturday. And even this may be commuted by those having the power. The indulgences of the church are common and accessible to all

May abundant temporal and spiritual blessings follow the wearing of the Scapular in future as they have followed it hitherto.

PIUS. R. MAYER, O. C. C.

The Church's Treasury Opened on Behalf of the Carmelites.

THERE are few Catholics who do not wear the Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. It may safely be said that, after the Catholic Church, the confraternity of Our Lady of Mount Carmel is the largest society in the world. The obligations are so easy—in fact they do not go beyond wearing the Scapular and leading a Christian life, and the promises are so great—" Whosoever shall die vested with this Scapular shall be preserved from eternal fire!" These were the words of Our Blessed Lady herself when giving the holy habit to St. Simon Stock, General of the Carmelite Order, an Englishman. It would be impossible to calculate the number of people who, during the last six centuries, have sought the protection of Our Lady of Mount Carmel in order to secure for themselves the grace of a good death. No other devotion can rival with that one, whether with regard to its popularity, its extension, or its assurance. If, then, the faithful have fully understood the importance of the confraternity, the Church, on her side, has done everything to spread it far and wide. The Popes in particular have opened the treasures of the Church on behalf of the members of the confraternity by granting to them indulgences, plenary and particular, the list of which would be too long to insert here. Besides these indulgences, which are reserved to those who wear the Scapular, there are a

great many others attached to the Carmelite churches, and which can be gained by all the faithful, whether they be members of the confraternity or not. No Pope, however, has done so much in this respect as our present Holy Father, who, by a brief, has taken quite an unprecedented step. His Holiness has been pleased to grant to all the faithful a plenary indulgence, applicable to the souls in purgatory, as often as they visit a Carmelite church from the first vespers of the feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel until the sunset of the day itself—i.e., from about 3 p.m. on July 15th till 8 p.m. on July 16th in each year. The conditions to be fulfilled are the following:—To be truly penitent for one's sins and to have received the Sacraments of Penance and of the Blessed Eucharist, to pray according to the intentions of the Holy Father for peace among Christian princes, the extirpation of heresies, the conversion of sinners and the exaltation of our holy Mother the Church. — *Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph.*

OUR SAINTS IN JULY.

BLESSED JOHN SORETH

Was born at Caen, Normandy, in 1394. He was sent to study in the University of Paris in 1440. He received all the honors of the University. He filled with distinction many offices, as prior, provincial, commissary-general, and finally General of the entire Order. He was profoundly versed in Sacred Scripture, philosophy, theology, and law. His zeal was truly apostolical. His desire for the spread of his Order was the admiration of all. He visited all his provinces and made many changes for the better government of his Order. He established the Third Order and Convents of Nuns. After years of labor in God's service, he died in 1471, saying, "Oh, holy Virgin, Queen of my heart, I wish to behold you. Oh, Jesus, be to me a Saviour." He is the patron of those who suffer from hydrophobia, having cured many of this malady.

BLESSED JOANNA SCOPELLI,

Whose feast occurs on July 11th was born at Reggio, Italy, in 1428, from noble parents. She determined to have no spouse but Jesus Christ and resolved not to leave home till her parents' death. She built a convent and got other ladies to join her, placing it under the rule and care of the Carmelite Fathers of Mantua. She became superior, and was an example to all the religious. She obtained all the graces she asked from God. The demon tempted her dreadfully, but he had no power over her,—by prayer and the sacraments she put him to flight. At the age of sixty-three, finding her end approaching, she received the last sacraments with great fervor; she exhorted her religious to be pious and charitable to each other, and to observe the rule with great exactness, and have a great devotion to the Scapular of Mount Carmel. She died in 1491.

Exchange List.

St. Anthony's Messenger is well worthy of the great Order of St. Francis. The religious bodies are coming to the front in the American Catholic literary world.

The *Le Couteulx Leader* has of late been treating its readers to illustrated articles descriptive of the noble institutions so ably conducted by the good sisters of St. Joseph.

The *Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association Journal* was fortunate in securing an able article from the pen of Miss Martha Murray, of Buffalo, who in beautiful language shows how much good can be done by women desirous of helping their less fortunate sisters.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C. 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

The holidays have come, and I am sure there is general rejoicing in the land of the little people. It is only work that can win the reward of rest, so let us all take it gladly, and get nearer to heaven because of it. Many of you will be going to the mountains to spend your vacation, so let us ask our dear Lady of the Visitation, whose feast comes on July 2nd, to bless our journeys over hill and dale, in memory of her's so long ago, when she "went with haste into the mountains of Judea to visit her cousin St. Elizabeth and remained with her three months." Speaking of the Visitation reminds me of something I want to tell you. You know these are the days of influence. The days when men are looking for favors and seeking large places through friends who can speak a good word for them and so get them what they want. Now heaven is the "big place" we are *all* seeking, and 'tis a very good thing to have some friends up there—at court—to speak a word for us. In February last I talked to you about St. Francis de Sales, the sweet, gentle, loveable Father of the Visitation, the order of Blessed Margaret Mary. Now let me tell you three little instances of his influence. —No, I didn't read them—I saw them. Some one who loves him well has a relic of him—a piece of his flesh—a tiny petrified particle in a little silver case. This relic was placed on the arm of a sick person who had contracted blood poisoning, and who was in great danger of death—and likely to lose her arm even if she lived. The relic was tied around the elbow and the swelling rose no further, but gradually went down and the lady recovered entirely. A dear little boy was quite ill last winter with serious lung trouble, the relic was given him and he was quite delighted with 'the little watch" as he called it and wore it while he was dying as it was thought. Again the dear St. Francis cured the little one and he wanted to have the watch "for keeps"—but no, another larger boy, pupil of a well known New York Catholic school, also wanted it, to wear while he was undergoing an examination for a cadetship at West Point. And what did the Holy Doctor do for him? Brought him out No. 1—ahead of every other boy applicant, even of the College of N. Y. So you see, dear, children that the saints of God are also influential, learn then to love this sweet St. Francis. Read his life. Get his "spirit" written by his friend, the Bishop of Belley, and see how winning he was—yes, and is — but above all, pray to him for a little of his sweetness, which has drawn so many souls to God, and made religion so charming, as well as so consoling. A happy vacation to you all. Don't forget that July is the month of the Precious Blood and each day offer to the Eternal Father the Blood of His divine Son, your brother—think often of that wonderful, that beautiful title, which each of us may claim. The little Infant Jesus, our Brother! What will he not do for us? Ask the Blessed Mother too, to offer that same Precious Blood to the Eternal Father to prevent the commission of one mortal sin each day. Just give your angel guardian some work in adding to do for you, while your arithmetic is tossed up on the top shelf. Leave it there, and live in God's own air all vacation. Be good and then do what you like.

Devotedly,
Carmel's Secretary.

July 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXIX

Name me and you break me.

XXX

Why is a proud woman like a music box?

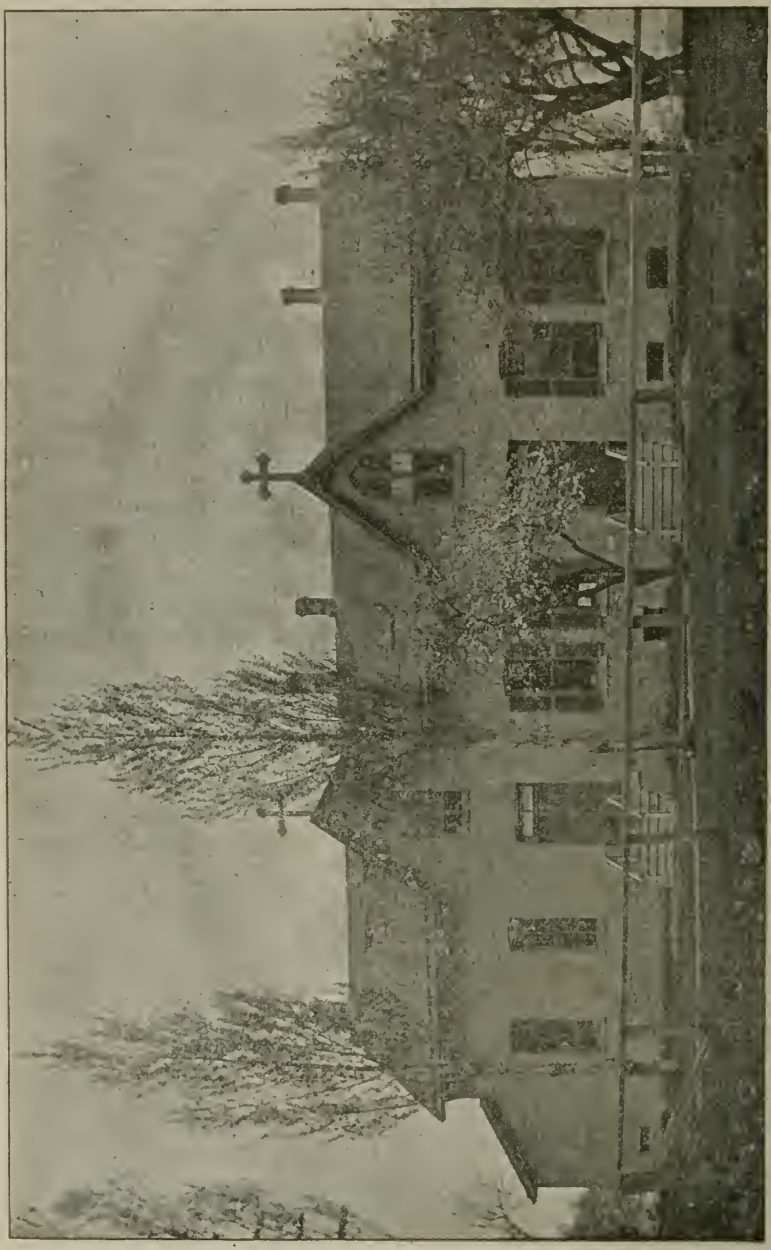
XXXI

Why are teeth like verbs?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXIII—Letter "A", because it changes *her* to *hear*.
XXIV—Because it is hardly done.
XXV—A kite.
XXVI—Swallow.
XXVII—Owl
XXVIII—To-day.

"Sec."



PRESENT MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL AT FALLS VIEW.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., AUGUST, 1893. NO. 8.

TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

For The Carmelite Review.

I fain would sing a sweet new song
Thy loving Heart to greet,
I fain would cull the flow'rets fair,
And lay them at thy feet.

And of the precious virgin-gold
And shining jewels rare,
Would form a royal diadem,
To grace thy forehead fair.

But ah! the heart-strings seem unstrung
And faint the music now,
I cannot place a golden crown
Upon thy queenly brow.

The first flowers fade too soon—
What shall the offerings be
From this poor exiled child of earth
O purest Heart, to thee?

I'll offer all the burning love
Of Jesus' Heart for thine,
And in that golden censer place
The little spark of mine.

And these, O Heart Immaculate,
Shall be my gifts to thee;
Oh! pray thy sweetest Son to grant
His love and thine to me.

—ENFANT DE MARIE.

Dublin.

The Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

For the Carmelite Review.

"By one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death."—Rom. v 12.

THE correlation between sin and death is perfect. Death is but the evolution of sin. It is the unnatural fruit of an unnatural germ. Death was not of the world as God created it in the beginning; neither did sin, the genesis of death, belong of right to the world's moral order and economy. Sin, and death its offspring, "*entered into*" the world as something foreign enters into a system to which it does not naturally belong, as a thief enters into a household, as a poison enters into the blood. And however long the presence of the intruder may last, however great may be the ruin it effects, it always is and remains an alien and a usurper of properties and faculties to which it has no original right. It is in this sense that we hold death to be an unnatural termination of life. When people say that a deceased man "has paid the debt of nature," they use language that is true only of the nature that is, not of the nature that has been and ought to be. For, says St. Augustine, "*aliud est natura, aliud est naturae vitium.*" "Nature is one thing, the vice or defect of nature is quite another thing." "*Propter illud creandum* (Deus) *factor est hominis*; *propter hoc sanandum factus est homo.*" To create the one, viz: human nature as it was in the Divine idea and the creative act — God *became man's maker*,—to heal the other, viz: the defect which nature contracted through sin "*God became man.*" Death therefore being the principal and most direct fruit and penalty of sin is not natural in the proper sense of the word. It is natural to *fallen* man but not to man. It is no part of man's original moral or physical constitution but a result of disorder introduced therein by the voluntary abuse of the faculties bestowed on man in his creation. Death is violent, and whatever is violent is not natural. Death is destruction and separation, and these are not

nature's work. Nature conserves, ratifies, heals and restores.

From all this it is evident that where sin is not, death as a penalty, or malediction, ought not and cannot be, and hence the necessity of according to Mary the right of virtual immortality and of absolute incorruption. Being "full of grace" there was no room for sin of any kind within the precincts of her pure soul. Death, therefore, would have been in her case an injustice had it been marked by its dread accompaniments of anguish, horror and foulness. She could not have been exempted from the momentary separation of soul and body which constitutes the act of dying because God Himself had consecrated that act in His own ending of earthly life. While removing death's sting and overcoming death's victory, He had not abrogated, even in Himself and in Mary, its actual rule. Death existed for Him and for His Divine Mother though sin was absent. But the marks and tokens that assimulated death to its parent sin, that brand it as a curse and a degradation, were not permitted to appear in the separated bodies of the sinless Jesus and Mary. God did not give His holy ones to see corruption.

Mary being sinless in life, and incorrupt in and after death, no judgment awaited her, no lengthened separation of soul and body intervened before her re-union with God. The humanity of Christ already sat in glory at the right hand of the Father. Its completement, so to speak, and completion, in glory as in physical life and being was the humanity of Mary whence it derived. Hence it was meet and right and becoming to the designs and the very order of Christ's resurrection that Mary, His Mother, should join Him at once in His heavenly home. Not only that kindly motherly spirit which the Son knew and loved so well, but the pure body also to which that spirit gave life and which was an integral portion of the sweet being whom He called Mother. No mother were then with Jesus in heaven if only the puré soul of Mary had flown to Him when released. Not to embrace a spiritual essence did He outstretch His Divine arms; not to welcome a detached soul did He open His divine lips and utter the blessed word "Mother" as the gates of Heaven flew open to receive her. No, it was His own real visible, palpable, beloved and loveable Mother in the pure flesh that the Son and all the heavenly host rejoiced to usher inside the blessed portals and seat upon the glowing throne, and crown with the queenly diadem.

"Assumpta est *Maria* (non tantum Mariae *anima*) in coelum gaudent angeli, laudantes benedicunt Dominum."

RICHARD HOWLEY, D.D.

Hymn to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

BY AN IRISH NUN.

Hail, Glorious Queen of Carmel, Hail!
Behold a suppliant at thy feet;
Whose trust in thee shall never fail,
Whose lips shall oft thy name repeat.

Thou seest the sacred badge I wear,
To mark me as thy special child;
By double right I claim thy care;
Oh! keep me ever undefiled.

Thy holy scapular hath been
Thy gift to us, from heaven above,
And in this solemn pledge is seen
A proof of thy maternal love.

How many in that happy land,
Who now in bliss resplendent shine,
How many of that chosen band
Had worn this precious badge of thine.

Their safeguard through life's devious way,
Their shield when unseen foes lurked nigh,
Oh! may it likewise be my stay,
Through life, until my latest sigh.

Blest advocate of sinners all,
Who, in the darkest hour of need,
Shall on thy pitying mercy call,
A refuge sweet art thou to plead.

And yet, thy mother-heart, we know,
With more than wonted tenderness
Regards each client here below
Whose breast this symbol sweet doth bless.

Great queen of Carmel; look with love
On one who fondly claims thy care,
And from thy glorious throne above,
Oh! hear and grant my humble prayer.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

THANK you, said Carmelita with a quiet flush of comprehension, "then I shall go with you, unless grandmamma forbids me to do so. But I had forgotten Father Brady is away, perhaps there will be no Mass."

"A strange priest is to officiate on Sunday," said Mr Rutherford, quickly.

"Ah, you know; have you inquired?" said Carmelita, in surprise.

"Oh, people say I am half a Catholic," said Mr. Rutherford, with an embarassed laugh.

The truth was he had had the idea in his mind of escorting Carmelita to church ever since he had overheard her conversation with the priest, partly because he was sincerely glad to do her this service, and partly because of the pleasure he anticipated for himself in accompanying her.

"On Sunday morning at a quarter past nine I shall be here," said he, rising to take his leave.

"I shall be ready, unless grandmamma objects," said Carmelita.

"I shall come on the chance," he said, quietly.

Carmelita returned his good-bye with a quaint little courtesy, far more fascinating to his fastidious taste than the somewhat boisterous good-fellowship of the girls amongst whom he had grown up, and he went away. Meanwhile Hepzibah was making the following reflections:

"It seems like as if he might be comin' courtin' here, though 'taint no ways likely that Squire Rutherford's son would look at a papist, unless she'd turn with him."

This last idea kept turning itself over and over in her mind, with ever new developments.

"Jest to think of her havin' me set up there, and he comin' to see her. That girl's a simpleton. I guess I'll set things straight one of those days I'll tell her he's the richest young man in this town, and all the girls are ready to jump right down his throat."

Carmelita had to go through a little scene with grandmamma, but Mr. Rutherford was right and Mammon was victorious

"Your mother took up with papists and wandered into evil paths," said the old woman, when the subject of church-going was first broached to her, "and she went away from here with her father's anger and mine upon her. We closed the door upon her and she went away."

Here her voice trembled a little.

"It was May-time, too, and she never came back," (Carmelita's tears began to fall at the pathos of the tone) "and we prayed right here together, the elder and myself," went on the old woman, more sternly, "to keep far from us all the children of the 'Scarlet Woman,' even though they might be our own flesh and blood. And seems as if the prayer was answered for Araminta never came back."

"I have come in her stead," said the clear voice of Carmelita. "I have come as my mother, when dying, said I should do, to be a staff to your hand and a light to your eyes."

"She said that," said the old woman, in an awed voice, while her thin, nerveless hands twisted themselves uneasily upon the coverlet. "From snares and pitfalls deliver us, good Lord."

"Grandmamma," said Carmelita, speaking with a deep earnestness which impressed the old woman in her own despite, "you will not forbid me to go to church on Sunday."

"I would rather see you dead than worshipping in a mass-house," said Mrs. Johnson, with sudden vehemence.

"I should be grieved, indeed, to disobey you," said Carmelita, but now that an opportunity has come for me to go to church I must avail myself of it."

"What opportunity?" asked the old woman quickly.

Mr. Rutherford has offered to show me the way.

"Squire Rutherford's son?"

"I suppose so, but perhaps you will object to my walking so far with a gentleman, if so you might tell Hepzibah."

Carmelita did not at all understand the sudden brightness in the dull face, the gleam in the faded eyes, the note of exultation in the quavering voice

"I haven't no manner of objection to Squire Rutherford's son walking with you. He's a God fearing, upright young man, as folks say."

"He is very kind in offering to show me the way," said Carmelita.

"It seems like as if you'll have to go for this time," said the old woman, "as Squire Rutherford's son is coming to get you."

"I must go if I possibly can," said Carmelita, "because the church commands me to do so."

"Well, don't you mention the subject to me no more," said Mrs. Johnson, thus compromising with her Puritan conscience. The truth was, the glory of having Squire Rutherford's son walking through the town with her grand-daughter in the full light of the Sabbath morning was a triumph so splendid that she almost feared now that Carmelita might hesitate to go, and she quieted certain uneasy scruples that still lurked in her mind with the reflection:

"Perhaps he'll bring her round, if he's set his mind to it. He'll show her better than any of us the abominations of Rome. It would be settin' up against Providence to stop her goin' with him."

Carmelita, pleased with her victory, though unaware of its cause, went down to find Hepzibah, who, although indulging in various horrified exclamations at the thought of Carmelita going to the Papist meeting house, and that with her grandmamma's consent, was nevertheless filled with delight, as her mistress had been at the prospect of Carmelita's triumph.

"I don't believe he ever walked to meetin' with any girl before. He was always looked upon as so high and set up in his ways. And them foreigners has queer notions about religion and ain't like us no how, and so I'll tell the folks, if they say anything."

Here she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from Carmelita, for the latter part of her soliloquy had been unconsciously uttered aloud.

On the Saturday afternoon preceding the memorable Sunday morning Hepzibah pursued Carmelita everywhere. A restless spirit seemed to have taken possession of her. Carmelita, busying herself about the house, threw open now a long disused shutter in some room which she had visited for the first time, or tucked back dull colored curtains, or opened unexpected doors. Hepzibah watched her in wonder and dismay. In the best parlor her despair took the form of words.

"I declare, Carmelita, if you ain't goin' to fade every square inch of carpet that's on these floors, and them rep curtains, why you're crushing them as if they was paper. And you're lettin' in a glare of sun on the best brocade chairs. It seems like as if you hadn't no care for anything."

"I want to warm the house, it's so cold," said Carmelita, as she had already said innumerable times since her arrival.

"Cold, indeed," repeated Hepzibah in disgust, "but you don't care nothin' about the dust from the highway blowin' right in here."

"But the smell of the flowers and the songs of the birds and the lovely May air come in too," said Carmelita, "and all the

mould and rust of those long years go out. Those years when only the dead were here. Was it not so, Hepzibah?

"Good Lord, no," said Hepzibah, "I defy anyone to say that ever spook or sperrit of any sort was seen round here.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE BLESSED VIRGIN AND JAPAN.

BELOW is an extract from a long letter sent to THE CARMELITE REVIEW:

"In 1847, when Japan was seemingly as unapproachable as ever, Pope Pius IX, by an inspiration from heaven, declared the Holy Virgin principal patroness of the whole Japanese Empire, under the title of Her Most Holy Heart.

At length, in 1854 the year in which the same Sovereign Pontiff proclaimed the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, Japan, after having been so long secluded, was opened again to foreigners and preachers of the gospel.

But all was not yet done. The Protestant ministers installed themselves first. The offspring of the ancient Christians came to see them hiddenly—for they were still under the ban of persecution—hoping to meet in them the successors of those who converted and taught their ancestors. Alas! they did not find *Santa Maria*, and returned disconsolate.

Soon after a Catholic church was also raised. It was finished in Feb., 1865, and dedicated to the twenty-six Japanese martyrs canonized in 1862. In that church an altar was built to Our Lady, and above that altar was put the statue of that august Mother holding her child in her arms.

As soon as the church was opened to the public, there was every day a great flow of visitors. The descendants of the martyrs were in the presence of *Santa Maria*. They had found again the priests of the olden days. On the 17th of March they revealed themselves to one of them—Father Petitjean—who, the next year, was appointed by the Holy See to rule them, with the title of Bishop of Myriophyta and Apostolic Vicar for all Japan.

Some time afterwards Pius IX, in order to perpetuate the memory of the benefactions of Mary towards this country, established in her honor a special holiday, which he fixed on the 17th of March of each year. We call it the feast of the discovery of the Christians or simply the feast of Our Lady of Japan. The same Sovereign Pontiff attached indulgences to the invocation 'Our Lady of Japan, Mary conceived without sin, pray for us.'"

An Incident of the Scapular.

A SHORT time since a young man was preparing to go on a fishing excursion. While dressing, he thought he would leave off his scapulars, as the cord was considerably frayed. He mentioned the fact to his sister. She expostulated with him, and after a good deal of persuasion, induced him to wear the scapulars. During the day the boat in which were the young man and his companion capsized. The companion could swim, but the other could not. The first named said he would bring him safe to shore. He took a cramp, however, and went down to rise no more. Our young man was rescued after going down once or twice. When he was brought to shore and his clothing removed, it was found that although his apparel was soaked through and through, the scapulars were perfectly dry. This was noted, not by Catholics, but by Protestant rescuers. It is safe to say our young man will never think of leaving off the scapular again.

WOE to him who neglects prayer! His life shall be worthless as a tree destitute of sap, and his actions shall fall to the ground as withered, discolored leaves.—ST CHARLES.

Irish Correspondence.

Editor Carmelite Review:

OUR colleges and schools are about closing for the summer vacation. Terenure college closed on June 21st and the Carmelite Academy will soon follow suit. This latter school deserves more than a passing notice. It has been in existence for over forty years and has done a great deal for the cause of education. Hundreds of its pupils have entered ecclesiastical and commercial professions. In all their callings they have distinguished themselves and been a credit to their *Alma Mater*. Let me mention one, viz., Dr. Dillon, who, perhaps, is one of the greatest linguists in Europe. He was born in Dublin, in 1854, where he commenced and continued his studies in the Carmelite Academy until he went abroad. He first entered the University of Paris, where he attended the lectures of St. Rene, Taillander, Miller and others. He likewise assisted at the lectures of Renan in Hebrew and Carthaginian Inscriptions and matters purely scientific. After this he went to Innsbruck, where he studied philosophy and Oriental languages. His professors at that university were the Jesuit Fathers Hurter, Grisar and Wenig. The latter taught him Arabic and Samaritan, Brickell Greek and Gulg Sanscrit. Dr. Dillon afterwards went to Leipzig to study philology under the famous Curtius, Roman Antiquities under Prof. Lange, Zend under Huebschmann, Sanscrit under Brockhaus, Modern Persian under Fleischer, under Wundt for Anthropology and under Leskien for the ancient Slavic and Servian languages. Before leaving Innsbruck, Dr. Dillon passed the *Staats-Examen* in Hebrew, and received a government certificate which certified that he had passed with the highest honors.

After leaving Leipzig he went to Tuebingen, where he studied the Vedas in Sanscrit under Professor Roth, the Scandanavian Eddas under Von Keller, Firdousi, in modern Persian, under Socin and the Koran. In the University of Louvain he studied the same subjects, also the Zende Avesta, and the doctrines and practices of the Zoroastian religion under Monsignor de Harlez, the famous Oriental scholar of that seat of learning.

After having studied there for some time he passed a public examination, both oral and written, in Sanscrit, Zend, ancient and modern Persian, Pepleri and Oriental history, and having defended a dissertation in the Zend or ancient Bactrian language, or as it is now called ancient Median, the degree of doctor of philosophy was conferred on him by the faculty of Louvain.

In 1878 he went to the University of St. Petersburg to study Russian, and after a time he stood an examination in Oriental languages for the degree of magister and obtained it. Not satisfied with this, he went to the University of Khorkoff, and entered the philosophical faculty, passed an examination in Russian and received the degree of Magister of Philosophy. He was then appointed a professor in Oriental languages and comparative philology in the University of Khorkoff. He next stood for the degree of doctor of Oriental languages and defended a dissertation in Russian, on the nature and place occupied by ancient Armenian language in the family of Aryan languages. He received the degree and the golden badge, which carried with it the rank of a Russian noble.

In 1887 he was unanimously elected a member of the Armenian academy of sciences, which has its headquarters at Venice, an honor of which no other non-Armenian had attained. He is now professor of Oriental languages in the University of Khorkoff, having refused a chair in several universities.

His writings in most European languages are very numerous and upon almost all literary subjects. Though far away from dear old Dublin, his native place, he is passionately fond of the old land. He is a devout and fervent Catholic and a strict member of the Carmelite Confraternity, and is deeply attached to his former teachers of the Carmelite Academy, to which he is a credit.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.,

Dublin, July 4, 1893.

OUR ORDER IN TURKEY

An interesting letter by a non-Catholic, written from the U. S. Consulate in Bagdad, has been lately sent to this country. Since it contains something of interest to lovers of Carmel we give a few extracts :—

"The faithful carriers of the cross into Mesopotamia and adjacent regions have severe trials to undergo and dangers to brave. Untold discomforts they have had, and still have, to endure, in order to escape massacre at the hands of fanatical mobs ; they have repeatedly been obliged to flee the country in disguise, and not a few of them have fallen victims to the plague, cholera, and other pestilential diseases ; yet they have struggled on incessantly, overcoming one obstacle after another, until their labors have borne fruit, for the church is now firmly established : Catholic schools are flourishing. More than two hundred indigent sick (Mohammedans, Jews and Christians) are being treated daily, *free*, at the dispensary of the Carmelite Fathers ; the old and infirm, as well as orphans, are being cared for in special institutions, and monks and nuns may now walk the streets of Bagdad with perfect security at all hours."

"The pioneer missionaries to enter these regions were the Carmelites, who established themselves at Isphah in 1604 ; and in 1623 they came to Bassorah, where the mission was afterwards kept up uninterruptedly, notwithstanding persecutions, pestilence and other perils, until 1840, when the last missionary residing there, Father Alfonse, left for Bagdad. In 1881, however, the church at Bassorah was rebuilt by the Rev. Father Marie Joseph, Prefect of the Carmelite Mission at Bagdad."

"The Carmelites settled here permanently in 1721. The first bishop residing here was Emmanuel Baillet, a physician, who, having treated the Wali Achme Pasha, obtained permission from him to build a little chapel in 1731."

"Before the advent of the Franciscan and the Carmelites, the only Christian churches in Bagdad were the Orthodox Armenian and the Nestorian ; the latter exists no longer here. During the present century, however, the Eastern churches have multiplied, and besides the old Armenian, which remains schismatic, we have the New Armenian, Chaldean and Syrian Churches, all avowing allegiance to the Holy Father in Rome. There are at present between four and five thousand Catholics here, of whom only some two or three hundred belong to the Latin Church, which, however, is gaining great influence through her schools, where a thousand youths are receiving an excellent, both intellectual and moral, education."

"In the school, of which Father Polycarp is director, there are at present about three hundred boys. These are taught the ordinary school branches, besides Arabic and French, Turkish and English being optional. One of the former pupils in this school, Father Augustin, is now a Dominican priest and secretary to his Grace, Monseigneur Henry Altmayer, Archbishop of Bagdad, and Delegate Apostolic to Mesopotamia, Armenia and Khurdistan. Other ex-pupils are preparing for the priesthood in France, one of them having finished his studies and received orders as a Carmelite monk. Father Anastasius is now on his way to Bagdad to rejoin his former teachers. He is to be a teacher of Arabic in the schools."

Though the divinely ordained means of bringing truth to the minds of men is the ministry of oral teaching, yet the press is another way, vouchsafed in these latter centuries by Providence, not less universal and scarcely less potent. It has perhaps this advantage over the pulpit, that the journalist addresses a wider audience than the priest, and through the printed word reaches thousands who seldom or never come within sound of the spoken word. Moreover the press speaks a language always accommodated to the mind of the day ; subject matter and place do not impose on it the restraints that hedge in the pulpit ; yet the preacher, too, with all respect for the divine truth he handles, may speak to the living century so as to be understood.—*Mgr. Satolli.*

In the blessed Virgin Mary the slave finds his ransom, the infirm his health, the afflicted his consolation, and the sinner his pardon—St. Germanus.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, AUGUST, 1893. NO. 8.

PRAY for the Holy Father on the 20th. It is his Names-Day—Feast of St. Joachim.

IN the next number of THE REVIEW Rev. Father Kreidt will again address the benefactors of the Hospice.

Do not forget your prayers during vacation. The recitation of the beads never tires. On the contrary, it refreshes the devout soul.

ANOTHER cure through the intercession of our Blessed Lady is reported at Roxbury, Mass. Thus is Mary in all places and at all times ever ready to help all who trust in her.

AN interesting feature of THE REVIEW this month will be found in the department devoted to the Brown Scapular. Any of our readers desirous of information on the subject are free to send in their queries.

A TRUE idea of future happiness is brought home to our minds in contemplating the glorious mystery of the Transfiguration. With this thought before us we will place no value on difficulties or labors we can meet with here below. Thabor is our encouragement although Calvary is the road that leads to it.

ONE of our exchanges proposed St. Simon Stock to children as their patron last month. The life of the saint will show the little ones that it profits much when we remember our Mother in the days of our youth.

CARDINAL GIBBONS celebrates the 25th anniversary of his consecration as bishop on the 16th of this month. We join in congratulating the beloved prelate, and hope that His Eminence may yet adorn the American hierarchy for many a year.

THE Feast of the Dedication of all Carmelite churches occurs on the last day of this month. These churches are scattered to the different points of the compass. You will find them in far off Norway, in tropical Brazil, in distant India and on the prairies beyond the Mississippi.

THERE is many a hard-worked son of toil who knows not the meaning of a vacation, —many a bread-winner who earns his pittance in the sweat of his brow without intermission. For these too there is encouragement which is seen in the light radiating from the Mount of Transfiguration and from the opening made in the clouds on high when Mary went to receive her crown on the day of her Assumption.

THE Feast of some great founders of religious Orders occur this month. What thoughts are not awakened by the name of the Augustines, the Dominics the Bernards and Ligouris, all great servants of Mary! They have left the earth but the work they inaugurated still goes on. Their lives teach us that one individual has within him the power of influencing the lives of more than those of his own immediate circle.

THE holidays are here and many a brain-worker is enjoying a well-earned rest. But these days soon pass away and work must be again renewed. Just so with all earthly things. They are too short. Thoughtful Mother Church places on the mid-summer calendar our Lady's Feast of the Assumption and thus reminds us of Heaven where we hope to spend the long vacation. Well for us if, when called to rest, we can say with the dying English Cardinal: "I feel like a boy going home for his holidays."

THE Carmelite Saint Albert, whose feast is celebrated on August 7th, during his life was considered the Thaumaturgus (miracle-worker) of Sicily. It is a custom among our Fathers to bless water with the relics of this saint. The number of cures wrought by the application, or drinking, of this water are many. Relics from the body of the saint are still in the possession of most of our convents in this country, including Falls View. We shall be happy to bless this water for all who apply for it at our Monasteries.

ABOUT ten years ago all our houses in this country were placed under the patronage of the most Pure Heart of Mary, and not without fruitful results. Under the tender care of our Mother the order in America has made great material progress. We have now six flourishing convents, including a large seminary and novitiate. A fraternal bond unites all our members into a solid whole. A bright future is in store for the Carmelite Province of the Most Pure Heart of Mary in the United States and Canada.—Floreat!

THE privilege attached to our churches on July 16th is an extraordinary one. A N. Y. daily paper, however, extended the favor by remarking that a Plenary Indulgence could be gained at every visit during the nine days preceding and on the Feast itself.

ADVERTISEMENTS are about to appear inviting tenders for the erection of our Hospice.

To every religious community sending us *five* new subscribers we will send a free copy of THE CARMELITE REVIEW.

THE next number of THE CARMELITE REVIEW may be issued somewhat later than usual. We trust our readers will pardon the delay.

Carmelite Chronicle.

REV. FATHER KREIDT, superior at Falls View monastery, is again at his old post. He is now enjoying the best of health.

REV. FATHER DION BEST, of Falls View Priory, was engaged in missionary work at Troy, N. Y., in the latter part of July.

A SOLEMN ceremony of Profession and Reception into the Third Order of Mount Carmel was held at Falls View on July 16th.

ALL the Carmelite churches were crowded on the Scapular Feast by the faithful who were desirous to share in the Plenary Indulgence.

THE sermon on July 16th in the church of the Scapular, New York City, was preached by Rev. Father Bartley of our Dublin convent.

THE Feast of the Scapular was celebrated with due ceremony at Falls View. Rev. Dr Howley, Missionary Apostolic, delivered the panegyric at Clifton.

REVEREND FATHERS Smits and Kehoe, of Englewood Priory, were in Hamilton, Ont., last month giving retreats for the clergy and divers religious communities.

One of our visitors lost a rosary in the Niagara Falls Park on July 16th. The same can be had if the proper party sends us the address.

Our seminary at New Baltimore was beautifully illuminated on the Scapular-Feast. There was likewise a grand display of fireworks.

Immense crowds flocked to the chapel of the Carmelite convent in Baltimore on July 16th. Rev. Edmund Didier, the chaplain, celebrated High Mass on the occasion.

At the Carmelite Monastery in Boston, Miss Sara Medary, grand-daughter of the famous Governor Medary, of Ohio, took the white veil a few days ago. She is the last of three daughters, all of whom have taken the vows of religion. Her parents are converts.

Petitions, etc.

Prayers are requested for the conversion of four persons. For a special intention. For a priest who is ill.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of Rev. Patrick Kelly, late of St. John's church, New York City, and Elizabeth Frances Donnelly who died July 3 at Brooklyn, N. Y.

FROM BOETHIUS.

For The Carmelite Review.

O Thou! who guidest each great and mighty sphere,
To whom the universe and man adhere;
Who with one single word made all things be:—
Earth, ocean, caves, wind, wood and stormy sea!
On gloomy man, O Heavenly Father! deign
To shed thy ray and clear his cloudy brain
To tranquilize the pious heart 'tis Thine
And cause it with effulgence pure to shine.
To thee we fly, O God! thou art our source,
Beginning, end, life, succour, hope and course.

—John A. Lanigan, M. D.

Throughout the Day.

For the Carmelite Review:

The echoes of the busy street die at the threshold. Within is the all-pervading sense of peace that the poorest Catholic church invariably possesses. This is neither the poorest nor the finest but a large edifice decorated in the most modern fashion, with many incongruities and atrocities of color and proportion.

Here there is neither price less marble nor canvas nor the soul-satisfying harmony of the old world Gothic temple. Scrupulous cleanliness reigns here however, for there is never a morning that the old sacristan is not busy with his perpetual sweeping and dusting. Not a cobweb is permitted to lend the softness of its grey veil to the glaring colors of the brand-new frescoes. The salt that the good old sacristan spreads upon the matting that covers the aisles as he begins his vigorous sweeping, would lend savor to much that is tasteless and vapid in the lives and hearts of the outside world, the world that passes and repasses, hastily or listlessly, along the busy street, giving no thought to the world that draws its vigor from within the walls of the dingy brick edifice given up to that less or greater evil, according as the mind of the non-Catholic American citizen deciding the question, be tolerant or otherwise, the Catholic church.

When the dawn sends its grey light into the church and the grim mass of the darkness fades away into distant shadows and the tall pillars grow more distinctly visible while the lamp of the sanctuary throbs out its starry radiance, the Mass is sung. Few are the worshippers at this early service in the cold and dark winter mornings. Sometimes a later Mass is celebrated and the pews are dotted with kneeling figures, particularly if the solemn chant of the Mass for the dead rises from the sanctuary.

The morning passes. During its course not one hour or half hour there is when the

church is entirely empty. Men and women on their way to their work come in for a moment's prayer. Old men and women, whose ebbing strength can bear the weight of toil no longer, totter feebly up the aisle to the altar where they kneel in the lengthy, unimpassioned prayer of age, or they slowly make the round of the stations.

The sacristan rings the bell for the noonday Angelus and immediately there is the tramp of little feet and the sound of childish voices subdued into reverence as the door swings open and the children run in from school and after a few moments prayer, clatter noislessly out again. Sometimes two or three tiny little girls make the round of the stations hand in hand. Their innocent eyes, of sin and suffering alike unaware, gaze wonderingly at the gaudy pictures which tell the story of the passion. Wondering, they pause before the great mission crucifix. Their minds do not realize the story it tells, often though they have heard it, but their hearts do and a tender love and pity shines on their unconscious faces. Well-content they wander here and there about the church. Every day it is new to them. They are as perfectly at home here as are the tiny Roman children who wander in and out, all day long, of St. Peter's, toddling through the vast interior and lingering fascinated before the great bronze statue of St. Peter, whose foot, burnished by generations of ardent salutation, they can scarcely reach. A keen fascination for these little Italians has the gleaming Holy Ghost window over the high altar of the basilica, and around the tomb of the Apostle there is always a group of them to be seen spell-bound by the glory of the innumerable ever-burning lamps.

Many times as the afternoon passes the door swings on its hinges, and every variety of human being is represented in the people who enter for a brief renewal of the oxygen of the soul. Old and young and middle-aged; the joyful and the sorrowing; the strong and the weak come to feel for a brief space the sweet calm, the healing peace of this consecrated place.

As the hours advance the western windows are flooded with the sunshine. They have become for the nonce brilliant as any of the splendid windows that shine like gems in the grey walls of the famous old cathedrals. It seems as if all the joy and happiness that enter into the lives of all who have knelt within these walls were concentrated within the slanting sunlight. Or is the sunshine more truly a symbol of the perfection of unalloyed happiness that the saddest of those lives may know in the ineffable hereafter?

Very soon the brilliant light burns out its heart in the glory of the sunset and the day begins to wane. Even while the twilight gathers its shadows from statue to pillar, from window to door, there is the continual sound of hushed footsteps, as fresh worshippers come and go. At last the darkness has fallen completely and only the red and distant glow of the altar lamp is visible. The air seems heavy with sighs, animate with the combined sorrows of all who have come here for consolation. The throbbing flame of the lamp burns clearly and intensely—forever as the light of faith, the steadfastness of hope, the everlasting intensity of charity.

MARIE LOUISE SANDROCK.

MARY is the glory of virgins, the joy of mothers, the support of the faithful, the crown of the Church, the true model of faith, the seal of piety, the rule of truth, the ornament of virtue, the sanctuary of the Holy Trinity.

NOAH'S Ark was a type of Mary, for as by its means men were preserved from the deluge, so are we all saved by Mary from the shipwreck of sin—with the difference that few were saved in the ark, but by Mary the whole human race was rescued from death.

The BROWN SCAPULAR

All questions referring to the Scapular, the Third Order, Confraternities, etc., will be answered under this department. Address all communications to VERY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C., PROVINCIAL, CARMELITE SEMINARY, NEW BALTIMORE, PENN.

Names for enrollment in the Scapular Confraternity may be sent to Carmelite Fathers, Englewood, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa., (cor. Fulton and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Pa., and Falls View, Ont.

The Scapular.

IN the last number we took occasion to speak of the promises made by the Blessed Virgin to those who would wear the Carmelite Scapular. We intend now in a series of articles to speak in detail of the history, the prerogatives, the duties, etc., of the Scapular, convinced that it requires but a candid explanation to spread the Scapular among those who hitherto for one reason or the other neglected to wear it, and to increase the esteem for it and fervor in those who wear it.

In order to bring into relief the importance of the grant of the Blessed Virgin it is necessary to go back into the history of the Carmelite Order. As there is a figure and type in the synagogue for every important branch of Catholic belief and worship, so likewise for the religious life, embodying the evangelical counsels. This we find in the sons of the prophets, founded by the holy prophet Elias, and governed after his rapture into paradise by the prophet Eliseus. This school of the prophets not only contained the germs of the essentials of regular life, but its distinctive feature was that anticipated veneration of the Blessed Virgin, whom Elias had seen in vision, had recognized as the woman promised to our first parents, and had taught his pupils to long and pray for. In the course of centuries this school of the prophets from independent hermits developed into eremitical communities, these again formed a kind of provincial union, and when at the time of the crusades the Europeans, under the leadership of the Calabrian Knight Berthold, embraced the eremitical life, the transformation from hermits to Cœnobites took place, retaining, however, the strictly contemplative character of their life. Their headquarters from the beginning were on Mount Carmel beside the fountain of Elias. Their habit up to the Saracen conquest of the Holyland was white—the garment of the sons of the prophets. The Saracens, looking upon white as a privileged royal dress, forbade the hermits its use, whereupon they adopted a striped habit of white and brown, and thus they enjoyed the toleration, sometimes even the esteem and friendship of their Mahommedan rulers. But matters were changed when the fierce and fanatical Seldjukian Turks overthrew the Saracen empire. Hundreds fell as martyrs, the remainder found life unbearable and hence accepted the invitations of France, England and Sicily, to abandon the Holyland and settle in Europe. Here, however, they encountered a new kind of persecution. The decrees of the 4th Lateran Council, forbidding the establishment of new orders, were invoked against them, their chronicles were ridiculed as idle fancies or willful deceptions, a powerful influence worked in Rome against their approbation, their very existence was threatened. Contumely, calumny and denunciation were resorted to, to make their settlement and increase impossible.

Under this stress the Carmelites, and especially their general at the time, St. Simon Stock, turned with aching hearts, yet full of confidence, to Mary. It was her order that was assailed, her own creation, as it were, that was in jeopardy, no other help was ac-

cessible or to be hoped for. And their prayer was not in vain ; Mary came to the rescue, and she did it in such a way that the proof thereof should last as long as her order existed.

It was on the 16th of July, 1251, that the Queen of Mount Carmel appeared to St. Simon in the oratory at Cambridge, England, holding in her hand a Brown Scapular, which she handed over to him with the words quoted in the July number of THE REVIEW. It was to be and proved itself a token of present and a pledge of future salvation, a badge of alliance between her and the children of her choice. The learned and holy Pope Benedict XIV in his treatise on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin declares : "*Ac visionem quidem veram credimus, veramque habendam ab omnibus arbitramur.*"—"We believe this vision to be true, and believe that it is to be so considered by all." In consequence of this vision the order was recognized and spread rapidly in the Occident. The Scapular was a new lease of life and the germ of fecundity, both to the order as such, and to the single members. And as in the thirteenth century, so it is still at the close of the nineteenth, a sign of election.

Now the Carmelite habit is brown, the cloak white, and thus the Carmelites became known as the "White Friars," just like the Dominicans from the color of their cloak were called the "Black Friars."

It is but natural that a great many persons, though unable to enter the order and live as regulars, were anxious to share in the valuable privileges of the order attached to the Scapular. And it was the expressed wish of the Queen of Carmel to enroll all the faithful desirous to share. Hence we see different classes of wearers of the Scapular, viz : The first, second and third order, the affiliated confraternities, and those who are invested without belonging to a confraternity. We are not now concerned with the first and second order, composed of the male and female branch of the Order of Carmel, but we intend to say what is necessary regarding the Third Order, the Confraternity and the wearers of the Scapular.

In one thing they all agree in the Scapular. The word Scapular means "shoulder cloth," and as such it has been worn centuries before the christian era. In fact, in the Orient it took the place of any other garment for covering the upper body. It was sleeveless, open at the sides, covering the breast and shoulders. Such a garment, especially when worn under other clothes, would, however, be inconvenient, and consequently, whilst retaining its shape, it was diminished in size, so that at present it consists of two square pieces of cloth joined by strings or braid.

Shape, *material* and *color* are essential. The pieces must be square (the dimensions are left to the choice of the wearer). They must be of *woven wool* of a *dark brown color*. Material other than wool, or a color not brown, would render the Scapular unfit, and hence deprive the wearer of all benefits. This rule does not apply to the strings or braid by which the two pieces are joined, since they take only the place of the thread used for sewing together the big Scapular. They may therefore be of any material or color.

The Scapulars, in their modern form, are generally covered on one side by a picture, many are also embroidered. Both things are allowed, but are not necessary. They may even endanger the validity of the Scapular, as in all such cases it is indispensably necessary that the brown color predominates. The five-fold Scapulars which were heretofore made, and are yet worn by a great number of people, were often invalid, because two tablets of different colors were sewn together and hence formed but one and counted but for one. As we will see in some future number, this question applies now only to the past, as the Brown Scapular cannot be given with the other

four, but I would advise those who were invested with the five Scapulars to get themselves specially invested in the Brown Scapular, as the privileges are too important to be overlooked.

In the following numbers of THE REVIEW I shall treat on the manner of blessing, investing, the obligations and privileges, etc, of the Scapular. Some of the reverend clergy may find that my statements seem to contradict divisions of the S. Congregation of Indulgences. To avoid all unnecessary questioning and doubt, I wish to say right here that I speak of the obligations and rights, as they at present exist in the United States, which, as a missionary country, has received privileges not accorded to Catholic countries.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

P. S.—Names have been received for registration during past month from

1. Walkerton, Ont.

Nothing is equal to Mary; nothing, if it be not God, is greater than Mary."—*St. Anselm.*

Consider He who is immensity itself clinging to the maternal neck of Mary—*St. Anselm.*

Mary, Mother of God, temple of the living God, Sanctuary of the Holy Ghost.—*St. Isidore.*

Mary was so holy that the Holy Ghost deigned to descend into her womb.—*St. Augustine.*

Through Mary, the beneficent hand of the Almighty has renewed all creation.—*St. Bernard.*

Was not the passion of thy Son sufficient, unless the Mother also was crucified?—*St. Bonaventure.*

OUR Lady's dress has been thus described: A robe of hyacinthine blue, a white tunic confined by a plain girdle with the ends hanging free, a long veil, so formed as quickly and completely to cover the face, and shoes to match the robe.

PEN PICTURE OF A PRIEST.

THERE is in every parish a man who has no family, but who belongs to every family, a man who is called upon to act in the capacity of witness, counsel or agent in all the most important acts of civil life; a man without whom none can enter the world or go out of it; who takes the child from the bosom of its mother and leaves it only at the tomb; who blesses or consecrates the crib, the bed of death and the bier; a man that little children love and fear and venerate, whom even unknown persons address as "Father;" at the feet of whom and in whose keeping all classes of people come to deposit their most secret thoughts, their most hidden sins; a man who is by profession the consoler and healer of all the miseries of soul and body, through whom the rich and poor are united; at whose door they knock by turns, the one to deposit his secret alms, the other to receive it without being made to blush because of his need; the man who, being himself of no social rank, belongs to all indiscriminately—to the inferior ranks of society by the unostentatious life he leads, and often by humble birth and parentage; to the upper classes by education, often by superior talents and by the sublime sentiments his religion inspires and commands; a man, in fine, who knows everything, who has the right to everything, from whose hallowed lips words of divine wisdom are received by all with the authority of an oracle and with entire submission of faith and judgment—this man is the priest.—*Ex.*

ST. PHILIP NERI allured men to the service of God so dexterously and with such a holy winning art that those who saw it cried out astonished: "Father Philip draws souls as the magnet draws iron." He so accommodated himself to each, as, in the words of the apostle, to become "all things to all men." His love of them individually was so tender and so ardent, that even in extreme old age, he was anxious to suffer for their sins.—*Newman.*

SAVED BY THE SCAPULAR.

The Reverend Father Milleriot, S. J., has of late been giving in the columns of the *Chroniques du Carmel* some personal experiences whereby he shows that the Scapular is, as always, a "safeguard in danger."

"The Apostle of the poor and the laborers" as Father Milleriot was known, was conducting a mission in a prison in Paris. Having heard the confession of a female prisoner, he enrolled her in the brown Scapular, and exacted from her the promise never to part with it. Some days after he met this person in the courtyard of the prison. "How are you?" he asked. "Oh Father" said she, "since I saw you last everything has gone wrong with me.—I had hanged myself." "Hanged yourself! Poor child!" said the priest. "Yes, hanged myself. My associates here had accused me of an infamons deed. They all cried 'you are abominable.' I was furious thereat and excited to the utmost. In order not to outlive this disgrace, I hastened to the cistern in order to jump in, but felt forcibly kept back. Then I went to the attic to hang myself and suspended myself from a large hook. I was well-nigh choked and noticed my throat contracting. At this moment I raised my heart to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the rope snapped asunder."

Another instance related is that of a man who failing in honesty and fearing arrest decided to commit suicide. He communicated his intentions to Father Milleriot. How did he act? He said to the despairing man: "At least do me one favor, take the Scapular and promise me not to take it off." "Father," said the man, "I promise it because you have been so kindly disposed towards me." Then he left.

"My friend," said the priest to himself, "you may attempt to kill yourself, but you will not die." Some days after this the unfortunate man was overcome by a temptation of despair. In order to carry out his awful design he leaped into the Seine. He couldn't swim. He tried twice to keep under, but in vain, the Scapular had saved him. He became ill and was converted.

P. A. B.

Month of the Heart of Mary.

The month of August is dedicated to the Pure and Immaculate Heart of our holy Mother. It is remarkable that the first church dedicated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was also at the same time consecrated to the Heart of Mary. Pope Pius VII furthered this devotion by granting a Feast with an appropriate Mass and Office. In 1836 the famous Arch-confraternity was established in Paris. When in 1832, Abbe Desgenettes was appointed cure of Notre Dame des Victoires he found the parish in a state of hopeless ignorance and indifference as to religion. Out of a population of 25,000 souls only about 800 were communicants. The Abbe was heart-broken. Long years of work on the part of the zealous priest did little good. But there was a mother's heart watching over these stray sheep. One day whilst celebrating Mass at Our Lady's altar Father Desgenettes felt inspired to consecrate his parish to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. And what was the result? Not only was the parish reformed, but hundreds of miraculous cures and conversions followed. When the devotion was established during a whole year there were but 720 Communions; two years later they numbered 9,950. Associations are now established throughout the world. Unspeakable good has resulted from this devotion. What confidence, then, should we not have in the most pure Heart of Mary! Who can fathom its tenderness?

P. A. B.

O Mary, it is from thee that Jesus has received the blood He has shed for us.—*St. Hilary of Arles.*

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

I wonder how many of you know what is the hardest work in the world? Let me tell you what I think it is. Doing nothing. Yes, like many, indeed all of God's punishments, labor is in truth a blessing. Even the little ones will say, that when they have something to do, be it only a game of "tag" or "hide and seek" they are happy; but this wishing the time away, and saying how dull and stupid everything is, that is indeed the hard work which comes to many in the long vacation. What is time dear children? "It is the purchase money of eternity." Think of that. People often say they cannot meditate. Now there's a little question which, with its answer, would give many a young and old head enough to think of for the rest of their lives. "How good is God! let us say it a thousand times," wrote a friend to M. Dupont, the Holy Man of Tours; and immediately, (we read in his life) he knelt down and repeated it a thousand times. Dear children so may you and I say of Him, who so wants us to have this pearl of great value, this eternity of happiness that He bought for us at a great price, that of His Precious Blood, and then when we lose it or sell it for a straw. He puts within our reach the golden hours, with which to buy again our birthright, our inheritance, our claim to the "house not made with hands," our home in Heaven. Did you ever hear your parents talk about "Lady Day in harvest"? Isn't that a pretty name for the Assumption of our Blessed Lady which we will celebrate on August 15th? The day for which she waited, oh! so longingly and yearningly, fifteen years after the Ascension of our dear Lord. Think how many thousand times she sighed for the sight of His face. Let us offer each one of those longing desires of her's from the Ascension to the Assumption, through her most pure hands as a preparation for Holy Communion. And the little ones to whom our Lord has not yet come; the happy children who are getting ready to welcome Him for the first time; let them too tell Him that they long for Him to come even as His dear Mother Mary longed for Him all those fifteen years. Come, Lord Jesus, come! Come quickly. Beautiful prayer of the Beloved Disciple! Of him who leaned his fair young head on the Sacred Heart. No wonder that he should say "Come! come quickly!" Yes dear children, Our Blessed Lady and St. John loved our Lord. That is why they longed for Him. So let it be with us. Let us love Him who hath first loved us; then we will long for Him, first in time through the Divine Eucharist, and at last in Eternity. And be sure of it He will give us what we long for. "Like all good Fathers," says Father Faber, "He wants His children home." Let this be our prayer then on Assumption Day; that we may so use time as to win eternity; that we may keep our eyes and our hearts turned heavenward, longing for it. As the Germans say, we have the *Heimweh*—homesickness—for Heaven.

Devotedly,

Carmel's Secretary.

August, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXXII

Why is a shallow person like a pane of glass?

XXXIII

Why is a gardener like a time-piece?

XXXIV

What precious stone is like a gate?

XXXV

What kind of a portrait can you spell with three letters?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXIX—Silence.

XXX—She is full of airs.

XXXI—Because they are regular, irregular and defective.

"Sec."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., SEPTEMBER, 1893. NO. 9.

THE SEVEN DOLORS.

For The Carmelite Review

September's golden grain doth wave,
O'er fields all ripe for reaper's scythe ;
The hunter's moon with silver laves
The earth — and nature's voice is blithe

But minor strains are in our hearts,
As mem'ry wakens o'er and o'er,
The thought of sorrow's seven darts
Which she the Queen of Martyrs bore.

The grave and gay doth nature blend,
'Mid storm and sunshine life is passed :
And so the Passion tide doth send
Its shadow even to the last.

The glorious autumn has its shade,
As well as spring time, glad and bright ;
The shadow of the cross is laid
In "pearly dawn" and evening light.

And eyes of love can e'er discern,
The form of her to sorrow wed :
Beneath the cross, and from her learn,
The story of her sorrow dread.

Whose hand hath sent the cruel dart,
So keen, so cold, with aim so sure ?
Ah ! your's and mine transfixed the heart
Of Mater Dolorosa pure.

Be ours the oil to heal her wounds,
Be ours the wine to give her strength ;
Be ours the voice that ever sounds
In love and pity, till at length,

The cruel swords of sorrow deep,
Our love will draw from out her breast ;
And there in peace and joy we'll weep,
With Mater Dolorosa rest.

DOLORES.

New York.

BE zealous for the least religious practice, if one can so speak ; for, in reality, there is nothing unimportant in religion.—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

I DIDN'T mean ghosts, said Carmelita, hopeless of making her meaning clear.

"I should rather hope not, but what are you going to wear to-morrow morn ?"

"What am I going to wear ?" repeated Carmelita, "why, I have not thought of it, but I suppose my gray dress and black hat."

"On Sabbath morn and a bright day, as I reckon it's goin' to be. Why, sakes alive, Mr. Rutherford, he'd be ashamed to walk by the Baptist meetin' or the Episcopalian Church either, with a dowdy."

Carmelita opened her eyes wide as she sat painfully upright in the elder's arm chair, which permitted no relaxation of the muscles.

"Why, you just put on your best clothes, Carmelita, that blue chiney silk you got, with spots on it, and that hat, with lots of feathers on it."

"Dress myself like that," said Carmelita, "to go to a poor church, where the congregation are working people. Why, Hepzibah, how could you think of such a thing."

"Perhaps they ain't just workin' people," said Hepzibah, with an attempt at deplomacy.

"You told me yourself they were the scum of the earth — all low people," said Carmelita.

Hepzibah remembered very well. It was in a fruitless attempt to dissuade Carmelita from going.

"Well, supposin,' ain't you got no respect for Squire Rutherford's son?"

"Squire Rutherford's son," cried Carmelita, impatiently," if I knew the way, or if you would come, he should not go with me at all"

For a moment she was half tempted to include him in her vexation. But something in the thought of his manner and appearance checked her. She saw the absurdity of this chimera of Hepzibah's brain, Mr. Rutherford, aghast, because she would not put on her finery for Baptists to stare at.

IV.

"Them two young critters looks elegant together," said Hepzibah, gazing after Mr. Rutherford and Carmelita, at first, through the carefully closed blinds, which the Sabbatarian prejudices of the neighborhood required. Then, as her feeling of bursting pride and gratification in the honor which had come to the long obscure household of the Johnson's overcame her, she rushed out, with slippered feet, gathering up her best alpaca gown as she went. She took her place in a corner overlooking the road, as it went winding on into the distance. She excused the levity of her own action to herself in the following wise:

"The Lord forgive me if I sin through curiosity, and that on the Sabbath, too, but it's natural I should take a proper pride in the first young thing that's bin here since Araminta went away. Yes, he's just about a half a head taller. Looks as if they was made for one another. There's Miss Barnes out now lookin' after them and Miss Steele, too, and that gossipy Nyle girl, too. And Sam Mason, he's a watchin' of them, too."

This last circumstance seemed to afford Hepzibah unqualified satisfaction, which manifested itself in an audible chuckle.

"And they've got to pass the Newlett house, too. How them girls did run after Squire Rutherford's son. 'Pears as if no one was stirrin' down to Newlett's."

Here there was a note of intense anxiety and mortification in Hepzibah's voice, and in her excitement she broke off and threw on to the ground an obstrusive branch of a tree above her head, at the same time that she mounted upon a rail of the fence.

"Oh, I reckon it's all right. There's the best bed-room window open and one, two, three heads lookin' out. There's a sight for you to see, proud, stuck-up critters that you are. Take a good look at Squire Rutherford's son, takin' the foreign girl to Church — and to the Papist meetin', too."

In her exultation Hepzibah felt as if this last circumstance was an enhancement of her triumph. She also forgot that she was standing on the somewhat slender rail of a fence, which had withstood the storms of a quarter of a century at least. She was reminded of the latter fact by suddenly finding herself in a kneeling position upon the ground. She arose, rubbing both knees energetically.

"Them plaguy fences! I don't know what the elder was thinkin' of anyway to build them of such thin planks. Mebbe that fall was a takin' down of the carnal pride that's in me this morn. But it's not in human nature to see them Newlett girls lookin' out at such a sight as that and not to feel kinder set up."

As Hepzibah turned to go into the house gloating in imagination over unlimited sight-seers and gossip mongers, who were that morning to be sated with the sight of Squire Rutherford's son in attendance upon Carmelita, she suddenly found herself confronted by Minister Jenkins. He wore his Sabbath morning visage, and as he looked at Hepzibah, she felt that she had been detected.

"You are early abroad this Sabbath?" said the minister, drily.

"Yes," said Hepzibah, her withered face suffused with vivid crimson, "looks as if we might have a shower later on."

"The Sabbath day's the Lord's day," observed Mr. Jenkins, "and he'll give us such weather as seems good to Him."

"That's every word true," assented Hepzibah, painfully aware that the minister's eyes, at first cast heavenward, were fastened upon a rent in her Sunday gown, caused by her unpremeditated descent from the fence.

The Lord preserves the elder's widow wonderfully, began Mr. Jenkins.

"Yes, He do, there's no denyin' it."

"She's had a sore trial sent her these latter days."

"I don't know as she's had any trial, exceptin' the loss of her health and the fallin' asleep in Christ of the elder," said Hepzibah, bridling. Trials were not the sort of things that redounded to the glory of the Johnson household.

"I mean in the advent of that Popish girl."

"Oh," said Hepzibah, casting about for a suitable reply. Then, with studied indifference.

"Carmelita, she's out just now. Squire Rutherford's son, he come to walk to meetin' with her this morn."

It was the knowledge of this very circumstance that had added so much asperity to the minister's tone.

"To which meeting?" he asked.

"Well, not to the Baptist, exactly," said Hepzibah, gaining time.

"No, not to the Baptist," replied Mr. Jenkins, with energy.

"Well, Mr. Rutherford, folks says he favors the Episcopalians, as most rich men does, and——"

This was a sly bit of malice, as the minister well knew. It had been a sore thorn in his flesh that the Rutherfords had favored the Episcopalians.

"Deceit has come into this once honorable house with the stranger and the Papist," said Mr. Jenkins, in a declamatory tone. "You would conceal the truth, Hepzibah Grimes, but it is known to the town that this girl is a Papist and has even now gone to worship at the Mass house."

"Well, Squire Rutherford's son he come to take her there," said Hepzibah, defiantly.

"Now woe to you," said the minister, shaking a solemn finger at the house, "if you bring thither instruments for the perversion of the people. If, instead of being, as once you were, the abode of godliness, you become a stone of offence and a rock of scandal."

Nothing but Hepzibah's respect for the divine, under whose pulpit she sat on Sunday evenings, prevented a violent outburst, when she heard the house which she revered, as though it were a living object, thus denounced.

"Pears to me, Mr. Jenkins," she began, but whether from prudential reasons, or because time was really pressing, the minister with scant courtesy and brief farewell, took his way down the road towards the meeting-house. He had to encounter a succession of excited groups, all busy with the event of the morning. But poor Hepzibah's exultation was considerably dampened by the minister's denunciations, and she passed slowly and heavily indoors. No fire blazed upon the hearth, the cold dinner lay ready to hand in the pantry, and Hepzibah had not even the solace of work. She had to sit all day Sunday idle in a rocking-chair, once she had read her chapter of the Bible and finished morning prayers. She held to going to meeting in the evening, but that was a long way off.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE desires of regular observance are so many precious stones with which you can decorate our Lady's crown: and, on the contrary, not to value this observance is to take away the jewels and pearls that adorn her brow.—St. Mary Magdalen of Pazzi.

HOLY TRINITY PARISH.

Sketch of Our New Carmelite Church at Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE first day of August witnessed the breaking of ground for the grand temple of Catholic worship, which the congregation of the Church of Holy Trinity design erecting on their recent property purchased on the corner of Centre avenue and Crawford street. Under the direction of skilful architects, elaborate plans have been prepared, executed with an eye to magnificence, such as becomes the adoration of God; yet with simplicity of taste and conveniences suitable to the wants of the worshippers. The fine engravure of the new church will best convey to the readers the beauty and majesty of the proposed building. It was on Sexagesima Sunday, 1892, that the congregation assembled together and after mature deliberation resolved to enlarge their church facilities. The old church, dear to them with the associations of earlier years, had become wholly inadequate for the largely increased parish. Fortunately near to the present church, the monastery of the

attending priests and the schools, the width of a street alone separating, was an advantageous property for sale, and at figures which were deemed reasonable. This property has a frontage of 85 feet on Centre avenue, extending 272 feet along Crawford street, at the extreme end of the Crawford street portion running back with an L shape to Tannehill street, 135 feet. A superior advantage of the location was light and ventilation, secured by the open frontage on Crawford street, The new church will be of pure Gothic style in architecture with a "clear story." The grand entrance will be on Centre avenue. Three noble portals, with columns of massive stone will give an easy access to the interior. There will be three naves, the great centre nave 55 feet high, the two side naves 28 feet high. The length of the church 156 feet, the sanctuary 32x32 feet. Apart from the grand altar, four side altars, large and fine in their apportionments and finish, will adorn the sacred edifice. On these altars special attention will be given to make them models of exquisite beauty, fit tabernacles, wherein is enshrined the Holy of Holies, and whereon daily, He, the Immaculate One, is offered as a sacrifice to His eternal Father. The material used in building will be of brick, the trimmings of sandstone. The cost of the church edifice, in its rough completion, will be $65,000. The interior decorations and complete embellishments will not be decided upon until the building proper is completed, and they will be executed to correspond with the magnitude of the church, and in keeping with the superior designs contemplated by the congregation. One and one-half years will be spent in the erection.

The congregation of Holy Trinity church has an interesting history. Like all our Catholic parishes its rise was from a lowly station. The corner-stone of the present church was laid in 1856. It was dedicated in 1857, by the Very Rev. Edward McMahon, then Vicar-General of the diocese. The Fathers of the Congregation of the Holy Redeemer organized the congregation. They built the school house, said the Masses, and attended to the people from their house at St. Philomena's. When they resigned, the first pastor appointed by the Rt. Rev. Bishop O'Connor, of sainted memory, was a Father Kaufman, a secular priest who died some years ago in Munich. He was a saintly man, much beloved by his people. Of a quaint disposition, he never signed his name otherwise than Father Kaufman. The parish was under secular clergymen until the year 1865. A beloved pastor during these years was Father Rosswog, who died within a year ago at Lafferty Hills, Allegheny county. His name is cherished by the congregation of Holy Trinity. In 1865 the Benedictine Fathers were assigned to Holy Trinity, where they remained until 1869. The Fathers Celestine and Amandus of this Order exercised up to 1869 the holy ministry. Father Celestine is now the pastor of St. Joseph's, German church, Chicago. Father Amandus, his life work done, has been laid away to rest in the churchyard of the Benedictines at St. Vincent's, Beatty, Pa. After 1869 occurs an interregnum; the parish appears to have been attended by the Capuchin Fathers, as their names appear on the baptismal registers of the church.

"In 1875, says the *Pittsburgh Catholic*, the people of this place were made happy, and were exceedingly fortunate in having the Fathers of the Order of Mount Carmel placed over them. Under their kindly administration, with their efficient zeal, the congregation prospered. The Very Rev. Father Cyril Knoll, O. C. C., who was the Commissary General of the Order in the United States, was appointed the first rector of this congregation. He still lives, a hale and hearty man, far advanced in years, 56 of which have been spent in the ministry. To-day a zealous missionary, he is located at

Scipio, a town on the prairies of Kansas. Under his administration the church was enlarged, the sanctuary added and the monastery built. The schools were an object of his especial care. He placed them under the Sisters of Providence, whom he introduced into the diocese. In 1882 was built the new school house. Father Pius Mayer, O. C. C., was the prior. At present he is Provincial of the Order in the United States and Canada. The present prior of the Carmelites in Pittsburgh and rector of the church of Holy Trinity is Father Louis Guenther, O. C. C. He is a clergyman whom to know is to love and revere, a man of genial sunny disposition, a religious imbued with the spirit of his Order, with one end and aim—the salvation of those under his charge, all *ad majorem Dei gloriam.*"

"Apart from the congregation of Holy Trinity, which is directly under the charge of the Carmelite Fathers, all Catholics of Pittsburgh and Allegheny, with our near surroundings, are blessed with having this church among us. A Carmelite church enjoys special privileges from the Holy See. On the appointed festivals of our Blessed Lady, particular spiritual privileges are granted to the Carmelites, which the faithful participate in, who having made a sincere and good confession, and truly penitent of their sins, approach the Holy Altar. The feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, July 16th, is always a great day in this church. On the festivals of the great saints, whose names illuminate the calendar of the Carmelite Order, many plenary indulgences may be gained, the proper conditions being followed. Devotion to St. Joseph, the foster father of our Divine Lord, and spouse of the Immaculate Virgin Mother, is a crowning glory of the Order of the Carmelites. This devotion was brought by the Carmelite Fathers from the east to the west, as their history testifies. In the Carmelite churches this devotion is sedulously cultivated. A grand novena is yearly made in honor of St. Joseph in the church of the Holy Trinity, on the nine Wednesdays preceding his feast."

[An illustration of Holy Trinity church, with the new monastery, appears in the present number of the REVIEW. We obtained the cut from the *Pittsburgh Beobachter*, to which we return thanks.—ED. CARMELITE REVIEW.]

The Scapular Saved Him.

Rev. Fr. Lugenius, O. C. C., of Geleen, Holland, wrote last month of an incident which proves the holy Scapular to be "a safe-guard in danger." "In a small village of the Belgian province of Limburg," says the writer, "two carpenters were working on a very high building, when suddenly they were together precipitated to the ground. One of the men was very seriously injured and lay for a long time unconscious. His more fortunate companion escaped without a scratch. Whilst being congratulated on so wonderful an escape, he exclaimed, 'I could not have been killed, since I wore the Scapular.' As soon as possible his unfortunate fellow-worker asked to be enrolled in the Brown Scapular. The father of the young man so miraculously rescued, remarked that he never allowed his sons to engage in any dangerous work except they wore the Scapular, for, said he, I myself have long since experienced its protection. I was at one time thrown from a high building myself and found myself held from falling by the strings of my Scapular, which preserved me from a terrible death Since this time I have more confidence in Mary's powerful protection and am sure she continually watches over all those who with devotion and perseverance wear the holy Scapular.—P. A. B.

NEVER eat or drink, except at the usual times, and then make acts of fervent thanksgiving to God.—St. Teresa.

Our Irish Letter.

CARMELITE CONVENT,
DUBLIN, Aug. 15, 1893.

THE Feast of the Solemn Commemoration of our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel was celebrated this year in Ireland with unusual fervor and devotion. In the motherhouse of our Province, at White-friars' street in this city, the crowds attending our church night after night were enormous, In Dublin there are two Carmelite Convents, viz.: one of the Calced, and one of the Discalced fathers. By mutual agreement one of the churches celebrates the Novena, the other the Octave.

We, the Calced Carmelite, celebrate the Octave, on every day of which there is a sermon morning and evening suitable to the Feast.

The solemn Feast itself was celebrated on July 20, which day is likewise the Feast of our Holy Founder St. Elias. Although our church is one of the largest in Ireland, on this great feast the faithful could scarce find standing room. A Jesuit father delivered a most magnificent sermon on the occasion. His Grace, Archbishop Walsh, was present together with two other visiting prelates, viz.: Rt. Rev. Dr. Gaughran, O. M. I., an African Bishop, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Richardson, O. S. A., from Australia. Besides these there were present many provincials and superiors of our own and other orders. It was indeed a celebration to be long remembered.

Our other convents at Kinsale, Knocktopher, Kildare and Moate, likewise celebrated the Feast of our Lady with imposing eclat. The great privilege of gaining a Plenary Indulgence granted by Pope Leo XIII., was taken advantage of by every devout client of our Holy Mother.

The last notes of the *Te Deum* closing the Feast of our Lady of Mount Carmel had scarce died out, ere we were called upon to mourn the loss of one of our most beloved confreres, the Rev. Father Carr, O. C. C., who departed from this world at the ripe old age of 77 years. The deceased was an eminent member of our order. He was a man of rare acquirements. Father Carr was a graduate of Louvain University. He spoke most of the modern languages quite fluently. As a theologian he had few equals. During the past few years our deceased brother had led a retired life, devoting his time to his soul's welfare. R. I. P.

A. E. FARRINGTON, O. C. C.

Chevalier Sevilla.

On the Feast of St. Rose, Aug. 27, our Monastery at Falls View had a very distinguished guest in the person of Chevalier Joseph Sevilla, from Lima, Peru. He is making an extensive tour of the country and just returned from San Francisco, where he hopes to have a college for the ecclesiastical students from Peru. The Chevalier is an interesting character—a typical Spaniard, highly cultured, and above all a thorough Catholic. He is a zealous client of the Blessed Virgin and an enthusiastic devotee of St. Rose of Lima, "Patron of the New Word," in whose honor he has composed a beautiful prayer which has received a rich indulgence and was approved by Mgr. Satolli on July 10 last. The Chevalier has also written a "Defence of the Friars," to whom he is much attached. Senor Sevilla was a papal Zuave, the only one who went from Peru to defend the rights of the Holy Father. He was five times wounded in battle. Pius IX. made him a Chevalier. Chevalier Sevilla's chief object in coming to the United States is to obtain Catholic colonists. On his return home he promises to send some interesting communications for the benefit of the readers of the CARMELITE REVIEW.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, SEPTEMBER, 1893. NO. 9.

WHEN the little ones again take up their school-books remind them of the interesting letter by "Carmel's Secretary."

***

HOW sweet-sounding is the name of Mary! Invoke it often but with special fervor on the Feast celebrated in its honor this month.

***

OUR many thanks to our Buffalo friends for all kindnesses shown to the agent of the CARMELITE REVIEW during her late sojourn in the Queen City of the Lakes.

***

WE shall be pleased to hear from those of our friends who in any extraordinary way may have experienced the protection of the Scapular. Such incidents interest our readers.

***

DURING the course of his pertinent remarks at the dedication of the beautiful seminary of St. Bernard the venerable Bishop of Rochester laid much stress on the fact that the young levites should be devout clients of the Blessed Virgin. No religion can flourish in any diocese unless the hearts of the clergy burn with a love of Mary.

THE reverend clergy are again reminded of the necessity of sending in for registration the names of those enrolled in the Brown Scapular. We likewise direct attention to the series of articles in this magazine which are devoted to this subject.

***

"PRAY for the clergy" said Rt. Reverend Bishop Messmer in one of his late sermons. The esteemed prelate remarked that in order that every priest advance in personal sanctity and be zealous in saving souls much depends on the prayers of the faithful.

***

THE anniversary of our holy Mother's Birthday — the Nativity — occuring this month should be an occasion of joy to her children. When earthly queens celebrate their natal day they are liberal in dispensing favors. Will our heavenly Queen be less generous?

***

ON the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, the 14th instant, the whole Order of Mount Carmel commences the fast, which, according to our rule, includes every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday from the date mentioned until Easter. All members of the Scapular Confraternity share in the merits of this fast.

***

WE had occasion lately to examine the new edition of the Catholic Dictionary which is now being extensively advertised by Catholic book-sellers. As regards paper, printing and binding the publishers have done justice. In fact the book will become a necessity in every Catholic library. But we must say we were surprised not to find the promised revisions and improvements. It is an injustice to the lovers of the scapular—the sacred privilege of our order, and to the venerable traditions of Carmel. Such a libel has moreover been stereotyped for the benefit of posterity. As far as we are aware but one Catholic journal

has criticised this last edition of the Catholic Dictionary, namely, the, *New World*, of Chicago, which lately said :

"Many of the articles are revised and improved —though, as we desire to be candid, we must say that some of them are neither revised nor improved as much as they should be It will be in the recollection of some readers that James A McMaster severely criticised the article under the title "Scapular,' in the first edition,—and we believe that that criticism seriously interfered with the general sale of the book We expected that, if a second edition ever appeared, Mr McMaster's criticism would be remembered and the article on "Scapular" revised and *improved*. But we have failed to discover any change in that article. In the article under the title "Vatican Council," we also looked for revision and *much* change, in case of the appearance of a second addition ; for, on our reading of that article in the first addition, we had the impression that the subject was not properly treated,—let us say, not treated by one who had a thoroughly Catholic mind. But this article appears in this new edition without the slightest change, that we have observed."

We are not anxious to prevent a wide circulation of so useful a book, but feel it a duty to ourselves and others to protest against anything derogatory to our just rights and claims. Want of space prevents our enlarging on these points at present. But we have not dropped the subject. We shall, as we long intended, return to it more extensively in the near future, and think we are well able to vindicate our right to everything left us by our fore-fathers.

CARMELITE CHRONICLE.

A RETREAT for the Dominican Nuns of 2nd street, New York City, was lately conducted by Rev. Father Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C.

THE friends of Rev. Father Feehan will be glad to hear that he is about to return to America. The reverend father is again fully restored to health.

THE faculty of our Seminary at New Baltimore has received a new member in the person of Rev. A. D. Brennan, O.C.C., formerly stationed at Englewood, N. J.

REV. FATHER DOMINIC, O. C. C., who has charge of the Clifton, Ont., congregation, has just returned from the east where he has been enjoying a pleasant vacation.

Esteemed Exchanges.

THE *L. C. B. A. Journal* under its present able management is becoming more and more popular.

REV. Dr. Alexander McDonald, the esteemed editor of the *Casket* of Antigonishe, N S., paid us a friendly visit lately.

EVERY new issue of the *Oak Leaf*, of Rochester, increases in literary excellence, and is a credit to the accomplished editors and able contributors.

THE *New World*, of Chicago, was the only Catholic journal which questioned the *improvements* (?) in the last edition of the *so-called* CATHOLIC DICTIONARY.

THE last number of the *Canadian Messenger* has an urgent appeal on behalf of the Catholic sailor. The article is from the pen of the clever authoress, Miss Anna T. Sadlier.

THE *Catholic Telegraph*, of Cincinnati, justly says : "The most interesting correspondence sent to the press from the Catholic Summer school was from the pen of Martha Murray, and appeared in our Buffalo contemporary."

THE last number of the *Stimmen vom Berge Karmel* gives an instance of the perfect restoration to health of a priest who was at the point of death. The father recovered at the end of a Novena to our Lady of Mt. Carmel offered up for him on the Feast of the Scapular, July 16 last.

WITH the genial September weather as an ever-welcome and entertaining visitor comes again to us the *Le Couteulx Leader*. Its new cover is tasty and attractive. The contents are as usual good, including among the original matter a cleverly written short story entitled "Fanny's Noble Thought" by one of our prominent Catholic writers.

THE soul that seeks God wholly, must give itself wholly to Him.—St. John of the Cross.

THE HOSPICE
— OF —
MOUNT CARMEL
— AT —
NIAGARA FALLS.

All letters and communications with regard to this department should be addressed to REV. A. J. KREIDT, O.C.C., FALLS VIEW, ONTARIO.

All legacies, bequests or testamentary dispositions of any kind in favor of the Hospice, should be made to "THE MONASTERY OF MOUNT CARMEL, AT NIAGARA FALLS, ONTARIO." This is the legal title of our Institute, under which we are incorporated in the Province of Ontario.

A Word of Thanks.

"Evermore thanks, the exchequer of the poor"
—*Shakespeare.*

IN what other way can I repay the many kind inquiries about my health during the last few months, the many prayers offered up to God for my recovery from a dangerous spell of sickness? A poor friar, I can only draw upon this exchequer of the poor; praise God for His infinite kindness, and gratefully acknowledge in His presence the debt I owe my friends.

This is what the Blessed do in Heaven. This gracious duty constitutes one of their chief delights, and is fulfilled without the aid of earthly riches.

Having Heaven on earth within our sanctuaries, we can anticipate our Heavenly occupation, and at the altar's foot pour forth our thanks to God and humbly beg Him to reward the kind solicitude of our friends.

Thus do we pay our debts through Him whom we have chosen as "our portion and inheritance."

THE BEGINNING OF THE WORK.

Our friends and benefactors will be as glad to hear, as we are to announce, that building operations have been begun for the erection of the Hospice.

The plans provide for a structure unique and beautiful in design — classic in its lines, massive in pile, yet simple in style. The whole exterior is to be of stone, a limestone quarried at the famous Queenston Heights, of a grayish blue color, which equals granite in its strength and admits of polish.

The architect who has prepared the plans has built so many churches and convents, which have given highest satisfaction, that we could safely place our contemplated Hospice into his able hands.

We know his work, for it was he who planned the school of Holy Trinity Church in Pittsburgh, a church in charge of our Fathers. He also made the plans for our Novitiate and Seminary, as well as of the church at our mountain home, New Baltimore.

Elsewhere the readers of this magazine will find an illustrated article describing fully the beautiful new church which is being built at Pittsburgh for the congregation named above by our fathers. Again have they employed the self-same architect, convinced that they would secure "a thing of beauty and of joy for ever."

But of all his works he seems to be most pleased himself with his conception of the Hospice. A venerable old man who has already passed his "three score years and ten," he means to make the Hospice the crowning work of his life.

At his advice we have determined not to build beyond foundation walls this season. This will insure their settling well this

winter, and in the coming spring we shall resume the work, continuing until the building is completed.

It was on Our Lady's day (the fifteenth day of August) that all proposals for the work which had come in in consequence of our advertising, were opened and the persons chosen to whom this portion of the work should be committed.

On the following day the contracts were made out and duly signed.

The first spadeful of ground was dug by our own men, the members of our small community, on Monday, twenty-first of August, the feast of her who was the foundress of the Visitation, the dearest friend of sweet St. Francis Sales, St. Frances Jane of Chantal.

Well may I hope that these two Saints, whose shrine in quaint old Annecy I visited before I bade farewell to Europe, may bless our work and intercede for us who humbly try to honor them.

The work is now begun. Remembering the Psalmist's words: "Unless the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it," we throw "our cares upon the Lord" and pray that He may end the work which never could have been begun without His help by granting us success in our undertaking.

That He may still increase the number of our friends and generous benefactors, that thus His "name be hallowed and His Kingdom come" and spread its blessings near and far.

ANASTASIUS J KREIDT, O.C.C.

Petitions, etc.

One of our readers in the far west asks prayer for the conversion of five persons: reformation of life of eight children; means for three persons to pay debts which are soon to be paid; situations for two persons: the success of and protection of our Lady of Mount Carmel for two men who will try to get land on the Cherokee Strip; a special intention; entire restoration of the health of three persons.

OUR VISITORS.

AMONG the many visitors who called at Falls View Monastery during August were: Rev. A. A. Bachmann, Tonawanda, N. Y.; Rev. A. D. Brennan, O. C. C., Englewood, N. J.; Rev. Cyril Kehoe, O. C. C.; Rev. Domic Scanlon, O. S. F., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. P. J. Harold, P. P., Niagara, Ont.; Rev. Geo. Weber, Sacred Heart Church, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. Hugh Gillis, of St. Ninian's Cathedral, Antigonishe, N. S.; Professor Chas. K. Bell, of Smithsburg, Md.; Ven. Brother Theobald, of St. Catharines, Ont.; Ven. Bro. Tobias, of Toronto, Canada; Rev. J. Hummel, East Eden, N. Y.; Rev. Antonio de Christofero, S. P. M., New York city; Rev. J. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Rev. Regis Canevin, Chancellor of Pittsburg Diocese; Rev. Father Berthold, O. C. C., pastor of Tenafly, N. J, and many others, including several members of the venerable sisterhoods.

THANKSGIVING.

INDEPENDENCE, KANSAS,
Aug. 28, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

ON the 21st of July I received a telegram that my brother, who lived some fifty miles from here, was not expected to live. I traveled all night to reach him in time, in the greatest trouble least he should die before I arrived. I called on Our Lady of Mount Carmel to help him (I had never asked a favor from her under that title before) when I got there he was a little better. I made a Novena to Our Lady of Mount Carmel for his restoration to health, promising I would make it known to her journal if he recovered. After five weeks' stay I left him well enough to attend to his business. Thanks to Our Lady of Mount Carmel.

H. E. B.

ALL our goodness is a loan; God is the owner; God worketh, and His work is God.—St. John of the Cross.

The BROWN SCAPULAR

All questions referring to the Scapular, the Third Order, Confraternities, etc., will be answered under this department. Address all communications to VERY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C., PROVINCIAL, CARMELITE SEMINARY, NEW BALTIMORE, PENN.

Names for enrollment in the Scapular Confraternity may be sent to Carmelite Fathers, Englewood, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa., (cor. Fulton and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Pa., Falls View, Ont., and Carmel Priory, 334 East 29th St., N. Y. City.

The Scapular.

IN the last number I spoke of the material and form of the Scapular. Let me now say what is necessary concerning the blessing of and investing with the Scapular.

Owing to the manner in which the Carmelites received their badge, the Scapular has always been acknowledged as their property, and hence they alone could allow others to participate in its advantages. But since all the spiritual treasures in the church are confided to the administration of the Vicar of Christ, whose subjects all baptized christians are, it follows that even the Order could not affiliate christian laymen or priests and share with them their spiritual privileges without the consent of the Pope, and that the latter can dispose of such blessings independent of the Order In Europe the Sovereign Pontiff reserves this affiliation to the Superiors of the Carmelites, but in missionary countries like our own he delegates his powers to the bishops, granting them at the same time the power of sub-delegating their priests. Hence it is that all the priests here receive the power of investing with and blessing the Scapular among their other faculties. Of course this sub-delegated power cannot extend further than the delegation, which is granted to the bishops for five years, after the lapse of which it has to be renewed or expires. The Superior General and Provincial of the Order, as they are disposing of their own by their own right, are not confined to the five years and can delegate priests, granting them the faculty "*valitura usque ad revocationem*"—valid until revoked.

Without delegation from either bishop or religious superior no one can validly bless a Scapular or invest with one already blessed. Neither a lay person nor a priest, not delegated, can invest himself. But if delegated, he can invest himself. The Scapular must be blessed and *placed upon* the person to be invested by the delegated priest. If the number of persons to be received is greater than the number of Scapulars on hand the same Scapular may be used, investing successively a number of persons.

A number of Scapulars may be blessed together, but the persons are to be separately invested. Imposing the Scapular with the mere intention of investing a person and without express words is invalid. Also the blessing of the Scapular by the mere sign of the cross, as in other blessings, would be invalid. The prescribed form of the Ritual must be used. In consequence of complaints about the length of the old formula a new and shorter one has been published, which may be used instead of the old one, though the latter still continues in force. As the older rituals do not yet contain the shorter formula I think I shall render a service to the reverend clergy by inserting it here. It is this:

"Ostende nobis Domine misericordiam tuam. Et salutare tuum da nobis.

Domine exaudi orationem meam. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

Dominus vobiscum. Et cum Spiritu tuo.

Oremus: Domine Jesu Christe, humani generis Salvator hunc habitum quem propter tuum tuaeque Genitricis Virginis Mariae de Monte Carmelo amorem servus tuus devote est delaturus, dextera tua sanctifica ut eadem Genitrice tua intercedente, ab

hoste maligno defensus in tua gratia usque ad mortem perseveret. Qui vivis, etc"

The priest sprinkles the Scapular with holy water and placing it upon the person, says: "Accipe hunc habitum benedictum precans sanctissimam Virginem, ut ejus meritis illum perferas sine macula et te ab omni adversitate defendat atque ad vitam perducat aeternam. Amen."

"Ego ex potestate mihi concessa te ad participationem omnium bonorum spiritualium, quae, operante misericordia Jesu Christi, a Religiosis de Monte Carmelo peraguntur. In nomine Patris et Filii et Spiritus sancti Amen."

"Benedicat te Conditor coeli et terræ Deus omnipotens, quo te cooptare dignatus est, in confraternitatem beatae Mariae Virginis de Monte Carmelo, quam exoramus, ut in hora obitus tui, conterat caput serpentis antiqui; atque palmam et coronam sempternam haereditatis tandem consequaris. Per Christum Dominum nostrum. Amen."

Finally the person received is sprinkled with holy water.

Formerly the Brown Scapular was given conjointly with four others under one formula. These faculties were withdrawn April 27th, 1887. Only those religious orders and congregations who had obtained the perpetual faculty of giving the fivefold Scapular can continue to use it until April 27, 1897, after which the Brown Scapular is to be given separately and according to the prescribed form.

Persons once properly invested cannot be invested again, unless they throw off the Scapular in contempt and afterwards repenting wish to wear it again. If, however, the investment is doubtful, either because of a doubtful delegation of the priest investing, or because the Scapular itself is doubtful as to material and form or color, they should not hesitate to be invested again, as all the spiritual favors depend on a lawful investment. The same very often holds good in regard to persons wearing the five Scapulars, as these often are made in such a manner that they may serve for three, but not for five Scapulars. This is particularly the case if two tablets of different colors are sewn together round about so that they form but one tablet.

For persons properly invested it is not necessary to have the succeeding Scapulars blessed, since the blessing has been imparted to all in the first Scapular. This is also the case if the first Scapular, imposed by the priest, belonged to somebody else. If, however, a person wishes to have a succeeding Scapular blessed it can be done, in which case naturally only the first oration of the Ritual is used.

They who have the faculty of investing in the Scapular have *ipso facto* the right to give the general absolution in the moment of death with the plenary indulgence.

In countries where canon law is in force no priest can use his faculty of giving the Scapular within a circuit of five miles from a Carmelite convent, but in this as in other missionary countries the faculties may be lawfully used by any priest at places where a Carmelite community is established, and even in the presence of a Carmelite priest.

That the blessing and imposition of the Scapular does not by itself constitute membership of the *Confraternity*, I shall show in some future article.

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

Names received for registration at Falls View from

1, Notre Dame church, Watertown, N.Y.; 2, St. Joseph's church, Snyder, Ont.; 3, St. Vincent de Paul's church, Niagara, Ont.; 4, St. Helen's, Brockton, Ont.; 5, St. Mary's Priory, Erie, Pa.; 6, Amherstburg, Ont.; 7, New Germany, Ont.; 8, Guelph, Ont.; 9, Dundas, Ont.; 10, Sandwich, Ont.; 11, Brantford, Ont.; 12, Strykersville, N.Y.

NEVER make a jest of any person whatsoever.—St. Teresa.

OBITUARY.

"Consummatus in brevi, explevit tempora multa." —*Sap.*

THESE words of Holy Scripture may well be applied to the young priest, who, after only fifteen years of missionary life, and at the age of thirty-eight, was called to his reward on the 22nd of last month. We refer to the Rev. Father McBride, who died in St. Michael's hospital, Toronto. This devoted priest was born of Irish parents in Scotland, and was brought to this side of the Atlantic while an infant in arms. His mother experiencing a call to the religious life, left the child to the care of her sister, who faithfully carried out the wishes of the pious mother in his regard. She gave him the benefit of a thorough religious training and formed his bright young mind to pious habits, before committing him to the school room. At an age when many a child is fit only for the nursery Joseph McBride was far advanced in scholarship, and at the Streetsville Grammar School he easily led the oldest boys in the school, rapidly developing a special taste for the higher mathematics. At sixteen he began to read rhetoric and philosophy, proceeding for that purpose to Quebec and later to Montreal. He was ordained a priest at St. Paul's old church, Toronto, by Archbishop Lynch in 1878, when he was twenty three years old. He was immediately appointed assistant to Bishop O'Mahony, and with all the work that large parish entailed he found time to devote to the choir. Music was indeed a passion, not a pastime with this young and brilliant priest. His talents in this line were well known in Toronto, particularly in St. John's choir, which he organized fully. From St. Paul's he was transferred to St. Michael's Cathedral, thence to Adjala for a few months, to Penetanguishene as Chaplain to the reformatory, and after three years to St John's church, Toronto, where he was rector, and secretary to Archbishop Lynch. He introduced into the secretary work a degree of order that was characteristically charming, thus facilitating the transaction of business between the Ordinary and his priests. When the present Archbishop took up his residence at St. John's Grove Father McBride was given the choice of two country parishes. He accepted the one that offered most work, Dixie, but was obliged to resign in less than a year, duties for which his highly sensitive organism never fitted him. He then accepted the position of assistant rector with Dean Cassidy at Brockton, but even here the obligation of driving seven miles over a bad road to say mass every other Sunday, (as might have been foreseen) overtaxed his powers. But while his friends saw him failing, his active mind would give no rest to the overfreighted body. For two years he edited *The Review*, '91 and '92, and during twelve years he compiled the "Ordo" or guide to the Divine office of the Church for the whole ecclesiastical Province of Ontario. He also corresponded with the *Liturgical Review*, and was a member of the Toronto Astronomical Society. Many a time I have known him to take up a problem in Algebra as an after dinner recreation, and while at Penetang, secluded from the world and associating for the most part with convicts and their wardens—a not too inviting position for a man of genius—he would go out into the woods and survey the country, proving or adjusting the old landmarks set up by government engineers half a century ago.

His private life? Vivacious, witty, subtile, surface readers might pronounce him frivolous. The contrary was the fact. Never idle, he read everything in reach, and the comments he would make, on atheistical literature particularly, showed how deep was the habit of faith which entered into and informed his every act and word. He was ever ready to help on a good work by suggestion

or practically, being always on hand to assist his brother priests by hearing confessions or preaching He bestowed particular care on the members of sodalities and as he wore the Scapular, and never went to bed without the beads twined about his arm for use in case of sleeplessness, so by word and example he encouraged others to employ these devout means of attaining to perfection, these sacramentals which the Church has emphatically countenanced.

His death? Like his Master's it was preceeded by agony and weeks of pain, but while he realised fully his condition, no word of impatience crossed his lips. He was all resigned to God's holy will and met the end with that resignation which the reception of the last sacraments invariably brings to the faithful soul. He was going to his home; why should he not be resigned? Each time in his ministry that he annointed a dying person he asked His Redeemer to favor him with the last great boon, and the Redeemer heard his prayer.

"Good bye," said he to me, his most intimate priestly friend, when I saw him a week before his demise, "the doctors say there is nothing organic, wrong, and we must follow them. That's right; but I was anointed and take no chances. God's will be done!" Could any Christian die better? God's will is the measure of all our religion. May the perpetual light of heaven shine on his soul.

P. J. Harold.

We recommend to the pious prayers of our readers the soul of the late

Mrs. Magdalena Oesterle, who died at Pittsburg, Pa., on Aug. 26, and was buried from Holy Trinity Church, on the 28th. Deceased was a model Catholic and devout client of the Blessed Virgin. May she rest in peace.

A good zealous, model and amiable priest died at Buffalo on August 26 in the person of Reverend Dean Rogers. May he attain the reward which he so richly merited.

Our readers are requested to pray for the repose of the soul of Rev. Paul Rongier, late parish priest of Renfrew, Ont.

POSTSCRIPTS.

The curate at Lourdes who had the happiness of preparing Bernadette Soubirous for her first Communion, the Abbe Ponsain, canon honorary of Tarbes, died at Lourdes on the first vespers of the Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, which corresponded with the thirty-fifth anniversary of the last apparition. With him disappeared the last ecclesiastical witness of the veracity of the *voyante*.

The Ven. Archconfraternity of the "Madonna del Carmine," 'alle Tre Cannelle, Rome—a favorite sanctuary—has this year, for the first time, thanks to their Protector, Cardinal Rampolla, and by special favor of his Holiness, received the privilege, in perpetuum, of the Plenary Indulgence, known as "toties quoties," on July 16, Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel, similar to the Carmelite Churches of the first and second Order, as conceded by Leo XIII. by Brief of May 16, 1892. The present receipt bears date, June 25, 1893. The Feast of the Madonna del Carmine was celebrated, in Trastevere, on Sunday last, July 16, the statue of Our Blessed Lady being borne from the Church of S. John of the Genoese to that of S. Grisogono—not in solemn form, that is with long train of clergy and Confraternities in respective garb—in obedience to police regulations, which inhibit all processions (save those known as patriotic, for which there is all liberty): but an immense concourse of the faithful bearing lighted torches preceded, surrounded and followed the Holy Statue, praying aloud and chanting the Litanies, whilst a vast crowd of people lined the entire route of the cortege.—Roman Letter New York *Catholic News*.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

All things come to an end, and so with the long, happy days of vacation. How quickly they passed, and how full they were of pleasure, and, let us hope of profit too. Are you surprised at my saying that? Profit in play? Indeed, yes. How many of you know anything of the apostleship of study? 'Tis the children's special part of the League of the Sacred Heart, and the little ones can gain an indulgence by offering up their hour of play. Think of that. How sweet and winning the Sacred Heart is, and how much He must love the little ones of Christ, when He will even make their fun and frolic so many stepping-stones to heaven. That's just what indulgences are, like the seven leagued boots of Jack the giant killer by which we can make long strides into the blessed country, instead of mincing our steps and lagging behind. So set to work and find out all about this wonderful apostleship of study. The secretary will gladly write to any one who "wants to know," or better still ask your pastor to tell you all about it, Wherever the League of the Sacred Heart is, there too, should be the apostleship of study. Now that September has come and with it work of all kinds, let us pray for a good will and a ready hand and heart to do our best, our very best, wherever our duty lies. There is a very sweet and consoling feast which comes on the third day of Sept., that of our Blessed Lady's Seven Dolors, or seven sorrows. When those we love are sad or in trouble, how we long to comfort them, to put our arms around them and make them feel our love and sympathy. Why not do the same with our dear Mother of sorrows, sweetest tenderest of friends as she is. Her heart craves love and sympathy even as ours do. Don't disappoint her, the swords are ours dear children—the sorrows hers. Let us take them out and do as she did to the sacred wounds of our Blessed Lord as He lay on her lap at the foot of the cross. Close them with our love He who so loves the sympathy of warm hearts will reward as only God can reward those who are devoted to our Lady of Sorrows. He has promised it—and He will keep His word, Sympathy! beautiful word, even God who has all things, takes gladly to the offering of it from His creatures. Be generous then and give it to Him through his dear Mother and ours.

Devotedly,

Carmel's Secretary.

September, 1893.

PUZZLES.

XXXVI

Why is an umbrella like a pancake?

XXXVII

What did the muffin say to the toasting fork?

XXXVIII

What mechanic never turns to the left?

XXXIX

What animal took most luggage into the ark, and which the least?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXXII—Because he is easily seen through.
XXXIII—Because he is a thyme-keeper.
XXXIV—A gate.
XXXV—Effigy, (F. I. G.)

"Sec.

Take care to confer about all that passes in your soul, with a spiritual and wise confessor, and whose counsel you must follow in everything.—St. Teresa.

Every time that you receive Holy Communion, ask of God some particular grace as a sequel to that great act of mercy by which He has deigned to visit your soul.—St. Teresa.

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., OCTOBER, 1893. NO. 10.

The Late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C.

BORN JULY 26, 1815; DIED SEPT. 16, 1893.

The Late Father Albert Heimann, O. C. C.

After forty-seven long years as a priest of holy Church and twenty-seven years spent as a professed religious of the Order of Mount Carmel, on September 16—a Saturday—the day consecrated to our holy Mother and on which she promised to free her children from the purging flames, there peacefully passed to his reward, a pious priest and model monk, our beloved brother, the revered Father Albert Heimann. For over a year prior to his death his gentle soul had been purified by a prolonged illness which he bore with edifying patience.

Father Albert was born on July 26, 1815, the Feast of a great Saint to whom he was always ardently devoted — St. Anne the mother of the Blessed Virgin. His birthplace was Delbrueck, in the diocese of Paderborn, Prussia. In 1837, when Queen Victoria was about to commence her lengthy reign, Heimann the young and zealous student came to America. On the day after Christmas, 1846, he was ordained by Bishop Chabrat, of Bardstown, Kentucky. He was, if we mistake not, the first secular priest ordained for the whole State of Kansas. Father Albert's early missionary work was in the diocese of Bardstown (afterwards Louisville), St. Louis and Leavenworth. He labored chiefly in Kansas. His life on the wild western plains would furnish material for an interesting volume. In company with Bishop Miege, who has since died, as he willed, a humble and retired Jesuit at Detroit, Albert witnessed the havoc done by the Kansas civil war in 1854 and had many a hazardous escape during the raids of the famous John Brown. In those pioneer days on the prairies the life of a missionary was not an easy one. For long hours he was in the saddle, often through the dreary night, and frequently exposed to the fiercest storms. More than once was he forced to snatch a few hours of repose at night in the open prairies. But it was all for God and his neighbor's soul and everything became easy. In all his trials and labors Father Albert had unbounded confidence in Mary. He was never lonesome in his long journeys, provided he had with him his Rosary.

A great part of Father Albert's labor was spent among the Indians, especially those of the Osage mission by whom he was much beloved. He was quite familiar with several Indian dialects. The deceased was a familiar friend of General Sherman and his family, with whom he became acquainted whilst administering to the spiritual wants of the troops at Fort Leavenworth. Many handsome churches and flourishing parishes in the west owe their origin to Father Albert.

As a Carmelite, Father Albert's life dates to 1854 when he received the holy habit. He was the first novice received into the Order in this country. He was an exemplary friar and carried out to the letter our holy Rule. He was appointed superior over many of our convents, among them Scipio, Kansas, New Baltimore, Pa., and Falls View, Canada. As a superior he was ever a kind father to those under his direction. One fact worthy of emphasis is that *to Father Albert we owe the foundation* of the only *Canadian Carmelite Monastery*, namely that of Falls View, founded in 1875. From 1884 to 1889 Father Albert was stationed at Pittsburgh, Pa., and among the the good-hearted and pious parishoners of Holy Trinity he won a host of friends. Afterwards he went to our seminary in New Baltimore, Pa., where he passed his remaining days in retirement. On Sept. 16 he finally succumbed to the effects of a third paralytic stroke. The funeral obsequies were held on the 18th. As is the custom his remains were laid out in the habit of the Order. A solemn mass of Requiem for the repose of his soul was celebrated in all our monasteries. On the 21st inst the Very Rev.

Prior of our convent at Falls View celebrated mass for Father Albert's soul, at the Shrine of our Blessed Lady of Peace, at the same altar where Father Albert often offered up the Holy Victim. In concluding this short tribute to the memory of our departed and venerated brother we pray that his example may stimulate us to greater zeal for good, and beg our readers to join in praying that our dear Lady of Carmel will soon bring the soul of the departed to the holy mountain of perpetual peace.

GROTTO OF ELIAS.

This afternoon we visited the Fountain of Elias. Having left the enclosure of the convent by the gate looking towards Kaifa, we took a narrow path which soon brings you to the chapel dedicated to St. Simon Stock. Having left the chapel we proceeded on our way and in a few minutes arrived at a small Musselman cemetery, at the end of which we passed through a gate when we soon found ourselves at the door of the Prophet's school which is guarded by a Mahometan who demanded five cents from each person as an entrance fee. The school of the prophet is a natural grotto somewhat enlarged by the hand of man. It forms a room about fifty feet long and thirty wide, with a height of about eighteen feet. It was in this grotto where the holy prophets Elias and Eliseus instructed the people. There is likewise shown an excavation which tradition says is the spot on which rested the Holy Family. A sort of seat is cut in the sides of the grotto. The people sat there during the instructions. The walls are covered with inscriptions in all languages, the work of pilgrims. Near the school is the place where St. James of Carmel died in the 6th century. Leaving the grotto we went towards the sea in order to mount our horses. We rode southwards, and soon came to a small hill called Bis-Allasso. St. Louis, King of France, being apprised of the death of his mother, wished to return to his native land but a great tempest arose. His ship was wrecked and he landed here. We next reached the "Valley of Martyrs," which was filled with pomegranate and lemon trees. A short distance from here is the Fountain of Elias. The water which rushes forth is very wholesome As it issues from the rock it falls into a hollow basin, whence it flows into a large reservoir cut in the rocks. From here it flows over the valley which is in consequence one of the most fertile in Palestine. In 1238 the reservoir was filled with the bones of the martyred Carmelite Fathers. At about 300 feet above the valley can still be seen the ruins of the ancient convent of St. Brocard. The level of the mountain to the south is called "The Field —or garden of melons," on account of the following legend: One day the prophet Elias in passing noticed the owner of the garden, and asked him for a melon. The man replied that he had none, and that what the prophet saw and believed to be melons and pears were only stones. "Well then," said the prophet, "let them be stones." At that moment all the fruit in the garden was turned into stones. From that time until to-day you can find there stones shaped like apples, pears and melons. I saw them. We returned to the Carmelite Monastery by a shorter way through a woods in which we were shown some curious spots where, tradition says, St. Elias came to prepare his meals. [*From letters of Rev. J. B. Broun, Akron, Ohio.*]

"It is the greatest possible blessing to a nation that in its cities and villages, in its valleys, on its mountain-sides, in its plains and forests, there should rise religious houses filled with the *elite* of the race, of either sex, who are devoted day and night to works of charity and expiation for sins, to prayers and intercessions for the conversion of the unbelieving and misbelieving, and reformation of the ungodly and an increase of favor to the tepid."— Brownson.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

ABOUT noon Carmelita returned radiant, thanking Mr. Rutherford with a pretty courtesy, a trifle old-fashioned in northern eyes. It was with the utmost sincerity that the young man replied that the kindness was all upon her side and the pleasure upon his. Nor could he refrain from looking back at her as she stood a moment in the doorway, a picture, despite the perfect simplicity of her costume. This very simplicity he had admired and appreciated, together with the delicacy of its motive, which he perfectly understood. She smiled as he raised his hat to her. He had been very kind.

Carmelita could not help bemoaning to Hepzibah the poverty of the little church and its appointments, nor dwelling a little upon the gorgeous cathedrals, monuments of ancestral piety, with which she had been familiar. But though Hepzibah lost not a word, she sat in studied silence, in her rocking-chair, her hands clasped in her lap, the very droop of her nose and upward angle of her chin expressive of sound resolution to hear nothing of the idolatrous worship of the Papists. At last she seized upon her Bible and began obtrusively reading a portion of the Psalms.

When Hepzibah went up that evening to bring her tea to the old woman above, the latter stopped her as she was passing out with the tray.

"Hepzibah!"

"Well, Mrs. Johnson."

She turned round with the tray in her hand and they looked into each other's faces, faces which each remembered fair, unwrinkled, young.

"Did she go?"

"She did."

"With Squire Rutherford's son?"

"Yes."

Something like a gleam of light came into the dim, bleared eyes of the face upon the bed, which the other eyes saw and understood.

"The folks were lookin' out of windows and doors all down the road," said Hepzibah, "but Parson Jenkins, he was right down angry."

"He hadn't oughter. No one could help it. Did he come here?"

"He come to the gate and took on awful when he heard she was gone with Squire Rutherford's son."

There was a pause. This was unpleasant news, but the old woman, long denied any gleam of gratification, was determined to look only at the bright side of the matter.

"Did Squire Rutherford's son come in after meetin'?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Carmelita, she bade him good-bye at the gate."

"She did?"

"Yes, and he stood still and he looked at her till she got to the doorway, jest as if he couldn't take his eyes off her."

"He did? When's he comin' again?"

"I don't know, I asked Carmelita and she laughed outright and said, 'what a funny question, how should I know?'"

"Does she like him any, do you suppose?"

"She talks to him as if he was the hired boy over to Simms'."

"She does? Don't seem to like him any?" said she with a touch of anxiety.

"Don't suppose so. She oughter. He's as handsome as a picteer and powerful rich, and I guess he cares some for her."

There was a silence, during which the two old women regarded each other. This was a case outside of their philosophy.

"Guess the weather's going to change,"

said the figure upon the bed. "I've got a touch of rheumatics."

"Should you like some boneset?" suggested Hepzibah.

"Guess not."

Meanwhile Carmelita, alone in the twilight, having finished her beads, sat thinking over her morning's expedition. Altogether it had left a pleasant impression upon her mind. The weather had been exquisite. The winding road by which they had passed, now thickly lined with houses, now leading by the smoke and grimness of factories, and again running parallel with a little stream and reaching into the freshness and peace of the country, had been delightful. She had been unconscious of the varied groups of gossipmongers whose whisperings and gigglings had been noted with concealed but bitter annoyance by her companion. But she had been fully alive to every blossom-covered tree and every meadow, bursting into green, even under this austere sky. And in the blue of that same sky she had intensely rejoiced.

Mr. Rutherford was naturally associated with all this in her remembrance of the pleasantest hours which had fallen to her lot since her arrival at K———. Various little incidents of the walk came to her, not disagreeable. Obstacles in the way of branches, stones or brambles which her companion had so deftly removed from her path, pleasant greetings which he had bestowed upon certain poor people whom they had passed, all of whom had evidently known and respected him before, little snatches of conversation which she could recall as one remembers the phrases of a song At the church he had been so attentive, reverent even, during the service, and on the way home he had told her how much travelling abroad had removed his country-bred prejudices against the faith, and how he had made warm friends amongst the Catholic clergy. And he had appealed to her not to judge too hardly of the rigid antagonism to her faith which she would meet with around her.

"Think the best you can of us with that warm, charitable spirit of the South."

The two anxious old women upstairs might have been comforted had they known how near in sympathy to Carmelita, Andrew Rutherford had contrived to bring himself. It is true that the thought of him as a possible suitor had never entered her head. But he had crept into her mind as the only one who could understand her Catholic longings and aspirations, and perhaps also as one who in some distant future might himself come into the household of faith. A missionary spirit is latent in most women. Nothing more attracts them to a man than the hope of doing something for his spiritual welfare. If sometimes this proves an *ignis fatuis* it is at least a not ignoble one.

Taken altogether, that Sabbath day in grim New England had its own share of sweetness and light for the young Spaniard, and its twilight closing darkly in the shadows of the old house had a touch of peace and rest, a foreshadowing of happiness to come.

It would be difficult to put into words the precise means by which Carmelita, as the months went on, carried out her mission of warming, not only the old house at K———, but the village itself. She became, as it were, a rich and glowing exotic in its grayness and austerity. The angularities of her neighbors served to throw out the graceful curves of her own personality. Their reticence or their garrulity, equally unsympathetic and undemonstrative, gave a strange charm to her quick sympathy, her swift impulsiveness. The rustic freedom of the girl, usually in its own way self-respecting it is true, added beauty to her little reserves. Her dignity was a counterpoise to their somewhat free and easy good comradeship. Her beauty itself was of a kind new in that part of the world.

The children one and all knew her. Many a curly head had leaned sleepily upon her shoulder. Many a diminutive figure had climbed into her lap. They came to her with presents of flowers or berries, and they likewise came with their troubles, real or imaginary, with broken toys and cut fingers. They came when scolded at home, or punished at school. The brick courtyard often contained a score of them, so that the tame crow had to take refuge on the topmost branches of the tree to grumble and scold, being disturbed from his perch close to Carmelita. The robins twittered uneasily above, not venturing close to the ground. Hepzibah was powerless, venting her wrath from the kitchen window, or pouring out ejaculations from the front door.

"Sakes alives, if she don't beat all. She's the most provokingest girl. Why Carmelita, jest you look at them crumbs on the front stoop and leaves and branches strewed about everywhere. And as for Miss Johnson upstairs, you're going to give her a right down splittin' headache."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WELCOME GUESTS.

Rev. Father Henry Lube, Dublin, Ireland; Rev. P. J. Harold, Niagara, Ont.; Mr. and Mrs. Burke, Boston, Mass; Mr. Charles Kiefer, Rochester, N. Y.; Mr. Frank V. Topper, New Baltimore, Pa.; Dr J. A. Lanigan, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Miss Kate Dunne, Joliet, Ill; Mr. Frank Kemper, Dayton, Ohio, Rev. J Trayling, Dixie, Ont.; Mon. and Mde. de Cannart, of Brussels, Belgium and Mr. James McDermott, of Danbury, Conn., were among the many visitors at Falls View Monastery during the past month.

HEREIN a man may know whether he really loves God: Is he satisfied with anything less than God?—St. John of the Cross.

OBITUARY.

THE death of Mrs. Maria J. Pfohl, wife of Louis Pfohl, the well-known grain merchant, was a sad blow to her many friends, says the *Buffalo Evening News*. She was noted for her charitable and loving disposition. Three sons, Louis L, Dr. Edward N. and George W. Pfohl, survive her; also one sister, Mrs. Carrie Stevens, of Weedsport. The funeral took place Tuesday morning, the 12th of Sept., from St. Joseph's Cathedral. The deceased was one of our subscribers and to us a generous benefactor. We beg from our readers a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul.

R. I. P.

OCTOBER FEASTS.

OCTOBER is a favored month in possessing so many festivals devoted to the love of our Blessed Lady. While the sweet song of the Rosary, is being sung by millions of lips, while chaplets of roses are wreathed by loving hands, while heartfelt prayers are recorded on the beads of devotion, while the mysteries of a Redeemer's love are pondered by tender souls, heaven is besieged by countless requests that ever ascend to Mary's throne, and true to the promises of Dominic of old, graces, blessings and favors, innumerable and rich, ever descend generously upon her devoted children. October boasts also of Mary's Maternity, and of the feast of her holy Purity, lovely festivals, the motherhood of Mary! transcendant of dignity! The honor of being chosen to clothe the Eternal God with her own flesh, to infuse into his being her own blood, to give Him drink, who first created her. And Mary's purity! the thought baffles the attempt to faintly realize the loveliness of this virtue, which is God's mother, purer than the dewdrop sparkling on the sunbeam, glistering with a brilliancy that places the brightest orbs of the sky.

"Domine, Aut Pati Aut Mori."

"O Lord, either let me suffer or let me die." Such was the incessant prayer of a great and brave woman, the Seraphic Virgin St. Teresa, whose feast is celebrated on Oct. 15. Four centuries have well nigh rolled by since the blessed saint joined the choirs of virgins before the Lamb of God, but the Teresian spirit lives yet in this world; lives in the holiness of her many children of Carmel, astounding the civilized world with its lofty heroism, and Catholics have imbibed that spirit by feeding upon the heavenly doctrine contained in the writings of our saint.

Saint Teresa was born of pious and noble parents in the quaint and pretty city of Avila, in Spain, on Wednesday in Passion Week, March 28, 1515. She was brought up by her pious parents in the fear of the Lord. Her education was confided to the Nuns of St. Augustine. While with them she first felt herself drawn to the religious state. Led by the grace of God, she entered the Carmelite Convent at Avila on Nov. 2, 1533. After a year of probation she made her Profession on Nov. 3, 1534. For two and twenty years our saint was afflicted with many and severe ailments, harrassed by terrible temptations, and desolate, refreshed with no heavenly consolation. She suffered all, so that the trial of her faith was more precious than gold tried by fire to the glory and honor of God.

The saint's large and loving soul was filled with divine love. As she tells us in her life, written by herself, a cherubim of God repeatedly pierced her heart through and through with a fiery javelin. These wounds were really physical, which we may see in her incorrupted heart.

This noble virgin was filled with all virtue, obedient as a child, poor, yet enriching many, a virgin pure without the least tarnish in her life, always suffering yet ever calm, even, as we see in her many letters extant, often sportive, full of innocent fun and gladness, contemned by the world, and loving that contempt.

She was a true Carmelite in her childlike love of our Blessed Lady. She was the great apostle of the Devotion to St. Joseph, a devotion brought from the east by the Carmelites, and we have learned to love St. Joseph through St. Teresa.

This brave woman, without means, with the world against her, reformed her order, founded and built many monasteries and convents for men and women. All this she did for her spiritual children by the grace of God, "who maketh a barren woman to dwell in a house, the joyful mother of children."—Ps. 112-9.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by herself, and the other books and letters written by her, show us the Saint of Prayer. Her great knowledge and wisdom, her great love and perfection are the fruit of prayer. The life of a true Carmelite is a life of prayer. St. Teresa was the echo of Carmel. She leads the soul in her classic works of mystic theology by step and step from simple prayer, which means to speak to God, to the top of Mount Carmel, to the union of the soul with God. The saint was no religious enthusiast, but a woman of practical common sense. She teaches practical piety, but, unless we pray as we ought, we shall never see God.

The death of our saint was precious in the eyes of God. Having received all the last holy sacraments, she exclaims: "How happy am I that I am to the last a daughter of Holy Church." She was rapt up in an ectasy of divine love, grasping in her hand a crucifix, which could not be removed from her. At last, after a life of 47 years in religion, on Oct. 15, 1582, she surrendered her pure soul into the hands of her Creator. The saint was 67 years old when she died. Wonderful visions were seen at her death; the whole house was filled with a heavenly perfume. She was buried at Avila. Her body being disinterred was found perfectly incorrupt and fragrant—and even after 300 years her body is yet incorrupt, as may be seen at Avila. God is wonderful, indeed, in His saints.

Dionysius Best, O. C. C.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, OCTOBER, 1893. NO. 10.

THE great Catholic Columbian Congress will bring forth much fruit. It will hasten the progress of Catholicity in the land, and God grant that it be the means of bringing many of our separated brethren nearer to the true fold.

* * *

WE are pleased to note the fact that the name of the venerable Sister Teresa of St. Augustine—Madame Louise of France, the daughter of King Louis XV—a nun of our Order is soon, we hope, to be added to the long list of Carmelite saints. A late Roman letter says that the process of her Beatification is soon to be introduced.

* * *

THE latest comment among the exchanges concerning "A Catholic Dictionary" says that one of the former editors is "no longer available." And for good reason, for we are reliably informed that the same gentleman is no longer a Catholic. He might be able now to give us "A Protestant Dictionary." We long for the day when "*A* Catholic Dictionary" will be succeeded by "*The* Catholic Dictionary."

* * *

ON the Ides of October, 1582, nearly one hundred years after the immortal Isabella had sent Columbus to plant the cross on our soil—our great Spanish Saint, Teresa of Jesus, breathed forth her pure soul to God. She was only a woman, but volumes tell all she did for holy religion. Her work ended not with her life. After three centuries her influence is still felt. Let us take to heart the short but wise sayings of the saint which appear in these pages from time to time. Our lives will be better if we heed such holy maxims.

* * *

ST. FRANCIS of Assissium! What thoughts his name awakens as his feast comes around again. This poor, humble friar stands in bold relief as an object lesson to the rich. "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is the key to problems over which legislators harangue. It is altogether a great year for the sons of St. Francis. La Rabida tells us why. It was there where Columbus was enabled to take the first step towards making his voyage, and it was in a Franciscan Monastery as a member of the Third Order the great discoverer died.

* * *

NIAGARA Falls is the favorite haunt of freaks and notoriety-hunters. To the species must be added the pest of every decent community the so-called "ex-priest" and "escaped nun." The genuine article lately made its appearance in this vicinity. It is an outrage that the custom officials, who with paternal anxiety guard public morals in confiscating indecent literature, should have allowed this recent adventurer to escape their vigilance. We do not wish to insult the christian modesty of our readers by quoting any remarks of this lecturer. His subjects were "The Convent Unveiled" and "Secrets of Romanism." We understand that this ex-priest (?) regardless of the command "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor," made remarks reflecting on our monastery and the convent in the neighborhood. We are glad that such libellous talk, as might be expected, has had the effect of making

our community more esteemed by intelligent and un-prejudiced Protestants. The whereabouts of the lodge-rooms of the P. P A. (or A. P. A.) may be unknown to those outside of the disreputable brood of scoundrels who bring this class of lecturers among respectable citizens, but there is no freemasonery in the Catholic Church. Monasteries and convents are open for inspection, and their whereabouts are known. The important item on the posters announcing the lecture referred to was of course "a silver collection at the close." In case this ex-priest received enough cash it would be to his benefit to go to Chicago. There he will see an open monastery — that of La Rabida — which will tell what the country owes to the monks, and the Catholic educational exhibit will show "The Convent Unveiled" to an admiring world.

* *
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A FANATICAL preacher named Bosworth, who has probably found his exchequer at a low ebb after the return of his family from their summer vacation, has been endeavoring to re-fill his purse by showing audiences in the maritime provinces how he can make Rome howl. After he had stirred up the usual cesspool of misrepresentation against our holy religion and its devout practices he brought down the house by producing a Scapular. The papers quote the speaker as saying that "to it (the Scapular) was attached two small cards. A picture on one represented Mary and the infant Christ, but with the crown on the head of the former. Mr. Bosworth then read out of a pamphlet written by the most Rev. John Hughes, D. D., late archbishop of New York, statements to the effect that those who died without this Scapular would surely go into everlasting torment. It was a power unto salvation." He said moreover that "a Scapular such as he showed, cost ten cents, and it cost twenty cents more to get the priest's blessing on it."

Every sane Catholic and every enlightened non-Catholic knows that the Sacramentals of the church, including the Scapular, are not necessary as a means to save our souls. But the Scapular is a great "power unto salvation" to use Mr. Bosworth's words, as experience has proved. Of course the Blessed Virgin is represented wearing a crown. She above all queens has the greatest right to wear such, but although the holy Infant is the King of kings it would not be very artistic to represent the divine Babe wearing a crown. The remark put into the mouth of the late saintly archbishop of New York is too broad-faced a falsehood to need much comment Such a pamphlet would be immediately condemned by the Holy See, but none of Archbishop Hughes' works are on the Index. True, a pecuniary offering *is* accepted for a Scapular, and sometimes *more* than ten cents. It might interest those of Mr. Bosworth's caliber to know that the Holy Father at his jubilee received from our fathers in Spain a richly embroidered Scapular, the expense for the material and making of which cost several dollars. Any Catholic not having the means can get a Scapular for the asking. We send them out free daily. But any small boy commencing to learn his catechism will tell you that *there is no charge for a blessing.*

* *
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A SCURRILOUS sheet with the high-sounding name of the "*British Canadian*" has made its appearance. The major portion of the paper is made up of boiler-plate material and copious clippings. The balance, in tone with the publication, is a tirade against Catholicism. It observes the usual anti-Romanist tactics. It says that the Catholic church is the foe of education. The following may be an interesting clipping for the editor of the paper referred to. Thus writes a Protestant in Chicago in speaking of the education exhibit at the World's Fair:

"Despite the danger of being condemned, sentenced, and, to say the least, burned in effigy, by the "little red school-house" fanatics, we declare, and every right-minded, non-partisan and unprejudiced person must acknowledge, that we are right, and will confirm our views. Compared with the exposition of the Catholic training and educational institutions the exhibit of our national public schools scarcely deserve to be noticed. The Catholic school teachers have laid open to our view a picture demonstrating the magnitude of the Catholic school system, its workings, its effect and the achieved results of the various institutions, so far-reaching, so instructive, and so ably illustrating its high educational character as to discourage and disappoint the partisans of the public schools when they view their miserable, monotonous and flimsy exhibit."

The Guardian Angel.

"O the exceeding grace
Of highest God! that loves His creatures so,
And all His works with mercy doth embrace.
That blessed angels He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe."
—*Edmund Spenser.*

It was a happy thought of the Sovereign Pontiff, now gloriously reigning, to add to the already existing devotion of the month of October— (The Guardian Angels) — the crowning glory of honoring the Queen of the Holy Rosary; but while our thoughts are intent on the oft uttered *Aves* in which as Lacordaire days "love never thinks that it repeats" let us not forget the old time devotion which should come home to us in an especial manner, and which, like the air around us we so take for granted, that we rarely, except in peculiar cases, dwell upon this very important factor of our spiritual life, the fact that each of us has a guardian angel. Christian mothers from time immemorial have sung the old lullaby "Hush my baby, lie still and slumber, holy angels guard thy bed;" and the sweet sleep of happy childhood has ever been soothed and hastened by tales of the "dear angel ever at our side," until the little one almost grew to look for the presence of the bright spirit which it was told waited to carry its first thought on awakening even to the throne of God. Well it were for us, did we cling more tenaciously to those sweet and tender memories of childhood, when faith was a living thing, when heaven was synonymous with home. But alas! the world with its icy breath has frozen up the founts of holy feeling, and given us to drink instead the bitter waters of Lethe, making us forget the world of spirit, while wearing us out with the world of sense. Let us refresh ourselves with a few thoughts on this devotion to the guardian angel, which may it awaken in us the old and perhaps forgotten love for this heavenly guide whose life and ours are nearly one. The *lares* and *penates* were dear to the hearts of the ancient Roman. Why should we of christian times be insensible to the presence of those ministering spirits who leave their silver bowers to come to succor us that succor want? We can scarcely picture to ourselves save by the eyes of faith, the real existence of a pure spirit at our side whose only care is to guard and guide us, and whose sole mission is so to protect us that we dash not our foot against a stone. The providence of God circles us round till there is no escape from the bonds of His love and mercy; and in nothing do we see this more clearly portrayed than in thus committing us from the first moment of actual existence to the care of an angel. "A most pure and noble spirit is thus deputed to assist continually a creature so vile an object as man." Surely God has all but exhausted the devices of His goodness in His efforts to raise this fallen nature of ours from its natural baseness in associating us at every turn with all that is high and holy and ennobling in the order of grace, and like many other benefits this wonderful favor conferred upon us passes by like a dream. How few of us have anything like a practical devotion to our guardian angel, and yet he is in a certain sense a very part of us. Closer to us than our nearest of kith and kin, and more tenderly attached to us than the very mother whose unselfesh devotion has been the joy of our whole lives. How keenly we feel anything like a reflection on our gratitude for favors received at the hands of friends. What of the scant return we make to this "prince, more than brother," who so lavishly bestows on us the attentions of a very slave. What do we not owe him? From how many unknown dangers has he sheltered us? How much of joy and peace are of his making? Many a time and oft has he pleaded for us before the justice of God and stayed the hand which because of the angelic counsel fell to heal and not to

strike. We all have our particular devotions to the saints, to the holy Mother of God, and other drawing cults of the faithful, a solid practical devotion to the guardian angel is all but rare among us. Now the return of the month of October is a reminder to awaken anew our gratitude for the countless benefits which we owe to this faithful friend who serves us with no thought of self. Beautiful type as he is of the divine goodness which created and daily preserves us. Our good, our ultimate happiness being the only motive of his life-long devotion. "Our hearts are full of angels when they are full of sorrows." How many times has this silent comforter at our side been a very well-spring of consolation to us when the the "world's unkindness grew with life." Ah! let us not be unmindful of him, but returning to the simple faith of our childhood, hold familiar converse with this angel guide of ours "who doth accompany us, and doth order all things well that are done about us."

DOLORES,
October 2, 1893. N. Y.

Petitions, etc.

THE L. family of Utica, N. Y., are asking three requests of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and Mrs. L. B. of Pittsburgh, Pa., one petition and they beg our readers to unite their prayers in order to obtain the favors asked.

A SUBSCRIBER in Corry, Pa., writes saying that she is "more than thankful" for her recovery from an illness. She ascribes her cure to St. Albert, the Carmelite, having used the water blessed with the relics of the saint.

ATTENTIVELY consider how fickle people are, and how little room there is for trusting them: and so repose all your confidence in God, who changes not.—ST. TERESA.

HYMN TO MY ANGEL. *

(*For the Carmelite Review*)

Dearest Angel, wilt thou hasten
With these whispered words of love,
To my soul's Betrothed who waiteth
In His holy court, above?
Say my heart with longing wearies
Only to behold His face,
Say my fainting spirit thirsteth
For the fountains of His grace,
Oh! my angel, my good angel,
Thou wilt bear to my Beloved,
Bear these whispered words from me.

Tell Him how the thorny tendrils
He hath planted in my breast
Laden are with fragrant roses
Where His wounded feet may rest;
Pray Him then to bring more flowers—
In my heart so cold and small,
Lest they perish, make it warmer,
Larger, till it hold them all:
Bear this rose of love, a token
To my Lord awaiting thee,
That I sigh but for His coming,
Only long His face to see.

Ah! behold, amid Love's flowers
Spring unchecked, entangling weeds;
Yet entreat of Him forgiveness,
'Tis His little one who pleads:
Thanks and blessings speed my angel
Swiftly on His upward flight,
Till He bendeth crowned with glory
In our loving Master's sight.
Say, I would renew my troth-plight,
Say His will my will shall be;
While before Him cast I labor,
Love, and life, and liberty.

SR. W.

* [This poem was written and composed by a Carmelite Nun in St. Louis, Mo., who is totally blind and has been so from infancy. She writes on the type-writer without any assistance.—ED. C. R.]

O MY Rosary, my most intimate confidant, my dear *Vade Mecum*, thou art the most pleasing friend of my life; the path is so beautiful, strewn as it is with the prettiest flowers of the *Ave Maria!* How well dost thou console us when we weep! how readily thou dost gladden the soul when it is sad! how clearly thou makest understand the nothingness of all things here below.—*Cardinal Dechamps.*

The BROWN SCAPULAR

All questions referring to the Scapular, the Third Order, Confraternities, etc., will be answered under this department. Address all communications to VERY REV. PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C., PROVINCIAL, CARMELITE SEMINARY, NEW BALTIMORE, PENN.

Names for enrollment in the Scapular Confraternity may be sent to Carmelite Fathers, Englewood, N. J.; Pittsburgh, Pa., (cor. Fulton and Centre Avenue); Scipio, Kansas; New Baltimore, Pa., Falls View, Ont., and Carmel Priory, 334 East 29th St., N. Y. City.

3.—Obligations.

WE spoke of the reception of the Scapular. Before we explain the spiritual advantages accruing from it, it will be necessary to speak of the obligations of the wearer, since the advantages are not common to all, but depend on the fulfillment of the various obligations of those who are affiliated to the Order in one of the four possible ways. For a person may (1) simply receive and wear the Scapular, or (2) belong to the Confraternity, (3) to the Third Order or (4) to the First or Second Order. The first, second and third degrees do not interest us now, as the Third Order will be treated separately, and the regular communities of the friars and nuns of Mount Carmel do not come within the scope of the present articles, therefore we shall only speak of the obligations incumbent upon the wearers of the Scapular and the members of the Confraternity.

1. The obligation common to all is to wear the Scapular during life and when dying. It must be worn on the breast and shoulders. To remove it for a time does not necessitate a new investing, unless it was laid aside through contempt, that is with an intention of wearing it no longer. If the Scapular should become torn or lost whilst, for instance, the person was bathing, and another could not be procured at once, but the intention of procuring one existed, the delay, even if considerable, would not interfere with the rights of the person invested. Persons who lay aside the Scapular through contempt do not participate in the privileges by merely resuming the Scapular. They must be again invested.

2. Since the 27th of April, 1887, it is obligatory and essential, in order to gain the spiritual advantages attached to the wearing of the Scapular, that the names of those invested be entered in a register kept for the purpose. Every priest empowered to invest should have such a register, and whenever convenient send the names to a community of Carmelites, or where the Confraternity is canonically established.

Where the Confraternity is canonically established and thereby the affiliation to the Order completed, the register kept is sufficient and a transmission to a monastery not necessary.

3. Persons to be invested should receive on the same day the holy Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist, as they otherwise cannot gain the plenary indulgence granted for the day of reception.

4. There is no special obligation of reciting definite prayers attached to the wearing of the Scapular. Prayer imposed in commutation of the obligations for the Sabbatine Privilege, of which we shall speak immediately, are obligatory only if imposed by those having the power to do so.

5. As the *Sabbatine Privilege* has sometimes been called in question and more frequently misunderstood, we insert here some historical notes and an excerpt of the Bull of John XXII, "*Sacratissimo uti culmine*," dated Avignon, March 3rd, 1822, an authentic copy of which is preserved in the archives of the Order.

After the death of Pope Clement V. the sacred college of Cardinals met at Lyons in France in order to elect a successor. Owing to dissensions among the Cardinals and

wars in Germany, England, France and Italy no election took place for more than two years, the vacancy being fraught with the greatest evils for church and state. Hence Cardinal James Arnauld (James of Ossa) had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, beseeching that by her intercession she would obtain from her Son a worthy pastor of the church, who would remedy these disorders. "As I was kneeling in prayer," he says:—

"I saw the Virgin in the Carmelite habit, who adressed me thus: 'O John, O John, vicar of my beloved Son, as I free thee from thy adversary and make thee pope, asking for thee as Vicar by solemn oblation and supplication from my sweetest Son, which grace I obtained, thou shalt confirm the following ample grace to my holy and devoted Carmelite Order, commenced by Elias and Eliseus on Mount Carmel, to wit: That the Vicar of my Son shall confirm on earth what my Son determined and ordained in heaven, that whosoever will make profession, observing the rule given by my servant the patriarch Albert, and confirmed by my beloved Innocent, and perseveres in holy obedience, poverty and chastity will be saved. And if others through devotion enter this holy Order, wear my habit and call themselves brothers and sisters of my aforesaid Order, they shall be freed and absolved from the third part of their sins on the day they enter the Order, promising chastity in case of a widow, virginity in case of a virgin, conjugal chastity in case of married people according to the law of holy mother Church. The professed brothers shall be freed from guilt and eternal punishment on the day of their death, and shall be speedily delivered from purgatory.

"*I, their glorious mother, will descend on the Saturday after their death. I will deliver those whom I shall find in purgatory and take them up to the holy mountain of eternal life.* However, these brothers and sisters shall say the canonical hours as it is required by the rule given by Albert. Those who cannot do so shall observe the fasts commanded by the church and abstain from fleshmeat on Wednesdays and Saturdays, except Christmas day. Thus speaking, the holy Virgin disappeared."

The Pope then continues:

"I therefore accept this holy indulgence, I corroborate and confirm it on earth, as Jesus Christ by reason of the merits of His glorious virgin Mother has conceded it in heaven. No one, therefore, shall dare impugn or rashly counteract this page of our indulgence or ordination of the statute. If one dare to do so let him know that he incurs the indignation of Almighty God and the holy Apostles Peter and Paul."

These are the words of the Sabbatine Bull published by Pope John XXII six years after his election to the apostolic chair. The obligations mentioned in it are these:

1. To wear the Scapular constantly as a brother or sister of the Confraternity.

2. To observe the virtue of chastity according to one's state of life.

3. To recite the Canonical Hours (in case of members of the First and Second Order, and all those who are otherwise bound to say the canonical office). For laymen the Little Office of the Blessed Virgin is substituted, which is to be said in Latin.

4. Those who for good reasons cannot recite this office must fast on all fast days of the church and abstain from flesh meat on all Wednesdays and Saturdays.

5. If this be also impossible some other penitential work may be substituted by way of commutation. This can be done only by those who have a special power to do so. The faculty of giving the Scapular does not include the power of commutation, nor do the faculties delegated by the Ordinaries to their priests contain it. It can be obtained only from the Superior of the Order. Every director of a canonically

established Confraternity possesses it for himself and his successor. If he assumes another mission where the Confraternity is not established, he loses it again, because the privilege is local and not personal.

A commutation is an exchange of one work into another equally or nearly equally good. It must not become a dispensation by lightening the obligations in a way that is altogether out of proportion to the original obligation, else it will be invalid, unless the priest has received a special power of dispensation.

6. These obligations can be commuted outside of the confessional, and by any priest having the faculty. Where there is a Confraternity established people belonging to other parishes must go to the Director of this Confraternity to obtain a lawful commutation.

In the next number we shall speak of the Confraternity more in detail.

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

Scapular names have been received at the Carmelite Monastery, Falls View, Ont., for registration from S S. Peter and Paul's Church, Rochester, N. Y.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont., (2 lists); Riviere Bourgeois, Cape Breton, N. S.

F. O.—The question was asked whether the Scapulars as now given were not made contrary to the rule that brown be the predominating color, since one side of them was covered by the white print. In reply I say that the brown side is the obverse side of the Scapular and the picture is on the reverse side serving as a lining. Hence brown not only predominates, but is exclusive on one side, and there is no reason for anxiety. P. R M.

BEAR it in mind that you have but one soul; that you can die but once; that your lifetime can be but short; and that there is but one glory which is eternal; and this thought will detach you from a multitude of things.—ST. TERESA

MY BEADS.

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part
With one of you for richest gem
That gleams in kingly diadem;
Ye know the history of my heart,

For I have told you ever grief
In all the days of twenty years,
And I have moistened you with tears,
And in your decades found relief

Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed,
And joys have died, but in my needs
Ye were my friends, my blessed beads!
And ye consoled me when I wailed.

How many and many a time in grief,
My weary fingers wandered round
The circle chain and always found
In some Hail Mary sweet re ief.

How many a story you might tell
Of inner life to all unknown;
I trusted you and you alone,
But ah! ye kept my secrets well.

Ye are the only chain I wear—
A sign that I am but a slave,
In life, in death, beyond the grave,
Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

—*Father Ryan.*

From the Emerald Isle.

"Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live long night: nor these alone whose notes
Nice-fingered art must emulate in vain,
But cawing rooks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me."

—*Cowper.*

THE great feast of our Lady's Assumption was, as usual, kept with great solemnity. It is an important festival among the Carmelites here, especially among those in our country convents. The beautiful summer brought with it an abundant harvest of grain and fruit which cheered the hearts of the people. Birds of many kind are numerous and beautiful this season. In the hard winters gone by, the feathered songsters suffered much, so much indeed that many of the species became extinct.

The birds remind me of an incident

which occurred some time ago. I was walking in Phoenix Park, one of the most beautiful of its kind in all Europe. The park has an extent of three square miles. It is beautifully laid out in a way to please the eye of all. Groves, gardens, lakes, trees and plants of the rarest kind are found within its inclosure. It also contains a zoological garden with collections of animals from every clime. The residences of the Viceroy, of the Chief and Under-secretary situated here are palatial buildings. All the national sports and military reviews are held here. I met an old and venerable man one day in the park. He stopped to address me. After discussing the usual topics on the fine weather, the beautiful surroundings etc, I asked him his name and place of his birth. "I am ninety," he said. "I was born in Dublin and never left it. Eighty years ago I hunted the wren on Saint Stephens' Day in this park. I remember Waterloo, and how we used to pray that "Bony," as Napoleon was called, might beat the English. "Why did they hunt the wren on St. Stephens' Day?" I asked. "That is more than any man can tell," he replied. "The usual account is this:—Once upon a time when the Irish were at war with the English, the enemy had quietly gone to sleep in camp. The Irish took advantage of this and planned an attack. The Irish were approaching the Saxon quarters when a number of wrens flew from a bush into the tents of the English and awoke the troops. An old chronicler of two hundred years ago, described the field where this occurred, and said that the birds aroused the English by picking at the drums. But this could be hardly true since the Welsh and the Manx likewise hunt the wren, therefore it must be of Celtic origin. The custom probably symbolizes the shortest day of the year and the change of season, which was likewise a pagan custom."

"The red-breast," he continued, is differently treated. The old people respect it, and the young would consider it a sin to rob its nest. The legend runs that of old when the Jews were pursuing our Lord in order to kill Him, the robin covered Him with moss, and would have concealed our Saviour had not the water-wagtail (called the devil's bird) plucked away the covering. Another saying is that at the Crucifixion a robin, out of compassion, rested on the crown of thorns and thus received his scarlet breast. Other stories say that the feet of the blessed Virgin, when fleeing through the woods with the Holy infant, were so lacerated that she left a bloody track behind her. The robin tried to cover the bloody stains with leaves and whilst pressing them down received its crimson breast."

These and other interesting stories of the bird family were related to me by my new and venerable acquaintance. Is it not strange that a non-Catholic invariably blesses himself with the Sign of the Cross when he sees a magpie? The great Isaac Butt always did it.

A. E Farrington, O.C.C.

Dublin, Sept. 15th, 1893.

A writer in the *Humanitarian* in speaking of the duty of women to become attractive says, that one of the great drawbacks is, that the sex has been "too steeped in ecclesiasticism." Quite the contrary. The more the fair sex is steeped in religion the more attractive they are. The use of the many artificial beautifiers do not bring out the best in any woman. What attracts most is modesty, gentleness and other christian virtues conspicuous in those who strive to model themselves after the most beautiful and attractive of women, at whose sight, even a saint, (Denis the Areopagite) felt inclined to fall down in adoration—namely the humble Virgin of Nazareth.

He who fears God avoids all occasions of offending Him.—St. Teresa.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

It seems but a very little while since we gave our Our Blessed Lady a bouquet of Masses as an offering for her own dear month of May and now we must get ready to give her another. Did the first one fade? Ah! no dear children: The roses of that bouquet are imperishable. They were of purest gold, and are safe in the royal treasury of the King. Why, He has been giving us gold dust daily from that bouquet, sprinkling it over us in blessings and yet keeping the roses to place in our hands, when crowned and conquered we walk in the happy train of the children of Mary who will be her maids of honor for all eternity How wise our holy mother, the Church, is, and what admirable judgment she displays in all her ways. May, in all the freshness and beauty of the spring, she gives to Mary the queen of the flowers and now in these latter days of ours, October, the queen-month of the year, in its wealth of golden foliage and its ever changing beauty of brilliant forest hues, is consecrated to the Queen of the holy Rosary, the gracious advocate whose eyes of mercy we beg her to turn towards us. They tell us that the saints look at us only when we pray to them; but that Mary, our mother, looks always,—and rightly so. What eyes are like those of a mother? Stars as they are; love lights ever shining on the paths of her children. And what earthly mother, dear and sweet though she be, can equal in love and tenderness this heavenly Mother whose eyes like myraids of stars are watching constantly over us, her children in exile, her wanderers maybe, all the dearer because of their staying in a strange land. Let us crown her this month, dear children, with roses of prayer. Let our beads twine them for her as they pass lovingly through our fingers and our eyes are fixed wistfully on her sweet face, while we cry to her in the touching words of the *Salve Regina*. "Hail Mother of mercy! our life our sweetness and our hope." Beautiful prayer. One would almost think that Adam and Eve first spoke its words when the fair paradise of delights were shut against them. But no—they knew nought of Mary, who was to crush the head of the serpent which made them and us poor banished children. To know her and to love her is our joy. Let us then in union with the whole church— the great army of God upon earth, join our hearts and our voices in this consoling of devotions—the Holy Rosary. God wishes to give us all things through Mary, says St. Bernard. Go to her then, dear children, and trust her for all things. In the words of one of her servants say to her, "I leave all things to thee direct Mother in thine own name, as God left all to thee in Jesus."

Very safe are those who are sheltered under the mantle of Mary.

Devotedly,

Carmel's Secretary.

PUZZLES.

XL

What tree bears the most fruit to market?

XLI

Why is a selfish friend like the letter "p"?

XLII

At what time was Adam married?

XLIII

Which is the coldest river.

XLIV

When is a tea-pot like a kitten?

Answers to Puzzles.

XXXVI—Because it is seldom seen after Lent.

XXXVII—"You are too pointed."

XXXVIII—The wheelwright.

XXXIX—The elephant, who had his trunk, and the fox and the rooster who had a brush and comb between them "Sec."

Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., NOVEMBER, 1893. NO. 11.

For the Souls in Purgatory.

Ye souls of the faithful! who sleep in the Lord,
But as yet are shut out from your final reward,
Oh! would I could lend you assistance to fly
From your prison below to your palace on high!

O Father of Mercies! Thine anger withhold,
These works of Thy hand in Thy mercy behold,
Too oft from Thy path they have wandered aside,
But Thee their Creator they never denied.

O tender Redeemer! their misery see,
Deliver the souls that were ransom'd by Thee;
Behold how they love Thee, despite of their pain;
Restore them, restore them to favor again.

O Spirit of Grace! O consoler divine!
See how for Thy presence they longingly pine;
Ah! then to enliven their sadness descend,
And fill them with peace and with joy in the end.

O Mother of Mercy! dear mother in grief!
Send them to their torments a balmy relief;
Oh! temper the rigor of justice severe,
And soften their flames with a pitying tear.

Ye Patrons! who watched o'er their safety below,
Oh think how they need your fidelity now;
And stir all the Angels and Saints in the sky
To plead for the souls that upon you rely.

Ye friends! who, sharing once their pleasure and pain,
Now happily already in Paradise reign,
Oh! comfort their hearts with a whisper of love,
And call them to share in your pleasures above.

O Fountain of Goodness! accept of our sighs;
Let Thy mercy bestow what Thy justice denies!
So may Thy poor captives, released from their woes,
Thy praises proclaim while eternity flows.

All ye who would honor the Saints and their head,
Remember, remember to pray for the dead —
And they, in return, from their misery freed
To you will be friends in the hour of need.

A CHILD OF MARY.

THE ROSARY.

For the Carmelite Review.

THE Rosary in particular, as devotion to our Blessed Lady in general, is the mark both of a genuine Catholic spirit and of predestination. The infidel, the ignorant or bigoted protestant hates and despises it; the liberal, conceited Catholic is ashamed of it, and the careless, worldly Catholic ever forgets and tires of it. But the true and genuine Catholic — be it a Prince Eugene on the field of battle, or a Goerres, the foremost leader of Catholic thought and learning; be it an ignorant, illiterate woman in a thatched hut, or the triple-crowned Leo in the grandeur of the Vatican—they all love and say the Rosary, and their souls fill and swell with the grace, love and peace of God; they bless God for giving them our Lady, and our Lady for giving us the Rosary.

That the soundness and depth of Catholic spirit may be gauged by the use or disuse of the Rosary, we give but one historical illustration: Catholic Westphalia, now one of the staunch Catholic provinces of Germany, had (from the year 1820 to 1830, under the blighting influence of Febronianism, when bishops priests and people feared God, but still far more kings and rulers) become so "enlightened" and "highly cultured" that not only the educated upper classes, but even the common people were ashamed of the Rosary, and only the rapidly disappearing, utterly illiterate class were supposed to use the beads, simply because

they could not read. We can now hardly imagine how a young priest could finish his regular course at Munster, pass through the seminary, and then, when sent as assistant to an elderly pastor and by him requested to lead the Rosary in the afternoon for the Vesper service, had to confess his utter inability to say the Rosary, and then and there had hurriedly to learn the mystery as well as the mysteries of the Rosary of his elderly pastor, who had enjoyed the benefit of a less liberal but more pious education. Priests in those days would rather discourage the Rosary and pilgrimages to miraculous shrines; they even discouraged frequent reception of the sacraments, in short all that would appear too distinctly Catholic, that might be offensive to our separated brethren. But while the shepherds set over their portion of Christ's flock at the bidding of an all-powerful government tried gradually to lull to sleep and bury all Catholic life and energy, unlooked-for events stirred up the slumbering Catholic faith to new life and vigor.

In 1837 Clement August, the Archbishop of Cologne, was imprisoned by the Prussian government because he would not lend a hand in poisoning the well-spring of Catholic faith and morals by hiding from the people, like his predecessor, the fact that Rome's decisions regarding mixed marriages had been tampered with at Berlin. Clement August, though Archbishop of Cologne, the capitol of the Rhenish province, was a Westphalian by birth. His imprisonment stirred up Catholic feeling and conviction to its old time depth. The annual great procession of Munster which had just about dwindled down to almost nothing, all at once became again a great procession. The annual procession to the neighboring shrine at Telgte was likewise, for the first time in many years, largely attended by all classes of people. To the joy of every Catholic heart, the students of the famous high school of Munster turned out in full numbers. As the procession, toward evening, returned into the famous city, people eagerly watched the pious men and women of all ranks and ages praying and singing religious hymns with soul-inspiring devotion. A new spectacle presented itself:—Hundreds of the students of the famous Munster academy, young men of the finest bearing and attainments, walk in the procession all by themselves, and as they just enter the gates of the city their leader takes out his beads and every student follows his example. All heads are uncovered, and loud rings the voice of the leader and loud are the voices of the students as they answer the Rosary of our Lady, which but a year before they would have considered a disgraceful mark of utter illiteracy. The common people were surprised, some dumbfounded, others could hardly believe their eyes and ears—the students of the high school saying the Rosary aloud in the streets of the city! But as they realized it many an eye filled with tears, many a heart beat freer and easier, many a fervent prayer went up to God and His Blessed Mother—for Munster felt a pulse of new Catholic life, and from Munster as the heart, new Catholic life was to flow forth into every town and hamlet of the province. Ever since then Westphalia and the Rhenish provinces have been the vanguard of the Church in struggling for her rights and liberty. Ever since then bishops, priests and people respect their king and love their country, but they love and fear God first and above all. As her sons were ready to lay down their lives on the fields of battle, so they were ready, in order to defend the rights of the Church, to go into prison or exile, and ever loving and ever saying their Rosary.

Now, dear reader, how is it with you? Do you say and do you *like* to say the Rosary? If not, either the rust of carelessness or the mildew of a false intellectual pride, or the vapors arising from the passions of your heart are insidiously, but surely, eating

up the remnant of Catholic faith and life within you. If you do not use or if you dislike the Rosary see if you are really in the state of grace; examine if there is nothing wrong with your past confessions, whether you who are so keen in seeing the faults of others have not been blind as to veritable beams in your own eye—grievous sins of injustice, spite and lust which you always managed to excuse in your own eyes and partly at least to hide in your confessions. If so, the serpent rules in your heart and will never allow you to acquire a taste for that most tender and favorite flower in the garden of Catholic devotion, the Rosary of her who desires to crush the head of the serpent within you. If after careful examination and earnest prayer you have no reason to fear about the validity of your past confessions, then try to discover which of the above three causes likely makes you have such distaste for the Rosary. Be it general lukewarmness, be it intellectual pride, be it your passions or general worldliness still indulged in, try to remove as a most dangerous element whatsoever would tire you of the Rosary or keep you out of this most beautiful garden of Catholic devotion.

Remember, the easiest and shortest way to Jesus, to God, to Heaven, is by and through Mary, and the beads are the string by which she loves and is wont to entwine and draw our hearts. What tires you of the mother and keeps you from Mary will disgust the Son and drive you from Him.

Begin, then, and learn to love Mary. Love the Rosary and say it daily, and you will have opened for yourself a most excellent fountain of joy and consolation.

Quincy, Ill. P.R.F.—O.S.F.

Mary is the field of God the Father. Happy he who sells all he has in order to purchase this field.—St. Bonaventure.

Above Mary, God only; beneath her, all that is not God.—St. Anselm.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONTINUED.)

"Oh, no, Hepzibah," said Carmelita, stopping in a round game to argue this point. "Last Saturday when the children were here I went up to ask grandmamma if the noise disturbed her, and I found her laughing as I had not seen her laugh before. Then she told me that she woke from sleep and thought at first her own children were back again, Reuben and Jabez and Will and Araminta. I asked her if I should send the children away, but she said no, that it did her good to hear them about, that she was tired of silence."

Carmelita's presence gave likewise a new aspect to religion in K———. She became the veritable good genius of the little church. She gathered together a choir, for which she herself played the melodeon, which instrument had been purchased in great part by herself and Mr. Rutherford. She adorned the altar for festivals and gave a new life to the confraternities. Her very presence at church seemed to infuse a tone of confidence into the poor people who hitherto had gathered, as it were, in secret. The roughest of the factory men grew to know and salute her as she passed. The girl operatives, one and all, loved and admired her. It became the fashion amongst them to imitate her, as far as they could, in everything. Those who were Catholics were proud now of their religion and eager to go to church. The Protestants began to speak with more respect of the Catholic church and Catholic practices. Books, too, were circulated as they never had been before. Many of them turned upon topics of which Protestants in K——— had been heretofore profoundly ignorant. They suddenly found themselves reading, through

curiosity, of course, explanations of devotion to saints and to the Blessed Virgin, and of the great bugbear Confession, and they marvelled to find these things so different from what they had supposed.

It was not that Carmelita made many conversions. But there was a gradual lightening of the atmosphere, a lifting of the Catholic church to something like its true place, as a power and influence, at least to be respected There was nothing obtrusive in Carmelita's methods, in fact she was unconscious of much of the work she did. Much of it was owing entirely to her example, her bright magnetic nature asserting itself amid the gloom and showing the Catholic life in its beauty and attractiveness. To the young people particularly there was something specially alluring in the idea of religion which did not take all the joy out of life. They saw clearly that Carmelita was deeply religious, and was yet as cheerful as a sunbeam and as fond as any of them of legitimate amusement.

It was clear to everyone, except Carmelita herself, that Andrew Rutherford found an attraction in the old house of the Johnson's surpassing those of Boston, New York, or even the European cities. In some of these he had hitherto spent the best portion of each year. But now the months passed and found him still at K———.

As the attraction grew upon him it puzzled him no little how he was to progress further than he had done. He was privileged, indeed, to go once, or if some fitting excuse offered, twice a week to the old house and sit with Carmelita, talking to her or reading to her, Hepzibah always hovering near, according to her young mistress' instructions. He went regularly to the Catholic church on Sundays and sometimes he was rewarded by being permitted to walk home with Carmelita. Sometimes he assisted in the decoration of the church, or interested himself in charitable societies where Carmelita was the presiding spirit. But there was an aloofness about Carmelita which he could not understand. For all her frank cordiality, she was distinctly unapproachable.

Sometimes he thought, with a sinking of the heart, that she might mean to be a nun after all, then he reassured himself with the recollection that she had told him the cloister was not her vocation. Occasionally he ventured an offering of books or flowers. They were graciously and kindly received, but so unconsciously. Why could she not understand what all his delicate and unobstrusive attentions were meant to convey?

"Carmelita, she's the queerest girl," said Hepzibah, "she don't seem to know that she's got a beau at all. She makes me set there as if I was watchin' them, and I know right well Squire Rutherford's son, he wishes I was in Jericho."

The second May after Carmelita's coming was just breaking into blossom when Mrs. Johnson began perceptibly to fail. She had rallied wonderfully after Carmelita's advent. In fact, she had so far recovered as to be able to sit in an arm chair at the window. It was a pretty sight to see her there, the picture of aged decrepitude, with Carmelita fresh and young ministering to her with so loving a devotedness. It was always a joy to Carmelita in the after years to know that those last six months of her grandmother's life had been made comparatively speaking happy by her presence and her efforts.

Carmelita had slipped into the room a picture of the Sacred Heart and one of Our Lady. At first the grandmother had feebly protested, then she had seemed to take a certain pleasure in seeing them there and talked of them with a kind of affection. There had been a gradual softening of the old hatred and bitterness in the year that had elapsed. When the old woman began

visibly to decline she liked to have Carmelita praying audibly beside her bed.

"It's a comfort," she would say, "a real comfort."

Once she said:

"I wish I could believe as you do, child. But I can't. Seems as if it's too late. The elder, he was a God-fearin' man and he couldn't abide Papists."

Carmelita begged her from time to time to see and converse with Father Brady. Once she actually brought him, and her grandmother seemed pleased. He remained for half an hour, on coming out he said to Carmelita:

"Its of no use, dear child, we must only pray. Her mind has become enfeebled somewhat and it is too late for her to grasp new truths. But she seems to hold to those which have guided her life, with a sincerity which I trust our Lord will recognize."

Sometime after this visit the grandmother, herself, said to Carmelita:

"I see now I was wrong in many things. Priests ain't like what I thought they were, nor Catholics either. Even the elder, he was mistaken. But I can't live my life over again, and I can't believe new things."

So they were fain to leave her at peace and let her old life wear itself out into the shadows. One evening Carmelita sat, as was her wont, beside the bed. She had just risen from her knees, where she had been saying the Rosary. The dusk had fallen, though the curtains were drawn back to let in the last rays of daylight. One star was glimmering uncertainly over the top of a poplar. Suddenly the grandmother spoke:

"What are you going to do, child, when I'm dead?"

"Oh, grandmamma dearest, don't speak like that. Your death may be far off, after all."

"It is not far off. I guess its nearer than you suppose."

There was an awestruck solemnity in the tone and Carmelita's tears began to fall upon the withered hand she held.

"Don't you fret for me," said the old woman, "I've had a long life here on earth and I have hope of another life to come. But what will you do?"

"I will go home to the South," said Carmelita. "I promised my father I should do so"

"Shall you?" said the old woman. "I had hoped different."

Something in her tone struck Carmelita.

"I had hoped that mebbe you had grown to care some for Squire Rutherford's son."

Carmelita felt the swift flood rush to her face in the darkness.

"You see," continued the old woman, "looks as if he's fond enough of you, and if you could have liked him any, why you might have settled down in this old house, and he's got a heap of money, folks say."

Carmelita sat as if turned to stone. Why had all this never occurred to her before? This was the reason of his frequent visits, of his anxiety to walk home with her, to be with her as much as possible. Various little incidents came back to her in the light of this new idea, stray words he had dropped, oh how could she have been so blind. Perhaps, more than all, it surprised her to find that to the scheme which grandmamma proposed she herself found only one objection. To this she gave audible voice with rather unnecessary energy.

"Grandmamma, perhaps this is all fancy upon your part. Mr. Rutherford may not desire to have me for his wife, but if he does it cannot be. He is not a Catholic."

Grandmamma was silent for an instant. Then she said quietly:

"Folks say he's going to turn."

Carmelita, in her heart, was almost certain that such was the case. Mr. Rutherford had spoken to her of certain points upon which he was not yet fully convinced. She knew that he was studying under Father

Brady's direction and was besides in correspondence with other priests. So that she presently had an uncomfortable feeling that she had not been quite honest with her grandmother.

"Carmelita," persisted the old woman, "if he was a Catholic do you think you could care any for him?"

"Oh, grandmamma, do not ask me. I do not know. I cannot tell."

(CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.)

Conversion Through the Scapular.

One of our friends in Fitchburg, Mass., sends us the following for insertion in The Carmelite Review. The writer vouches for its veracity and hopes it may "benefit some poor soul":—

Dear readers of The Carmelite Review, wear the Scapular of Mount Carmel! It is one of the most powerful means of obtaining and preserving the grace of conversion and of keeping us in loving union with our dear Lord; through the intercession of His blessed Mother. The following incident relating to the Scapular is true in every detail. Some eighteen years ago a young girl was invested with the Brown Scapular after receiving her first communion, and for a time was faithful in her prayers to Our Lady of Mount Carmel. Her home-training and school influence were far from Catholic, and the poor child soon grew careless in her prayers, and consequently fell into small sins, and small sins lead to greater ones. The sacraments, holy Mass and prayers were almost entirely ignored, the neglect of which, together with the influence of evil companions added each year new sins to her already well-filled list. The ever busy enemy of our salvation lost no time nor opportunity in trying to drag this child's soul down to spiritual death.

But mark well, dear readers, she dates her first fall from the time she discontinued her prayers of the Scapular. Eleven years of lost time to her passed thus with an occasional Confession, a luke-warm Communion and no amendment, when through the mysterious workings of Divine Providence this poor child's eyes were opened to the unhappy state of her soul and her perilous mode of living. Our dear Lord was pleased to call her back through the Scapular, which she had unfortunately cast aside for the alluring and hollow vanities of a fleeting world.

For five years she struggled against sin, often falling and very often disheartened at the thought of her sinful ingratitude to her Maker.

She prayed earnestly to the Sacred Heart, implored the help of the Saints, but had little devotion to Mary, the Queen of Saints. Thus her progress in amendment of life was slow, so much so that she strove by every available means to overcome herself and advance in christian perfection.

Her confessor urged her to have recourse to Mary, which she did by constant prayer and careful reading. About this time she contributed (through a friend) a small sum to the building fund of the Hospice, and received in a return card on which was a miraculous picture of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and a beautiful prayer, with which she was so impressed that she committed to memory the prayer and recited it daily together with the other prayers proper to the Scapular. It was while reciting this prayer, dear readers, that Our Lady of Mount Carmel made known to this girl that she had been unfaithful to the Scapular. The Glorious Queen of Heaven had watched over this child all these years and was only waiting "to be called upon for aid."

L. W.

It is possible for Mary to restore the hope of salvation, even to those whose salvation is in a manner hopeless. — St. Peter Damian.

AN HEROIC MONK.

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints in the sands of time."

—*Longfellow.*

Our dear brethren, the discalced Carmelites, have suffered a great loss in the death of one of their community the Reverend Father Albert Calanan, a religious who had led a holy and exemplary life and suffered much for the Faith in the bitter days of persecution. It may interest the readers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW if I give a brief account of one of these Martyrs for the Faith.

The one whom I shall select is Father Thomas Aquinas, in his day a distinguished preacher and zealous missionary, who by his assiduity and success in his preaching and labors had confirmed in the faith the oppressed and persecuted Catholics, and won back several who had fallen into the errors of heresy, and in consequence earned for himself the hatred of heretics. Whilst engaged in his apostolic work this holy man was arrested in the house of a noble family which he had recently converted. The Puritans, having through the treachery of a servant obtained information of his whereabouts, invested the house on all sides and threatened all manner of cruelties to the inmates if the papist priest was not handed over to them. They searched the house from top to bottom, but in vain. They then prepared to set the house on fire. Seeing the impending danger, Father Thomas, more solicitous for the welfare of others than for himself, came forth freely and surrendered himself into the hands of his pursuers, by whom, in their savage exultation, he was most cruelly beaten, bound with cords and in that state brought almost lifeless to Drogheda, and there cast into prison, where he was suffered to languish for a considerable time. Under this treatment, harsh as it was, no complaint escaped his lips, he bore all in patience, rejoicing to suffer for Christ, and meditating on the words of the Apostle — "I am apprehended by the Lord."

Among many others imprisoned for the same cause was a priest of the Order of St. Francis, guardian of the Convent in Drogheda. By him Father Thomas was received with extreme joy, and with his assistance succeeded in procuring the habit of his Order. To prepare himself for the conflict he confessed to this Franciscan father his faults, celebrated Mass daily, thus fortifying himself with the Bread of the strong. The remainder of the day he spent in comforting and encouraging the Catholic prisoners in company with the good Franciscan. He devoted the greater part of the night to mental and vocal prayer; he fasted continually and chastised his body with great severity in order to detach it from the love of the present life, and to prevent its impeding his spirit from union with its Lord, to whom he frequently offered the sacrifice of his life. He besought the Blessed Mother of God and all the heavenly citizens to aid him in the terrible struggle.

I shall leave the other portion of the life of this saintly Carmelite till next month. It will be most interesting.

A. E FARRINGTON, O.C.C.

Dublin, October 1, 1893.

How sweet the consolation of the dying person who, conscious of his many imperfections, knows he will not be forgotten by his friends! How natural, how reasonable, how consoling this practice of praying for the dead! How beautiful this intercourse of prayer between the child and the deceased parent—between husband and wife—between friend and friend—between life and death!—*Rev. J. J. Burke.*

MARY, most glorious Mediatrix between God and man.—ST. EPHREM.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, NOVEMBER, 1893. NO. 11.

THESE columns are always open to those who wish to send items interesting to wearers of the Scapular. Write to us and sign your name. The time for the *nom de plume* is past.

***

THE article on the Brown Scapular by our very reverend Father Provincial in this number is on the Confraternity and shows how to become a member of it. It is worthy of a careful perusal.

***

EVERYONE should obtain the life of the notorious Margaret L. Shepherd from the editor of the *Catholic Record*, of London, Ont. It tells the other side of the story—and the true side at that.

***

ON the opening of some of the convent schools the Holy Sacrifice was offered in honor of the Holy Ghost for the success of the school. Such schools are generally successful—others are not. Why?

***

ONE of the many things for which a grateful people ought to give thanks to God is our providential preservation from the scourge of the cholera. May we be mindful of this fact on the coming Thanksgiving Day.

WE offer our most hearty congratulations to the Bishop of Buffalo, the Right Reverend Stephen Vincent Ryan, on his having reached the 25th anniversary of his consecration and pray that the beloved prelate may yet rule over his large and flourishing diocese *ad multos annos.*

***

WITHOUT conceding all the statements made by Miss Elder at the late Catholic Congress, it must be admitted that she said a great many things that were true. Truth is at times a bitter medicine, especially for the mutual admiration portion of the Church. Leaving aside figures, nearly everyone knows that in his own locality there are fallen-away Catholics. The saying "he ought to be a Catholic" is unfortunately heard too often.

***

A LECTURER, who prefixes to his name the title of a "converted" Carmelite Friar, is at present disporting himself in western Ontario. There was nothing to prevent satan from becoming a "converted" angel, or Judas from becoming a "converted" Apostle, and "converted" friars are possible too, but we are glad to be able to positively deny that this new adventurer—"Father" Francis, as he at times calls himself—was ever a member of our Order.

***

THE annual Commemoration of all the deceased brothers and sisters of our Order occurs on the fifteenth. Who are our brethren, or rather who are they not? Does not our dear Mother's Confraternity embrace nearly the whole Church? Unite your prayers with the many that will ascend to Mary's throne during this month for yours and our suffering brethren, and be assured that in praying for the deceased "Brothers and Sisters of the Order of our Lady of Mount Carmel" you will likewise be bringing relief to some of your own dear departed ones.

THE Feast of All Carmelite Saints, occurring on November 14th, should be an occasion of great joy, and the example of our triumphant brethren an encouragement for us to follow in their foot-steps. The names of these glorious Carmelites are not all recorded, but their number is countless. Not to speak of the many whom holy Church has declared saints, how many are there not, although not canonized, praising our Queen in Heaven? During this month alone the catalogue contains the names of 108 who are "Venerable," and among them are many Tertiaries.

* * *

A WELL-KNOWN magazine, which styles itself "the only magazine of its kind in the language," devoted to the honor of the Blessed Virgin, has nothing but unlimited praise for the "Catholic Dictionary." Such a journal, if true to its principles, should not be backward in defending all that redounds to our Mother's honor. The "Catholic Dictionary" assails one of the most popular devotions in the church and thus robs our Lady of much of the honor due to her under the title of our Lady of Mount Carmel, and the magazine in question tells its readers that the dictionary is "reliable on *every subject* (the italics are ours) which it treats." But it does not pay a periodical to offend publishers who are its patrons. That is business.

ESTEEMED CONTEMPORARIES.

The Owl comes again with words of wisdom and as usual plumed in chaste and elegant language

* * *

Villanova Monthly is as good as ever. While wishing it success we would be glad to see more contributions from the students themselves.

* * *

THE *Sacred Heart Review*, the model Catholic weekly, and *Our Young People* the best childrens' paper still lead, and deserve an unlimited patronage.

* * *

Salve Regina is an ideal ladies' school journal. We trust the fair editors will pardon us if we dare to contradict the "feminine gender" by hoping that its (not "her") future may be bright, and that it (not "she") will gain many friends.

Carmelite Chronicle.

THE foundations of the new Hospice at Falls View are nearing completion.

REV. FATHER FEEHAN has returned to America and is now stationed at Englewood, N. J.

CONFIRMATION was given in our church of the Holy Trinity, Pittsburgh, Pa., on the feast of St. Teresa.

A NOVITIATE for the members of the Third Order will, in a few days, be started at New Baltimore, Penn.

ARCHBISHOP CORRIGAN gave Confirmation in the Church of the Holy Scapular, New York City, on Oct. 7th.

REV. FATHER ANSELM, O.C.C., of Scipio, Kansas, has lately paid a fraternal visit to our confreres at Pittsburgh, Pa.

ACCORDING to a new Decree from Rome our tertiaries can now be members of but one Third Order at the same time.

AN interesting lecture, illustrated with the stereopticon, was given by Rev. Father Kreidt at Niagara Falls on the 19th of last month.

THE Carmelite Priory, at Englewood, N. J., celebrates its patron feast on the 22nd, the titular saint being St. Caecilia, the Patroness of Music.

SISTER MAGDALENE OF THE CROSS, formerly known as Miss Fanny Field, received the Carmelite habit from Cardinal Gibbons at Baltimore, on Oct. 4th.

THE Church of our Lady of Mount Carmel just erected at Middle River, Md., was dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons on Oct. 22nd. The new church is in charge of the well-known writer and orator, Rev. Charles Currier, the author of "Carmel in America."

Petitions and Thanksgivings.

"*Pray one for another.*"—*St. James V, 16.*

E. S. M., Washington, D. C., asks prayers for two special intentions. Mrs. J. P. B., Ohio, begs prayers of the Scapular devotees for a daughter married out of the church. Mrs. M. J., Rochester, N. Y., requests prayers for the recovery or happy death of a sick brother. Prayers are asked for conversion of a young man A mother asks prayers for conversion of a wayward daughter. Miss F., St Mary's, Penn., begs prayers to our Lady of Mount Carmel that a threatened loss of her sight may be averted. K. M., Buffalo, offers thanks for favors received through St. Joseph and St. Anthony.

ABOUT OURSELVES.

"THE CARMELITE REVIEW is a charming little journal and I am happy in being asked to subscribe for it."—*M. G., Buffalo.*

"EVEN during the summer months, our Lady's dear little magazine, THE CARMELITE REVIEW, came regularly every month, bearing on its pages many sweet messages of love and devotion from Carmel's fragrant garden to the devoted children of Carmel's lovely Queen.—*St. Joseph's School Day Gleanings, Washington, Georgia.*

OBITUARY.

"Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.—Job XIX, 21.

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of

MRS. MARY LANG, a member of our Third Order, who died an edifying death at Pittsburgh, on Oct. 5th.

MRS. ELIZA SWINDLER, one of our subscribers and benefactors, who was killed lately by the cars at Niles, Ohio.

MISS MARY CUNNINGHAM, who died at Rochester, N. Y., on Wednesday, Oct. 11th. Deceased was a zealous child of Mary and a generous worker for the interests of our new Hospice.

May they rest in peace.

VISITORS' ALBUM.

AMONG those who registered at the Carmelite Convent, Falls View, during the past month were .— Rev. W. J. Mahoney, S. M Nelson, New Zealand ; Count and Lady Strickland, Malta ; Rev. Dr. Schulsa, Lille, France ; Surgeon-General Farrell, Dublin, Ireland ; Rev. Dr. Heiter, Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. Patrick O Connell, Washington, D. C ; Rev. Fr. Lex, Dunkirk, N Y.; Rev. Ferdinand Van der Staay, O.C.C. Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. Fr. Smythe, St. Catharines, Ont ; Rev. Fr. Albert A. Lings, Yonkers, N Y.; Miss Ellen Kelly, Halifax, N.S ; Mr. John Harold and Joseph Harold, Philadelphia, Pa.; Rev. Fr. Otto, O.C.C., New Baltimore, Pa.; Miss Christine Monroe. Milton, Mass.; Rev T. J. Sullivan, Thorold, Ont.; Mr. M. Walsh, Yonkers, N.Y.; W. M. German, Esq., ex-M. P., Welland, Ont.; Miss M. Gillis, Montreal, P. Q.; Mr. and Mrs. James Fee, Rochester, N. Y., and Rev. John Schaus, Buffalo, N. Y.

TO OUR FRIENDS.

ALL who subscribe now will receive the REVIEW until January, 1895.

MANY improvements will be made in the REVIEW next year, but the subscription rate will remain the same as now.

AN excellent portrait of the late Father Albert can be had by sending us ten cents in stamps and by writing at once.

"CARMELITA" will be concluded next month. Those wishing back numbers containing this excellent story can obtain the same by writing now.

MANY fail to give us their new address and hence complain of not receiving the REVIEW. Please tell us when you change your place of residence.

THESE columns are now open to advertisers. The magazine is circulated in nearly every State in the Union, in Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime provinces, and will be found an excellent advertising medium. Write to us for terms.

To The Right Reverend Stephen V. Ryan

BISHOP OF BUFFALO,

Who celebrates the Silver Jubilee of his Episcopate on the 8th of this month.

Shine O Sun in thy splendor !
O Day, be propitious and bright !
Ye church bells chime
For this gladsome time
That fills our souls with delight !

With heartfelt joy we tender
Our homage on bended knee,
And we kiss thy ring,
Dear Bishop and bring
The pledge of our love to thee.

Well have the faithful been guarded
Whom Christ has left to thy care;
And the Church, thy bride,
Feels a glow of pride •
For her brow is so chaste and fair.

And well may thy zeal be rewarded,
O Bishop benignant and kind !
And thy deeds, may they shine
With a glory divine,
For aye in the Infinite Mind !

JOHN A. LANIGAN, M. D.

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire: behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

4.—The Confraternity.

A CONFRATERNITY in general is the union of a number of persons for a special purpose. The term, however, is chiefly employed to denote a union established by the Church, or by a Religious Order, for the purpose of fostering some special devotion In the latter case it implies an aggregation to the Order and the communication of some privileges. If the confraternity owes its origin to ecclesiastical authority the aggregation takes place through the appointed director, the Ordinary of the diocese, or by his delegation the pastor of the congregation. But if the confraternity is affiliated to a respective Order, thus entitling the members to a share in the good works, etc., of that Order, the aggregation can take place only through the Superior-General of the Order.

Such is the Confraternity of the Scapular. Some persons in the United States claimed that the bishops had the right to erect the confraternity, since they had received the general power to establish confraternities and to sub-delegate this power to their priests. But the decree of the Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics of July 16th, 1887, is so clear on this point that there cannot remain a doubt that any diploma of aggregation, or, which is the same, for the erection of the Confraternity of the Scapular, not coming from the Superior-General of the Order is null and void. We give here the words of the decree:

"As certain pious sodalities owe their existence to the regular Orders, their erection belongs by proper right to these Orders. Of this kind are the sodalities (confraternities) of the Blessed Trinity, of the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel and of the Seven Dolors. These have been instituted by the respective regular Orders, and hence are erected by them by ordinary right. But experience teaches that the aforesaid sodalities are often found to have been erected by the authority of the bishops only, without the knowledge of the Generals of the Orders to whom these sodalities belong. This is done mostly because by virtue of the Apostolic letters they receive the power in general to erect confraternities of every title, and under their name to grant the respective Indulgences; and thus they also erect these sodalities in virtue of the general communication of Indulgences, although there is in the Apostolic letters no express derogation of the privileges of the said Orders granted in regard to the erection of their sodalities.

"But as the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, in order to prevent abuses and avoid confusion, had

declared by a decree of August 19th, 1747, (approved and confirmed on the 26th of the same month by His Holiness Benedict XIV.) that confraternities of the Holy Rosary erected without the knowledge of the General of the Order of Preachers did not exist, and hence were deprived of all the Indulgences proper to this sodality, the Generals of the Orders of the Blessed Trinity, of the Carmelites and of the Servites, seeing that in the erection of sodalities granted to them by the Holy See the same abuses and similar confusion crept in as in the case of the Holy Rosary, presented humble petitions to His Holiness to extend the above decision in favor of the sodalities of the Holy Rosary to the sodalities of the Blessed Trinity, the Blessed Virgin Mary of Mount Carmel and the Servites, so that *the erection of one of these sodalities without the faculty of the General of the Order, no matter under what pretext of whatsoever faculty, in which no express derogation is made of the privileges of the Order be null and void and deprived of the Indulgences.*

"This petition being presented to His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. by the undersigned secretary, in an audience on July 16th of this year, His Holiness received it kindly, and whilst re-validating all the sodalities heretofore erected unknown to the Generals of these Orders, for the future willed and commanded that in order to remove all doubt and present abuses, the aforesaid confraternities or sodalities shall not be erected unless after asking and obtaining from the Generals of these Orders letters allowing the erection, but so that the Generals of the Orders expedite the letters (diplomas) for the erection of these confraternities or sodalities to the priests of their orders, or, where they have no convents, to ecclesiastics regular or secular approved by the bishops. Likewise, these letters shall not be expedited but with the consent of the Ordinaries, observing all that by apostolic constitution or custom is to be observed, whatsoever to the contrary notwithstanding. Given at Rome by the Secretariate of the holy Congregation of Indulgences and Sacred Relics, July 16th, 1887.

"Thomas M. Card. Zigliara, Prefect.

"Alexander, Bishop Oensis, Secretary."

Hence it is clear that any confraternity of the Scapular erected since by anyone but the Superiors of the Order is not existing by right, and requires a new canonical erection.

2. Only *one* confraternity can be erected within a radius of five miles, unless the Holy See for grevious reasons grants a dispensation. People living within this district, though the church of the Confraternity may not be their parish church, must be enrolled in the Confraternity by the regular director. This also holds good in the case if they had received the Scapular before. If, however, they were registered in the books of the Confraternity elsewhere no new registration is needed.

3. Where there is a Carmelite convent the church of the same is the church of the Confraternity.

4. The erection of a Confraternity presupposes the holding of its regular devotions *coram Sanctissimo* and with a procession. Members, in order to gain the Indulgence, must take part in the procession, or at least be present at it. The devotions may be held in the vernacular, as the undersigned has ascertained by special inquiry at Rome.

5. Where the Confraternity is canonically established the Director must register the names of those received in the album kept for the purpose, but he need not send the names to a Carmelite Monastery, as those are obliged to do who enjoy not the canonical erection of a Confraternity

6. There are certain Indulgences, or other spiritual favors, attached to the churches of our Order only, others to the

churches of confraternities. Those who wear the Scapular without being enrolled in the Confraternity, only gain the Indulgences granted to the Scapular as such. Besides, it is only the members of the Confraternity that take part in the merits and works of the Carmelites, and *they only enjoy the suffrages after death.* It is therefore not a matter of indifference whether the wearer of the Scapular is enrolled in the Confraternity or not. Every person wearing, or desirous of wearing the Scapular, should at the same time endeavor to become a member of the Confraternity. If neither a Carmelite convent nor a regular Confraternity is to be found in the place of their domicile they can *ask for and receive membership by writing to our monasteries* or to the director of a Confraternity.

7. Priests wishing to establish a Confraternity in their churches must present a petition, approved by their Ordinary, to the General of the Order in, or about, the following form:—"N. N. rector ecclesiæ ad S..... humiliter petit a Paternitate Vestra canonicam erectionem Confraternitatis Scapularis B. V. Mariæ de Monte Carmelo, et institutionem suam qua Directorem hujus Confraternitatis. Qua gratia, etc."

Datum.....189

N. N .....

Visum et approbatum,

.....189

N. N.....

Episcopus.....

By forwarding this application to the undersigned the Diploma of Aggregation will be obtained in Rome and forwarded to those who apply for it.

PIUS R. MAYER, O. C. C.

Carmelite Monastery,
New Baltimore, Penn.,
October, 1893.

P. S.—Sr. A., San Francisco, Cal.—All those enrolled in the Brown Scapular prior to April 27, 1887, have no obligation to have their names registered. Those invested since should be registered.

Names for registration received from

1. Watertown, N. Y.
2. Guysboro, Ont.
3. Orangeville, Ont.

Loved After the Soul has Departed.

GOD is the author of nature as well as of religion. These two sisters move in unison if the disturber Sin does not interfere to cause disorder. Nature says, we may call the body but clay when the soul has left it, yet we cannot but love it. There are the eyes that were lit up by intelligence and affection; there the lips that moved in eloquence and stirred the souls of thousands; there the hand that grasped ours when we felt the electric thrill that came from the heart, and the tabernacle in the temple of clay is the heart, the tabernacle in that temple now, indeed empty, and its door open, as we sometimes see our tabernacles on Good Friday, because of the death of the Life Giver. We cannot overcome this feeling. You should not overcome it. Religion recognizes it.—ARCHBISHOP RYAN.

NEVER say anything which may redound to your own praise, as, for instance, with regard to your knowledge, your virtues, or your family; excepting under circumstances which render it probable that by so doing you may be of service to those with whom you speak, and then only with humility, and the recollection that these are gifts from God.—ST. TERESA.

NEVER listen to those who are speaking evil of another, and never say anything evil of any one excepting of yourself: and when you take a pleasure in doing this, you will be advancing rapidly.— ST. TERESA.

THIS only I request of you, that you would remember me at the Altar of the Lord.—ST. AUGUSTINE.

A Blessed Carmelite Nun.

Blessed Frances of Amboise was born in 1427. That it is already a great step on the way to holiness and Christian perfection, to be born of pious and God-fearing parents, can only be doubted by such as do not recognise the strong bonds of nature and the powerful attraction of good example. At the same time it cannot be denied this is of itself only a powerful aid to sanctity, and that only by making diligent use of this means can we arrive at holiness and salvation. We find both blended in our Blessed Frances.

The names of her pious parents are Louis of Amboise, viscount of Thouars, and Mary of Rieux, of ancient Boeton descent. When quite a young child Francis was sent to the court of John V., Duke of Bretagne. Here, under the guardianship of the pious Duchess, she made such rapid progress in piety and learning that at the age of five years she was judged worthy to be admitted to receive Holy Communion.

When fifteen years old she was espoused to Peter, second eldest son of the reigning Duke. In the course of a few years, she with her husband was called to wear the ducal coronet, and as before and during the years of her married life, so now, when at the height of earthly glory, she was a model christian. Far from allowing her elevated station to interfere with her in the discharge of her duties, she rather made it subservient to that end. Great was her love for the poor and afflicted, and so well did she succeed in gaining the affections of her people, that she was only spoken of as "*Our Mother*." As we read of St. Cunigunda and of others, so it is equally said of her, that she preserved her virginity intact in the married state. Upon the early death of her husband, after many harrassing endeavors on the part of her nearest relatives to enduce her to enter wedlock again, at the age of 40 years, she entered the convent of the Carmelite nuns, whom she herself had been instrumental in introducing into the Bretagne. It was blessed St. John Soreth, at the time Prior General of the Order, who admitted her to the habit. As was to be expected of her, after having made such rapid strides in perfection even in the midst of the world, her progress was much more rapid now, that she was free from all care save that of her soul. She ascended from virtue to virtue. Her charity and humility were particularly noteworthy, though first she looked upon herself as the handmaid of her sisters.

She died in the odor of sanctity in the convent at Nantes, Nov. 4th, 1485. At once her tomb became a place of pilgrimage, where all who labored under bodily or spiritual ailments, were sure to find help and cure.

Pope Pius the IX, of blessed memory, approved of this ancient veneration, and graciously permitted the celebration of her feast together with office and mass. Blessed Frances lived from 1427 to 1485

Fr A. B.

The Value of Time.

Every moment of time could purchase eternity! If the poor damned souls could have the time we lose what good use they could make of it! If they had but one half-hour, that half hour would empty hell. If we could say to the damned souls long since in hell, "We are going to set a priest at the door of hell. All who would like to go to Confession have only to go out to him," do you think one single soul would be left behind? Oh, how speedily would hell be emptied and heaven filled! We have the time and the means which the poor damned souls have not.—Cure d'Ars

The Lord will not allow her long to beseech Him for us, who, in her quality of tender Mother, dried His tears in His cradle.—St. Ephrem.

A PATHETIC SCENE.

MANY pathetic scenes were witnessed during the late great devastation by water in Louisiana. Of the settlements on the gulf coast there was great damage and loss of life on the Island of Chemiere Caminada which is occupied by poor French fishermen — mostly Catholics The eight-year-old son of one of these families named Cyriac Prosperi was washed from his bed on the awful night of October 1st. The brave lad clung to the roots of a tree which was swept his way Being exhausted and knowing he could not hold on much longer young Prosperi took his Scapular from his neck and with the slender strings of the same he bound his wrists to the roots of the tree. Soon after he became unconscious. In the meantime the tree was swept out to sea. Two days and one night after the storm the boy was found on the sea shore safe and sound. He had been deprived of his clothing by the storm. His only sustenance was an orange that had drifted in his way.

GENERAL HERBERT, commanding the British forces in Canada, and who belongs to one of the most distinguished families in England, showed a good example to weak kneed Catholics on the occasion of the swearing in of the new Governor General. The General who is a good Catholic, approached the Cardinal, bent the knee and kissed his pontifical ring. How many Catholics, even in humble life, would have shown so much respect for ecclesiastical authority?

A WOMAN correspondent of the *Independent* writes from Spain of the devotions to the Blessed Virgin, common (she says) in that country—and asks how such things can be without Mariolatry. Simply a matter of fact, Madam. Spanish devotion is what it is and there is no Mariolatry in the Cath lic Church.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

DEAR CHILDREN,—

The melancholy days have come; the saddest of the year — that's what some of the reading books say. But we have made up our minds to be as bright and happy in November as in May; and so while the poets are singing of a "frown on heaven's brow;" and of the gloomy earth, and all the other sad signs of the dying year, we will still think how much glad sunshine there is to live in and lift our faces to the light, grateful for its shining.

There are too many people nowadays who want to lie down in the dark and fret because the light will not seek them. No; let us seek it. 'Tis the reflection of God's face on the world. There is no darkness where there is no sin, but there are shadows sometimes. During the month of November let us think often of the holy souls in Purgatory who are in a land of shadows hungering for the light. The church prays for eternal rest and perpetual light for them. Let us be very mindful of them this month. Our dear dead whom we forget so soon. "Little things, on little wings, bear little souls to Heaven." So let our little sighs of love go up for them with a whispered "My Jesus mercy!" We gain one hundred days' Indulgence for each time we say that aspiration. Keep to the little things, dear children, they are the safest, therefore the best. So do lots of little things for the poor suffering souls. Swallow little words which, if you let them out, will make you want to leap after them to get them back. *The spoken word never comes back.* Keep them in and offer them up for the dear souls who suffer because of

their tongues. St. James preached the finest sermon in the world on the tongue, and he says it is set on fire by hell, therefore many suffer in life because of it and after death the fire of Purgatory burns out the touches of the fire of hell. Dear children guard your tongues and so shorten your Purgatory. Our Lady's Presentation falls on the 21st of this month. What a sweet pretty picture you can make of her on that happy day when she went with her happy parents to give herself to God in the temple. "After her shall daughters be brought to the king." Every virgin soul who has given herself to God has walked in the footsteps of the little maiden of long ago who forgot her people and her father's house that the king might delight in her beauty. How good God is. He has rewarded that Presentation of Mary in the temple, that sacrifice of Saints Joachim and Anna, a hundred thousand times in the person of each religious who has offered herself in the temple of the new law. 'Tis very wise to give to God, He pays back with such rich interest. Make Him your debtor now by helping the holy souls.

Devotedly,

CARMEL'S SECRETARY.

PUZZLES.

XLV.

What liquor twice reversed will show a sign of discontent and woe?

XLVI.

Why is an angry person like a loaf?

XLVII.

Why is Congress like a ledger?

XLVIII.

If you a sourish thing transpose,
A very sweet one 'twill disclose.
What is it?

Answers to Puzzles.

XL.—The axle-tree.
XLI.—Because first in pity and last in help.
XLII.—Upon his wedding Eve.
XLIII.—The ice is (Isis).
XLIV.—When you are teasin' it (tea is in it). "Sec."

P. S.—L. H. W., St. Mary's, Pa., answered puzzles No. XL and XLII correctly.

S. X. B.—A friend of the REVIEW contributes the following original

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of three words and twenty-seven letters. My 1, 10, 18, 20, 21, 27, belong to both saints and sinners; my 23, 26, 8, 14, 3, pertains to an ancient nation; my 6, 11, 5, 7, 22, 15, is a character in the old testament; my 16, 25 is a preposition; my 4, 9, 12, 17, 26 is something without which humility is never found; my 19, 24 may be found in the river Nile and within the summit of the Himmalaya mountains; my 13, 15 is something to do which is always agreeable to human nature; my whole will give the names of three missionaries of the fifth century.

LIST OF CONTRIBUTIONS

—TO THE—

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Sept. 12th, to Oct. 12th, 1893.

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Carmelite Review.

VOL. 1. FALLS VIEW, ONT., DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 12.

CHRISTMAS.

For the Carmelite Review.

Christmas !
Theme of the poet's song,
Joy of the band 'round the household hearth,
What countless memories rushing throng
Thro' the busy brain while the voice of mirth
Rings o'er the world from zone to zone,
Waking its echoes blithe to-day,
And as its influence blest we own,
Waft our greetings to dear ones far away.

Christmas !
Season of peace supreme,
Peace sung by the angel choirs that night
When Bethlehem's mountains shone in the gleam
Of the opened heaven's silver white,
And the startled shepherds gazing saw
The shining hosts that its splendor trod,
And listening followed in rapturous awe
To the humble crib of the Son of God.

Christmas !
Feast of the dear Christ-Child,
Sing to our Spirits thy song sublime,
Lead us up from the desert wild
And thrill us again with the silvery chime
(As the great white hosts go winging by,)
Of the harps that are heard in thy midnight still
Blending with : "Glory to God on high
And peace on earth to men of good will."

Christmas !
Crown of the closing year,
Feast of feasts when the human heart
Feels the open heavens bending near,
And the cares and sorrows of earth depart,
As love divine with His Infant hand
Blesses and brightens each passing hour,
And far and wide over sea and land
His gifts are strewn in a golden shower.

Christmas !
Christmas blest feast of home
When links long sundered are clasped once more,
And whenever the cherished wanderers roam
They haste love-winged to their native shore,
And the Christmas feast is gaily spread,
While age and youth in joy unite
The sweet rose petals of pleasure to shed
O'er the moments that yield such rare delight.

Christmas !
Feast of the generous hand,
O ! let thy benisons softly rest
On the loyal hearts of thy subject band,
On those we love and who love us best.
May the fullest measure of Christmas peace
As the dew of heaven upon them fall,
And the love of our Infant King increase,
And His kingdom come unto us one and all.

MARCELLA A. FITZGERALD.

Help Each Other.

We all need assistance from others. From the cradle to the grave, we are dependent creatures. He who stands up and boldly declares, "I am sufficient of myself —I ask not the health and sympathy of others"— is a being we care not to be acquainted with. We are certain he stands more in need of the assistance of his neighbors than hundreds who have less pretentions to their own strength. As we all need help from others, so can we all—the poorest and humblest — assist our fellow-creatures. A word or a tear is more effectual at times than the bestowment of money. Ask him who has had a sad heart, or him who is confined to a bed of languishment. Feel your dependance upon others and be ever ready, by deed or word, to render that assistance which you may need at some future day.

Mary Immaculate.

For the Carmelite Review.

"Thou art all fair my beloved and the original stain is not in thee."

Amid the depressing evils which surround us at the present day, we often find it very hard to raise our hearts and our minds in unison with the *Sursum Corda* of the Church to a higher plane, a broader field of vision, where, far removed from the jarring sounds of the world and "the weary ways of self and men," we may refresh our souls with the thought of the infinite Purity of God, and rejoice that in His presence at least, Sin, hydra-headed monster as it is, lies crushed and conquered writhing 'neath the heel of the Archangel whose war-cry was "Who is like God."

And now as another 8th of December comes around, those of the dear family of Carmel rejoice as none other may at the thought so rich in comfort, that, long, long before the Church through the voice of Pio Nono of happy memory had set her seal on the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, the religious of Carmel, with an instinct born of love, had *anticipated* the day of the glorious definition which crowned Mary with her diadem of twelve stars, by celebrating this feast as a double of the first class. Well may her children of Carmel wish her joy then on this day of lilies and of love. Perfect love, born of perfect purity finds its highest model in Mary conceived without sin, whose incomparable prerogative is one of the strongest pillars of the Incarnation to-day.

The world, and sin, and self all depress us. Evil seems at times to be loosening the very bulwarks of the strongholds of Zion. Oh! let us raise our eyes to Mary, who, in the strength and beauty of her holiness, is "terrible as an army in battle array." "He maketh those who rebel to dwell in sepulchres," but she, who has been ever loyal, in whom sin, the arch-rebel never found an ally, is near to Him who dwells in light inaccessible. To her on "the hills whence cometh our strength" may we look, when the poisoned air of the world below has made us faint, and well-nigh fallen in the dire struggle 'twixt nature and grace. Blessed be God for this peerless grace of His Mother's Immaculate Conception, and blessed be His mercy which fills us with the glad hope that the day *will* come, when we who have fed our souls on her unseen beauty, will see her face to face. Not till then shall we fully know to the abounding joy and exaltation with which all heaven and its angels are overflowing, because the Queen of Paradise, the dear Empress of angels and men, your Mother and mine was, through the omnipotence of unutterable love, conceived without sin.

MATHILDA CUMMINGS.

COURTESY.

COURTESY is the unostentatious giving of due deference and due attention to others. He who would seem truly courteous—and no one can be truly courteous without seeming to be so must show by his words and acts, in all his intercourse with others, that he is thinking of the one whom he addresses rather than of himself; that he has more pleasure in hearing what that person says to him; or in expressing his recognition of that person's worth, than in telling what he has done, or in speaking of what concerns himself alone. Courtesy may be instinctive; but again it may be the result of honest effort. In either case it is an honor to him who exhibits it, and a gain to him who is the recipient.

NOTHING is more opposed to charity, or more fatal to salvation than the evil reports we make of one another.

WE ought not to be wise and cunning, after the fashion of the world, but simple, humble and chaste.—ST. FRANCIS.

CARMELITA.

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

For the Carmelite Review.

(CONCLUSION.)

GRANDMAMMA'S mind was a little dulled, it is true, but she had not not forgotten everything. The answer did not discourage her.

"Well, if he should be a Catholic and should say anything about marryin', I want you to promise that you'll try and take him."

"Oh, grandmamma, think," cried Carmelita, "he has never spoken of such a thing."

"Hepzibah, she's no fool," cried the old woman, with some of her former querulousness, "and she says he's just crazy about you, only you won't give him any chance to say so. Oh, Carmelita, if this is so, do try to care some for him. I should hate to think of this old place being shut up or sold to strangers."

Somehow Carmelita herself hated to think of the old place being closed or in hands of strangers, and she herself far away from all her new interests and occupations, And yet this other idea was so new, so strange. Her grandmother's voice sounded dreamily in her ears.

"Just think it over and if you can care any for him, you'll be doin' a wise thing."

After that they sat in silence, the old woman contented now that she had unburdened her mind. But Carmelita's thoughts were strangely confused and disordered. Her grandmother's words had been suggestive of so many reflections. The perfume of newly opened flowers came floating through the open windows, but even the birds were silent, their twitterings all hushed in their nests amongst the new-budding leaves. Carmelita often recalled that evening afterwards. In almost every life there is some such hour, making an epoch in one's history.

"Carmelita, child," said the old woman, after a long silence, "forgive me all them things I said against Catholics. I knew no better till you came. The Lord he knows I'd be one if I could. But I can't. It's too late, and now you may go, I'll sleep."

As Carmelita bent to kiss her in the growing darkness, the old woman muttered:

"Verily, have you been a staff to my hand and a light to my eyes."

VI.

When Mr. Rutherford came next he observed a change in Carmelita. She was out in the courtyard, busy among the robins, welcoming back the rooks, scattering crumbs and bits of wool or wadding broadcast, the latter to be used in the lining of nests. Her manner struck him forcibly, at first he thought it augured sadly for his hopes. But, presently he could scarcely tell why, he believed it to be rather hopeful than discouraging. She was perhaps more distant, less frankly glad to see him, less impulsive, and yet—she was no longer unconscious.

"Some one has enlightened her," he thought with true instinct, "and now if I cannot win her, at least, I shall soon know the worst."

On the occasion of that first visit, however, he took no apparent notice of her altered manner, and contented himself with telling her of his formal intention to become a Catholic. This so pleased and interested her that for a time she forgot her new shyness.

"The idea has been a long time in my mind," he said, "but I must frankly own that your influence has had much to do with my present, definite resolve."

"It is God who has done it," said Carmelita, blushing as she could not have done a week before.

"God sometimes chooses instruments,"

said Andrew Rutherford "and you have been largely instrumental in leading me towards the light."

How lovely she looked he thought, as she leaned thoughtfully forward, looking upwards, as if towards the light of which he spoke. But of this he said no word.

"May I come again, on Wednesday?" he asked, as he rose to go, "I have so much to say to you."

"I—I am always glad to see you," she said, curtseying in her quaint way, but with an embarassment that sat strangely upon her.

But he came many more days before he made any formal declaration. He was afraid to lose the advantage he had gained Thenceforth, however, he could intimate so much and feel that she understood. When, at last, the Rubicon had been passed, so quietly that he could scarce realize that she knew all, she said to him simply:

"Do you know that only for grandmamma I should never have dreamed of such a thing. It seems that Hepzibah had told her."

"I knew that Hepzibah had long ago read my secret," said Andrew Rutherford, laughing his most genial laugh, "though, indeed, I believe that every man, woman and child in the place, except yourself, knew it."

The next day Mrs. Rutherford, the mother, came over to pay a stately visit. She took Carmelita in her arms and kissed her kindly, if a trifle coldly. In some respects the match was not particularly pleasing to her. But she never opposed her son in anything and in fact deferred greatly to his opinion on all subjects. She had a few minutes' conversation with Mrs. Johnson, after which the engagement was looked upon as a settled thing and was duly announced to the neighborhood. All things considered the news was well received. Even the children in the streets said:

"Now Carmelita will never go away from here."

It had been arranged that the wedding should take place in two months. But death waits for no man and scoffs at earthly plans. One warm, bright morning, Carmelita and Hepzibah were at work together in the kitchen, the former peeling fruit and the latter bustling about the stove. Hepzibah, for whom, just then, there was but one topic, dilated on Squire Rutherford's son's perfections, and Carmelita sat listening with a pretty, dreamy look on her face, half pleased, half amused at the old woman's raptures. All at once Hepzibah remembered that "Miss Johnson hadn't taken any broth."

"You stay where you are, Carmelita," she said as the young girl made a movement to rise, "you got your hands in the fruit and 'taint no use taking them out. I'll carry it up."

Carmelita heard her go up, as usual, open the door and cross the room. Then there was a sudden, sharp cry.

In a moment Carmelita was at the head of the stairs, where stood Hepzibah, with face white and drawn, and pinched lips.

"Don't you go in there," she said, sharply.

"Oh, Hepzibah I must."

Together they passed through the open door—strangely still that always quiet room. Carmelita had known what she was to see, from the moment she had heard the wailing cry above her. She fell upon her knees beside the stiffening figure. Hepzibah stood rigid, gazing in intense grief on the form in which for so many years her whole life had been centred. The one, old woman left behind was a more pathetic figure than the other upon the bed, peaceful in its rigidity, with a stream of the morning sunshine falling over it.

"Mrs. Johnson, she's dead," said Hepzibah to some neighbor who called to inquire for the sick woman. In the tone there was

an intense pathos, though she said never a word more. To her those simple words meant the rending of a whole life's ties.

Three months after, the wedding of Carmelita and Andrew Rutherford took place. The bridegroom made his first Communion upon the wedding morning. The young couple left K—— immediately for a few months' trip to Europe.

So another May had slipped around, when Hepzibah stood waiting with uncontrollable impatience for the coming of Carmelita, this time with her husband. The front door was thrown wide as upon that other May eve. But the old house had taken on a new lease of life. Skilled workmen had been at work; paint had worked wonders.

Hepzibah, tired of waiting, had run into the kitchen to see if the kettle was boiling. She did not hear steps approaching. All at once she felt a pair of arms clasping her tightly round the neck. Then she knew that Carmelita had come back, to continue her mission of warming and brightening the old house Henceforth it was to become a centre of Catholic life, spreading its influence for good afar. Of this Hepzibah knew nothing. She only knew that Carmelita had come back and that they were sitting by the kitchen fire as on that first evening.

"You do so remind me to-night of Araminta," said Hepzibah. Was it because her sight was failing, or because her memory, growing duller, blended past and present. "You're powerful like her, only not so good lookin', not but what you've got your own share of good looks, too, or Squire Rutherford's son he'd never have married you."

"Are you glad to have me home, Hepzibah?"

"Well, I guess so. It wasn't very cheerful livin' here alone."

"I've come back never to go away again," said Carmelita, laying her head on the old woman's shoulder. For father and mother being dead in the South, and sisters and brothers married, she had no strong tie there.

"Well, I guess you're here for good, if Squire Rutherford's son's got anything to say about it. Seems most as if Araminta had come back and the Elder and his wife gone on a pleasure trip."

"God grant they have," said Carmelita, seriously, "and I have come to take Araminta's place forever."

Such was Carmelita's second home-coming to the old house.

[THE END.]

THE CRIB.

WHO lies there? How? and why? are questions that appeal to the meditative soul at Christmastide. The good saint of Assissi has given us the crib as it appears in our churches to-day. The only begotten Son of God,—the eternal One who said "Before Abraham was I am,"—true God and true man,—the long expected Saviour is He who lies in the crib. And how does He appear? Poor, weak and suffering because "He came among His own and His own received Him not." The answer to the third question. What caused Him to become a helpless child? is told in one word—Love.—P. A. B.

THE THREE MASSES.

IN the Carmelite Breviary we read that St. Telesphorus, Pope and martyr of the Order of Mount Carmel, was the Pontiff who ordained that three masses be celebrated by each priest on the Feast of the Nativity. The first mass is celebrated at midnight to commemorate our Lord's birth at Bethlehem in the dark hours of night. The second mass is said before daybreak the time when the holy Babe was adored by the shepherds, and the third time is the Holy Sacrifice offered to signify the birth of a Redeemer for us. St. Telesphorus likewise commanded that "*Gloria in Excelsis*," the hymn of the angels, be sung at the masses. —P. A. B.

MONSIGNOR SATOLLI.

NIAGARA Falls was honored on Nov. 9th with a visit from the Most Reverend Monsignor Archbishop Satolli, who was accompanied by His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Walsh, of Toronto, Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia, Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, and several other church dignitaries.

The most reverend Delegate, and the others above mentioned, paid a flying visit to the educational and religious institutions on both sides of the Niagara river. This was the first visit paid to Canada by the representative of our Holy Father Monsignor Satolli was charmed with the great natural beauty of the locality and enjoyed his visit very much. An address was made to His Excellency by the pupils of Loretto Academy and an entertainment was given in honor of the distinguished visitors. His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons made a very appropriate reply on behalf of the Delegate. Monsignor Satolli expressed much pleasure at meeting Rev. Father Kreidt, O.C.C., prior of the Carmelite Monastery, Rev. Father Dominic O'Malley, O.C.C., Rev. Philip Best, O.C.C., Dr. and Mrs. Lanigan, Hon. T. V. Welch and others who had the honor of meeting the most reverend Delegate, the Cardinal, Archbishops and Bishops.

Mgr. Satolli was happy to converse in his native Italian tongue with our reverend Prior and promised to pay a friendly visit to our monastery of Mount Carmel early next spring.

A brief sketch of the Papal Delegate may be timely.

Monsignor Francis Satolli, Papal Ablegate, was born in Marciano, arch-diocese of Perugia, July 21, 1831. The house of Satolli is one of the most illustrous and wealthy in Italy. When Francis Satolli was a boy Joachim Pecci, now Pope Leo XIII, was head professor in the arch-diocesan seminary of Perugia, and young Satolli was his ablest and favorite pupil. Even as a child it is said that Satolli displayed great gifts of oratory both in his native tongue and in classic Latin. Upon his ordination as a priest he went to the Benedictine monastery at Monte Casino, and there spent in study three years. At the end of this time Pecci was made archbishop and through his efforts Pope Pius IX called Satolli to the vacant chair at the Perugian Seminary. When Pecci succeeded to the Papacy on the death of Pius IX, one of his first acts was to call Satolli to Rome, where he made him professor of dogmatic theology in the Propaganda. He was further honored by the rectorships of the Greek College and Noble Ecclesiastica Roman College. Thus through his ability and the friendship of the Pope, Mgr. Satolli became the most prominent ecclesiastical instructor in Rome.

Monsignor Satolli's first appearance in the United States was at the ecclesiastical assemblage in Baltimore in 1889, as the special representative of the Pope. After that visit he did not return to this country until he came clothed with extraordinary powers from the Vatican.

He arrived in New York October 12, 1892, and has remained in America ever since, laboring in the interest of the church. He came as the permanent Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Pope's representative in America. The object of his errand was to settle the disputes between priests and their bishops and the vexing school question.

Until his new house was ready for occupancy Mgr. Satolli's home was in the Catholic University building at Washington. There he lived as modestly as a monk. The Ablegate's salary has been stated to be $6,000 a year, but his living expenses are far less than that sum. When the Ablegate travels extensively, as, for instance, on his late trip to the West, he occupies a private car with his suite and pays for it out of his own pocket. On other occasions he travels like any ordinary passenger.

He cuts no figure in the social world, although

once in a while a reception in his honor is held at the house of a Washington magnate. He appears on such occasions in the formal dignity of silk and cassock, distinguished looking and smiling, and leaves early in the evening.

In appearance Mgr. Satolli is the typical cultivated, intellectual Italian. He is described of medium height and of rather slender build, with raven black hair, to which his years of hard study and energetic work have not yet imparted a streak of gray; with lustrous, expressive dark eyes, a massive forehead and thin lips capable of giving to his face the utmost variety of expressions. Power is stamped on every feature—power and self-control, and, if need be, unfathomable reticence. He is an early riser, a frugal liver and an indefatigable worker. His high office imposes on him for the most part a dignified retirement, but on proper occasions he can unbend and become one of the most delightful of companions, though he usually confines his conversation to the Latin and Italian tongues.

Like all truly great men, although holding an exalted position, he unites a becoming dignity with a humble and simple demeanor which makes him beloved. P. A. B.

Thomas a Becket.

BY REV. P. J. HAROLD.

For the Carmelite Review.

WHO has not heard of this valiant son of the church? All who read English history have been strongly moved to love or hate by the story of his life and tragic death; but whether sympathy with his faith moves the reader to venerate the saint, or anti-Catholic prejudice of the myop dims his vision of the halo about the saintly brow, he must, if at all chivalrous, admire the courage, intrepid and unconquerable, of the veteran statesman and christian prelate.

Born in the year 1119 A.D. in London, his education was carefully looked after by Archbishop Theobald, and his studies on the continent bore such fruits of scholarship and experience that his success in a worldly sense was already assured when yet a young man.

He was appointed by Henry II of England chancellor of the realm, an office which he filled without reproach and to the satisfaction of his king, and in 1162 was elected Archbishop of Canterbury.

At this period there were two classes of importance in England, the king and the nobles, and an unimportant class—as the world takes it—the people. Between the outrageous enactions of the king and the tyrannical bearing of the nobles the unimportant class was ground as between mill stones The church came in for a share of noble profligacy too; and, as the occasion offered, the king here, and the barons there, seized on or alienated from its proper use ecclesiastical property and revenues

The "Constitution of Clarendon" proposed to legalize this royal robbery of the church. Promptly Thomas a Becket protested against the sacrilegious attempt. This was in 1164, from which time till 1170, when the archbishop's blood crimsoned the sanctuary of his cathedral, the royal monster waged incessant war on the great man who alone dared to beard the tyrant despoiler of his See.

Becket fled to France, thence to Rome where he laid his case at the feet of the Pope and returned victorious to his beloved home. Afraid of an interdict on his realm, Henry pretended to be reconciled to the archbishop. He had hoped for a compromise; but the joyous acclamations with which the people received their pastor extinguished his hopes and re-kindled his ire. Sitting at supper with his boon companions he railed at them because none of them would free him from "the turbulent priest." Four of them took up the challenge and a martyrdom was the issue.

In two years a Becket was a canonized saint and Henry III was among those who most revered his memory. Henry VIII, of unsavory report, dug up the saint's bones burned them and scattered the ashes to the winds, but he could not tear the memory of God's saint and bishop from the Catholic heart.

What an example does this saint's life give us of perseverance in the performance of our duty under any trial and against every obstacle.

By a little compromise a Becket might have had an easy time, as it is called by worldlings, but he would have forfeited the respect of posterity and the possession of a martyr's crown.

MONK AND MARTYR.

For The Carmelite Review.

BY REV. DR. FARRINGTON O.C.C.

N my last letter I promised to finish my sketch of the life of Father Aquinas. Let me continue: — "Early on the morning of the 6th of July, while the father was offering the Sacrifice of the Mass, a messenger from the governor announced to him that he was to be hanged within an hour. He received the news cheerfully, thanked God, and prepared for death. When the hour had elapsed he took leave of his fellow captives, asked their prayers and resigned himself into the hands of his Puritan satellites They allowed him to retain his habit, bad as they were, to the last. With crucifix in one hand and rosary in the other, he went forth to execution joyously singing the Litany of the blessed Virgin.

On his way, the heretics tried to convert him to their views. "Rather return," he said, "to the old faith taught by the apostles and professed by your own nation." He was promised a post in the army, provided he would "repent and not perish." He replied "his office should be in dying for the faith." On his way he met a woman who was condemned to die for her crimes (?) and offered her pardon should she deny the faith. He exhorted her to keep the faith, which she did and joyfully met her doom.

Having come to the place of execution, and being told to ascend the scaffold he did so, exhorting the people to keep the faith till death. The executioner was told to proceed quickly, but the rope, though a strong one, snapped and Father Thomas fell to the ground, not dead but unconscious. Hardly had he revived when the commander ordered him up again. He obeyed, and when up again he asked the Puritan leader to tell him the cause for which he had been condemned to die, protesting that he did wrong to no man, nor committed any crime deserving of death. "You ask me the cause," the Puritan angrily replied, "are you not a papist, a monk and a priest?" "It is so," the Father replied, "but I am guilty of no crime. Let it appear to all men that it is for the Catholic faith and the religious profession, for which I die gladly." The Puritan told him the offers of pardon still remained good, if he changed, but seeing he was offering suggestions to deaf ears he ordered the executioner to do his duty and put him to death. Catholics and Protestants were profoundly grieved at his death. The latter, bad as they were, regretted it, because by putting any one to death on account of religion was to destroy liberty.

His body was taken by the Catholics and buried in the Augustine Monastery that had been lately destroyed by the Puritans. God, to show that He has ever at heart the care of His servants, caused on the following night a brilliant light to shine over the Carmelite's grave. The light was visible to the soldiers on duty and the inhabitants about. The soldiers thought the light was caused by the Catholics when burying the dead. They proceeded there forty strong. When they arrived they saw no light, all was darkness, they were much terrified and fled. They saw it again when they returned to their post at the gate. The captain himself next proceeded to the place with fifty men, but only to discover the same utter darkness. He immediately fled, abandoning his terrified warriors. Having thus failed as a brave soldier, he again assumed the role of a Puritan and declared that the light was brought from the infernal regions by the devil who came in order to carry away the papist body and soul This assertion was little heeded by his hearers. He then swore that the body of the Car-

melite had not been buried there at all. In this he was also mistaken for the next morning when he visited the grave he found the body of the holy friar calmly reposing. He took the cloak and Scapular with him and went abroad telling of the wonders he had witnessed on the previous night. Another person took the crucifix from the body and refused to give it to the Catholics at any price, declaring that he would cherish it all his life as a most precious souvenir of one who had been put to death unjustly. It is to be hoped that the martyred Carmelite will be some day added to the long catalogue of Irish saints.

Dublin, Nov. 1st, 1893.

A Parish Priest's Experience.

"St. Simon Stock was not in vain assured by the Blessed Virgin that her children, who were clothed with the Scapular, should be delivered from an unhappy death and saved from the pains of hell," writes the Rev. Martin Herics in the *Volk's Kalendar* just to hand for 1894. The reverend father continues:—"May I be permitted to narrate an event in my own experience.

"The commandant of the military division stationed at K.—Major Eugene K.—had married a baroness who was a member of the non-united Greek church. The bride had already been divorced from a former husband, her religion having allowed it. The major, therefore, on wedding the baroness fell away from the Catholic church which disallows such marriages. After some years the major became very ill and his cure seemed hopeless. His wife, whose first husband had died in the meantime, did all in her power to save the life of her present husband. The efforts of the most skillful physicians were in vain.

"In his helpless condition the sick man turned towards God and his holy Mother. The writer visited him on several occasions and to his great joy beheld on the walls of the sick-chamber a picture of our Lady of Lourdes, and over the bed a vessel with holy-water. Around the neck of the patient was a brown Scapular and a small medal, which he had received from his pious mother as he was about to enter the army.

"I asked the wife, who was a pious woman, although a non-united Greek, whether her husband was anxious to return to the bosom of the church from which he had gone astray. She replied that the major was very desirous to re-enter the church, and the sooner he did so the better it was for him.

"As the time was pressing I took steps at once to visit the sick man. After he made a profession of faith I gave him the last sacraments. I cannot describe the edifying manner in which he received the holy sacraments. With looks of childlike joy and gratitude he repeatedly showed me the holy Scapular which he frequently presented to his parched lips. 'This has brought me happiness, this has obtained God's grace,' he exclaimed.

"All fear of death left him—In fact he yearned to go and be enrolled in the celestial army. After ten days he died a most peaceful and edifying death.

"The bereaved widow asked to be received in the Catholic church, saying that she could not keep from joining a religion which made death so sweet and peaceful.

"From this example, dear christian, you can see how useful it is to wear the Scapular. Those are numberless who through it have obtained the grace of conversion and a happy death."—P. A. B.

A PRAYER HEARD.

Halifax, N.S., Nov. 13, 1893.

Editor Carmelite Review:

Dear Rev. Father,—Last Saturday my father was in urgent need of money to meet a bill. I promised Our Lady that if she would grant it to him I would have it published in The Carmelite Review. Last Saturday night we received money from a most unexpected person. So I hasten to fulfill my promise.

A Reader.

—THE—

Carmelite Review.

A MONTHLY CATHOLIC JOURNAL,
DEVOTED TO
OUR BLESSED LADY OF MT. CARMEL.
PUBLISHED BY
THE CARMELITE FATHERS
FOR THE BENEFIT OF
THE HOSPICE AT NIAGARA FALLS.

Blessed by the Holy Father and approved by many Bishops.

REV. PHILIP A. BEST, O.C.C., Editor.

VOL. I. FALLS VIEW, DECEMBER, 1893. NO. 12.

WE thank the Most Reverend Mgr. Satolli for his kind words to us, which appear in a letter in the present number.

***

ON the nineteenth of this month His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, celebrates the fortieth anniversary of his cardinalate. May God long preserve the life of the great Pontiff.

***

THOSE with an eye to business or pleasure eagerly anticipate the holidays, but the true and lasting advantage worth striving after is to prepare a pure heart for a worthy reception of the holy Sacraments.

***

IN order to become happy make others happy. A change in your conduct for the better at Christmas may have far more effect towards rejoicing the hearts of others than the bestowing of many gifts.

***

AN appropriate holiday gift to your friends would be to send them THE CARMELITE REVIEW for 1894. We shall be all the more happy, too, if our readers are prompt in renewing their own subscriptions.

***

TO all the friends of Carmel, to our kind benefactors, to all our readers and to our older brethren of the press, we extend a most cordial Christmas greeting and wish them an abundance of joy and happiness at the holy season.

***

FROM year to year, ever since she was refused lodging on that cold winter night nineteen hundred years ago, our Blessed Mother seeks a resting place for her divine Babe. Let us pray for the careless ones who usually have no room for their God at Christmas.

***

THE evening of the present year is approaching. The past twelve months have been somewhat memorable. Among many things to be thankful for is that holy Church has scored another triumph by her religious and educational display at the Western metropolis. A gigantic step has been taken forward and friends and foes are passing along the watchword of "Know" Popery!

***

SAD chapters there have been, too, in the history of the dying year. Modern scientists and great inventors have failed to stay the vast destruction of life and property. With the sad events during 1893 on land and sea we are all familiar. Prayer and penance can arrest the arm of an angry Providence, and what more appropriate season to satisfy God's justice than during Advent?

***

THE intention of the Sacred Heart League for this month is the Church in Spain and Portugal. There is always great hope for St. Teresa's land which is so devoted to Mary. The Carmelite Fathers who had been exiled report that they are gradually regaining their monasteries. That they might make greater and more rapid progress let us unite in supplicating the Sacred Heart of Mary's Son.

***

"CARMEL'S SECRETARY," as she loves to call herself, bids adieu to the children this month. We thank her for the wholesome

advice given each month to young and old, and for the interest taken in this little journal. Notwithstanding many other pressing duties she has found time to send to THE REVIEW some beautiful contributions in prose and verse at times signed "M. C." or "Dolores." In this number the same writer contributes a pretty article on "Mary Immaculate." May she long be spared to our readers.

***

WITH the sanction of the Apostolic Delegate a new and beautiful "Invocation to St. Rose, Patroness of the New World" is at present being put in circulation. This should inspire us with renewed devotion to our lovely American saint. Being dedicated to Mary Immaculate and under St. Rose's patronage, the country is safe, and we have every reason to ask the saint to give thanks to God, in the words of the new prayer, "because He deigned to illumine America with the light of His gospel."

***

"FEAST of the generous hand" sings the sweet songster of the "golden" State in the beautiful Christmas poem on the first page of this month's REVIEW. If at all seasons we ought to be generous to our suffering neighbor, there are many reasons for being unusually so during these days. In the south our fever-stricken brethren call out to us for aid, and throughout the land poverty stalks abroad. On considering the present financial depression, and the great number of the unemployed it is too clear that a hard winter is in store for the bread-winner. There are plenty of avenues for benelovent deeds. This is the time to practice the "golden rule" and to remember that "charity covers a multitude of sin."

***

AS Carmelites it is but natural that we dislike to see the "Catholic Dictionary" spared by the book-reviewers. It seemed to us that our esteemed contemporary the "*Ave Maria*" was too lenient in its criticism of the dictionary. Being unable to conjecture any other motive we insinuated editorially in our last number that the editorial expressions of that excellent journal were influenced by the consideration of advertising. We are now glad to say that our remarks were unjust. We are indeed grateful that so able a magazine as the *Ave Maria* says of late that it feels "obliged to decry the Catholic Dictionary's article on the Scapular of Mount Carmel until it is erased from the pages of that important work, or re-written by a competent and reverent pen."

The Apostolic Delegate Blesses Our "Review."

WASHINGTON, D.C., Nov. 15, '93.

Rev. Philip A. Best, O.C.C.:

REV. AND DEAR FATHER,— I have received some numbers of THE CARMELITE REVIEW, devoted to Our Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel, in the interest of the Hospice of Niagara Falls. Both its noble purposes recommend themselves to Catholic people, and I gladly bless this work and the persons interested in its publication.

Yours sincerely in Christ,

FRANCIS ARCHB. SATOLLI,
Deleg-Apost.

FROM THE BISHOP OF IDAHO.

BOISE CITY, IDAHO, Oct. 31, '93.

REV. DEAR FATHER,— I take great pleasure in approving and recommending your journal, THE CARMELITE REVIEW, and I hope it will have the success it deserves.

A. J. GLORIEUX.

WE need not care what people say of us, whether good or evil; what matters it, since it has not any marked effect upon the world and its judgments? — ST. JOSEPH OF CUPERTINO.

The Carmelite Review--Past and Future.

It is now, thanks to our friends, our privilege to speak of the past of this small magazine. On completing Vol. I we beg to express our hearty gratitude to all who have made this little journalistic venture of ours a possibility. We have received nothing but kind words of encouragement. The Review may not have come up to the high literary standard desired by some, but at all events we have tried to please the devout clients of Our Dear Lady of Mount Carmel, and think we have partly succeeded.

It is a pleasure to say a just word of praise for our printers, Messrs. W. T. Sawle & Co., of Welland, Ontario. They, with their gentlemanly employees, have done their work most creditably and next year will show that they can do much better.

The future? Without increasing the subscription price The Review will appear next month in a new and enlarged form. This should be an inducement to our old readers to renew their subscriptions now, and to also send us in some new subscriptions in order to help us meet the expense incurred.

Among the many features for 1894 a glance at our port-folio reveals among other original articles:

1. "On St. Teresa's Footsteps," written for The Review by the well-known author Rev. Charles Warren Currier, of Baltimore.

2. "Flos Carmeli," a very interesting story, contributed to The Review by a clever writer in Pennsylvania

3. "Confuter of Wickliff." History of a great Carmelite, by Rev. P. Dillon, D.D.

4. "An Ideal Friendship," which embraces the Linder letters which have never as yet appeared in English. The same came into our hands through the kindness of Miss Eliza Allen Starr.

5. "The Third Order of Mount Carmel," fully explained by Very Rev. Pius R. Mayer, Provincial of the Carmelite Order in America.

6. "A defense of the Friars," sent to The Review by our friend Chevalier Sevilla of Lima, Peru.

7. "The Devout Carmelite," a charming little work translated from the original Spanish, by Rev. A. J. Kreidt, O.C.C.

8 "The Brown Scapular and the Catholic Dictionary," ably and fully treated by the well-known Jesuit writer, Father Clarke, of London.

Besides the foregoing and many other features it shall be our aim to publish as often as possible authenticated cases of protection through the Scapular, together with many other things which will delight the eye and warm the heart of every lover of Our Lady of Mount Carmel.—The Editor.

CHRISTMAS BEAUTIES.

For the Carmelite Review.

Beautiful Christmas bells!
Chiming so clear in the midnight air,
Holy and joyful tidings you bear,
Echoing voices of angels fair.
Beautiful Christmas bells!

Beautiful Christmas snow!
Robing the earth in a garment white,
Tinged with the silvery moonbeams light,
As erst they illumined that glorious night.
Beautiful Christmas snow!

Beautiful Christmas star!
In the blue ether so far away,
Leading the sages with silvery ray,
To the place where "the King in His beauty" lay.
Beautiful Christmas star!

Beautiful Christmas peace!
Sweeter thy tones than notes of mirth,
Calming the restless and troubled earth,
Fruit of the Infant Saviour's birth.
Beautiful Christmas peace!

Beautiful Saviour child!
*Gem from the ocean of God thou art,
Holiness shines in thy Sacred Heart,
Gifts of the Christmas-tide impart.
Beautiful Saviour child!

E. de Marie.

* "Jesus—orient pearl born in the ocean of the Godhead of the Father."—St. Gertrude.

Fastings and vigils are pleasing to God, but still more acceptable in His sight is a heart pure, humble and full of love.—Ven. L. de Blois.

"Receive, most beloved son, the Scapular of thy Order, a sign of my confraternity, a privilege both to thee and to all Carmelites, in which he that dieth shall not suffer eternal fire; behold the sign of salvation, a safeguard in danger, the covenant of peace, and everlasting alliance."

THE BROWN SCAPULAR.

5.—Indulgences.

AS an Indulgence is a remission of at least a part of the temporal punishment due for sin, sin itself as to its guilt must be forgiven before an indulgence can be gained. Mortal sins are to be submitted to the tribunal of penance, venial sins may find forgiveness through Holy Communion, acts of contrition, fasting, alms-deeds, or some penitential work. Under all circumstances the state of grace is indispensable for gaining an indulgence.

2. The works or prayers prescribed for a certain indulgence are of strict interpretation, that is to say, no substitution of another work or alteration is allowed. The conditions are to be complied with to the letter, else the indulgence is not gained. Hence close attention is required in order to avoid mistakes.

3. Every plenary indulgence requires, besides the specially prescribed works, the reception of the Holy Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist. Those, however, who are weekly penitents can gain any plenary indulgence by one confession, but are bound (with the permission of their confessor) to go to holy Communion on the day the indulgence is to be gained. There is no obligation to confess to a priest of the Order or to receive holy Communion in the church of the Order to gain the indulgence, unless it is specially prescribed.

4. All the indulgences granted to the Scapular can be gained by the members of the Confraternity, no matter whether they received the Scapular from a calced or discalced Carmelite, or from a priest empowered to receive the faithful by either branch of the Order, and no matter whether the indulgence was originally granted to the one or the other branch.

5. In places where there is no church of the Carmelite Order, or Confraternity, the faithful obtain the indulgences connected with the visits of the Carmelite churches by visiting their own parish church. Where there is a church of the Order this must be visited. Where there is no church of the Order, but one of the Confraternity, the indulgences can only be gained by visiting it. Hence if there are 5 or 6 churches in a town, one of which has the Confraternity canonically established, the members of the other congregations gain the indulgences in question only by visiting the Confraternity church, and it is therefore to be recommended that such churches be made known to the people, in order not to deprive them of these indulgences.

6. When there are several plenary indulgences granted for the same day they are applicable to the poor souls, according to the intention of the person who obtains them.

7. The following two indulgences do not pre-suppose the wearing of the Scapular, so that anyone can gain them, to wit: Persons who receive the sacraments and visit a Carmelite church, praying there according to the intention of the Holy Father, may gain a plenary indulgence, (1) once a month on a Wednesday of their own choice, and (2) once a year on any day they choose. Of the other indulgences, as it appears to me, those who wear the Scapular without being members of the Confraternity gain only a plenary indulgence, (1) on the day of their reception, (2) on the 16th of July (toties-quoties—see explanation in the July number of THE REVIEW) and (3) in the hour of death. All the other indulgences suppose membership of the Confraternity.

8. The one condition for gaining all the plenary indulgences, as well as those granted for visits to the Carmelite churches, is prayer according to the intention of the Pope. No special prayers are prescribed, consequently it is left to the choice of everyone what prayers he wishes to say. Five Paters and Aves are considered sufficient.

9. The following is a list of the plenary and partial indulgences:

A. Plenary.—(1) on the day of reception; (2) on the Feast of the Scapular, July 16th, (toties quoties); (3) on any Sunday of the month when one visits at the monthly devotions, (with procession) of the Confraternity. Those who cannot assist at these devotions gain the same indulgence by a visit to the church of the confraternity. If they cannot do this the indulgence may be gained by reciting the "Little Office of the B. V. M," or fifty Our Fathers and Hail Marys; (4) at the hour of death, by invoking the holy name of Jesus, at least in their heart; (5) by visiting the church of the order on the feasts of the Immaculate Conception, Christmas, the Purification, the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity of the B. V. M., and the Assumption; (6) also on the following days: January 1st, February 4th, March 19th, Holy Thursday, Easter, the Patronage of St. Joseph (3rd Sunday after Easter) and the Ascension, May 5th, 16th and 25th, June 14th, July 20th and 26th, August 7th and 27th, Sunday within the Octave of the Assumption, October 15th, November 24th, December 25th and at Forty Hours devotion.

B. Partial.—5 years and 5 quarantines as often as one, with a light, accompanies the most blessed Sacrament to the sick and prays for the sick. 3 years and 3 quarantines, as often as one, after receiving Holy Communion on the feasts of the Blessed Virgin, visits a church of the Confraternity which does not belong to the order. 300 days for abstaining from flesh and meat on Wednesdays and Saturdays. 100 days for reciting the Little Office of the B. V. M. 100 days for those who assist at masses, devotions and sermons of the Confraternity. 100 days for every corporal or spiritual work of mercy. 40 days for those who say 7 Our Fathers and Hail Marys, in honor of the 7 joys of the B.V.M.

C. Stations—Those who pray in a Carmelite church on the days given below gain the indulgence of the Stations (churches) of Rome:

Christmas at the Third Mass, Plenary Indulgence. Maunday Thursday, Plenary Indulgence. Easter Sunday, Plenary Indulgence. Ascension Thursday, Plenary Indulgence. New Year's Day, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Epiphany, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Septuagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Sexagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Quinquagesima, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Ash Wednesday, 15 years and 15 quarantines. Everyday from Ash Wednesday till Low Sunday, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Palm Sunday, 25 years and 25 quarantines. Good Friday, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Holy Saturday, Easter Sunday, feast of St. Mark, each, 30 years and 30 quarantines. On each of the Rogation-days, 30 years and

30 quarantines. Vigil of Pentecost, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Each day of Pentecost week, 30 years and 30 quarantines. Quarter tenses of September, and December, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Every Sunday in Advent, 10 years and 10 quarantines. Vigil of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines. First and Second Mass of Christmas, 15 years and 15 quarantines. Feasts of St. Stephen, St John and the Holy Innocents, each, 30 years and 30 quarantines.

This list, so rich and valuable, speaks for itself. The wearers of the Scapular ought to do everything in their power to obtain access to these perennial fountains of vicarious satisfaction by having themselves inscribed in the album of the Confraternity, and then using these many advantages to the best of their ability.

10. The reader should not forget that besides these indulgences the members of the Confraternity enjoy the communion of merits with the first and second Order and partake in the suffrages for the dead, which means not only a share in the daily prayers for the departed, but also in 18 offices for the dead and 10 Requiems each year.

With this we close our articles on the Brown Scapular, everything necessary having been said. Next year, God willing, I shall say something on the Third Order of Mount Carmel.

PIUS R. MAYER, O.C.C.

In the September number where we gave the new formula for investing with the Scapular, the important word "Recipio" is missing in line 10, page 145. It has to be inserted between the words "concessa" and "te."

P. R. M.

P. S.—Names have been received at our Monastery. Falls View, Ont. for registration from Orangeville, Ont.; St. Mary's church, Toronto, Ont.; St. Elizabeth's Rectory, New York city; Port Lambton, Alliston, Ont.; St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, Ont.; St. John's, N'f'ld.

A Case of Protecting Love.

"PARTICULAR favors from our Lady of Mount Carmel are daily visible about us, but by all save a chosen few they pass by unheeded," writes one of our esteemed Buffalo subscribers. "We hear from time to time of especial acts of protection, of answers to prayers, and various un-recorded blessings. These incidents deepen our devotion, and add to the honor of our most dear Queen.

"A case of protecting love came under my notice a few weeks ago, in which a young man had an experience which will be a life long remembrance to him. When leaving home last spring to enter into business in Buffalo the mother of the young man placed about his neck a Scapular. Not having much faith in the little brown shields, still he wore them constantly. Last August he stood one day near a large pile of lumber, taking down the names and the time of work from one of the men, who had bent down to tie his own shoe. Suddenly a shout from a man on the lumber pile caused both to look up, the boards were leaning forward about to lose their balance. The poor workman ran from the toppling lumber, but ere he could reach a point of safety he was engulfed by the boards. The young man who wore the Scapular, by some instinct he could not explain, ran to one side and thus found himself outside the field of danger. He can claim no cause of escape other than the protecting love of Our Lady whose badge he will henceforth always wear. Let us love and honor her whose care over us is unceasing."

OBITUARY.

"*Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you my friends, because the hand of the Lord hath touched me.—Job XIX, 21.*

We recommend to the prayers of our readers the souls of

MARGARET J. BRESNAHAN, MARGARET KILMARTIN, BRIDGET SLATTERY and ALICE FALLON who died lately in Fitchburg, Mass.

The Beaten Road to Heaven.

ST. FRANCUS SHOWS THE WAY.

DID the thought never strike you when reading about some sublime saint, that such exalted sanctity was unattainable for common mortals and the attempt a useless one? There is another class of saints who did not have rays of the Sun of Justice and Holiness hovering o'er them from the cradle to the moment of their triumphal entry into glory. The former class we can gaze at, as it were, only through the obscured glass of a sin bedimmed conscience; the brilliancy is too intense for the naked eye of our soul, we cannot endure it, we tire of it. Not so with those of the second class, which is made up of men and women, who, like very many of us, have wandered astray from the Good Shepherd in the course of their lives, and have been enfolded in the shrouds of sinful darkness but, unlike most of us, have heroically overcome all impediments. One thing there is common to us all, the same human nature, inclined to evil from our youth; the same temptations, the same obstacles to surmount and the same heroic effort to make.

An illustrious example of one who did attain the goal in this strife is placed before us in the saint whose office the Carmelite Order recites on December 17th—Blessed Francus. He was born in a small village of Sinigaglia, in the province of Ancona, Italy, of pious parents. Before his birth his mother dreamed that she was about to give birth to an uncanny monster which was gradually changed into a man. The event proved the truth of the vision. After the death of his parents Francus forgot all the pious examples and admonitions which they had given him, and his delight now was to revel in crime and gratification of passions. But such are the inscrutable ways of a loving Providence — whilst Francus closed his eyes to the divine light, God struck him with corporeal blindness, in order to bring him back to the true light that "enlighteneth every man coming into the world." This punishment of God brought him to his senses, and he hastened on a most troublesome pilgrimage to the church of St. James at Compostella, more frequently called Santiago. He there recovered his vision Thence he journeyed to many other illustrious churches, chiefly to the church of Rome. Whilst there he obtained a plenary remission of his sins from Pope Gregory. After he had completed his pilgrimage, in the course of which he fasted on bread and water during Lent, and ate nothing on Fridays, he returned home where he led a most austere life of the strictest penance in solitude, and thus moved numbers of sinners, by his example, to do likewise. But the arch-enemy of man could not endure to see a soul snatched from his clutches and therefore tried every possible enticement to win back the servant of God. In this sore trial Bl. Francus was comforted by the Blessed Virgin, who, showing him the Carmelite habit, bade him to be clothed therewith Francus gladly obeyed, and when at his reception in the Carmelite Chapel, the Prior was about to put the habit on him, it is said that an angel appeared before the whole assembly and brought the habit Francus was to wear. Henceforth the life of Bl. Francus was one continuous chain of mortifications and penance. His body he subdued by cruel chains of iron; prayer (especially mental prayer) was his nourishment. Once in the course of his meditation our Divine Saviour appeared to him hanging on the Cross, the crown of thorns encircling His sacred brow, and an abundance of precious blood oozing from his adorable wounds. He thus addressed Francus: "Behold, Francus, what I have endured for the man who has been so ungrateful for such suffering." Francus burst into a flood of tears and scourged his flesh till the blood flowed and from that time he was wont to carry the image of the crucified in his hand. He was favored by apparitions of the glorious Queen of Carmel, but this made him only the more humble. He sought the vilest menial offices to perform, and cold, hunger, thirst and sufferings were the means he used to keep himself in subjection. He was endowed with the gift of prophecy, and when, finally, the hour of his happy dissolution arrived, he breathed forth his heroic soul gladly and cheerfully. Miracles proved the sanctity of this servant of God before, during and after his death, which took place on the 11th of December, 1291. His last words were: "Peace to you, my brothers, and thou, O, Lord Jesus Christ, receive my spirit. Immediately the singing of angels was heard, who carried off his soul heavenwards, whereupon the heavenly light which had illuminated the

room at the moment of death vanished. Pope Clement V. placed him among the beautified. Dear reader! what this man has done we also can do. But why do we generally fail? Because we are filled with too much self love and love of comfort. The way of sinners is a way of relentless penance. Bl. Francus goes before us in this way and we have only to use his stepping stones—the crosses and mortifications that encounter us on our path through life.

Fr. James, O. C. C.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Advent commences Dec. 3rd.

Papal Benediction will be given in all Carmelite churches on Dec. 25th.

Miss K.F., Cleveland, O , asks prayers for happy death for her aged father.

The Signal is well gotten up and is a credit to its managers and contributors

A benefactor of ours asks prayers for recovery from an ailment under which she is suffering.

We ask prayers for Mr Francis Wise who was fatally struck by the cars near Falls View on November 15th.

A subscriber in San Francisco asks prayers for a special intention. Mr. R. L. Island asks prayers for grace of a vocation.

The first Mass was celebrated in the church of Our Lady of Peace, Niagara Falls, on Oct. 13th, 1839, by Rev. E. Gordon.

Rev. Fathers Kreidt and Dominic of Falls View Monastery, spent a few enjoyable days at the World's Fair last month.

The Santa Maria is a new and welcome visitor to our sanctum, and could well be a model to those contemplating an ideal college paper.

A spiritual retreat will be conducted at the Ursuline Academy, Pittsburgh, Pa., commencing December 4th, by Rev. Fr. A. J. Kredit, O. C. C.

A fair was held at Englewood, N.J., last month during which Rev. Father Feehan, O. C. C., delivered some interesting lectures illustrated by the stereopticon.

To the prayers of our readers are recommended the souls of the late Rev. M. Brennan, James Brennan, John Mahoney and John Larkin, all of Long Island.

The *Niagara Index* can be well proud of the number issued in honor of Bishop Ryan's Jubilee, especially when we consider the short notice the editors received beforehand.

The Little Pilgrim for December has an interesting letter from the Superioress of the Carmelite Monastery of New Orleans, La., concerning the missions of our fathers in India.

Our very reverend Father General Aloysius M. Galli was born at Poggio, in Umbria, Italy, on March 28, 1842. He received the habit on June 12, 1859, and was alected General of the Order of Mount Carmel on October 17, 1889.

Letter From His Eminence, Cardinal Gibbons.

Cardinal's Residence,
Baltimore, Md.

Rev. P. A. Best:

Rev. Dear Father,—"I am sure that The Review will be conducted with piety, zeal and ability, and will contribute to augment devotion to the Blessed Lady of Mount Carmel. I wish it all the success it will deserve, and at the hands of the pious faithful the encouragement and substantial appreciation your labors will merit."

James Card. Gibbons,
Archbishop of Baltimore.

We acknowledge favors received from Rev. C. O. S B , Erie, Pa.; W. W., St. Mary's, Pa.; Ven. Br. J., Boston, Mass.; Mrs. H. G. D , Latrobe, Pa.; Miss L. M. C., River Vale, N. J.; Miss M. S., Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss K. C., Saxonville, Mass.; Ven. Mother I R. G. S., Troy, N.Y.; G. S., Buffalo, N. Y.; G. V. S., Buffalo, N. Y ; Miss J C, Snyder, Ont.; Miss M. A. H., Brooklin, Mass.; Mrs. E. U., Toronto, Ont.; Miss A. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Veu Srs. of Mary, San Francisco, Cal.

You propose to give up everything for God. Be sure, then, to include yourself among the things to be given up. — St. Bernard.

Children's Corner

Address all letters for this department to M. C., 1588 Madison Avenue, New York City, N.Y.

Our Lady's Letter Box.

Dear Children,—

The last month of the year 1893 has come to us, and, although it is going to bring us much joy at the glad Christmas time, it is also full of very serious thoughts. For one year the secretary has been trying to make you think even a *little* oftener of God and the easy ways to reach Him, which, when you are older, you will be taught most charmingly, if you read Father Faber's "All for Jesus." Now, your friend of a year is going to say good-bye to you, and before leaving the secretarys' desk she would most earnestly teach you one lesson. 'Tis this: What is not done for *God* is LOST. Remember that. Make your morning offering if it is only to say "All for the Sacred Heart to-day." Renew it at noon and so secure the merit of all you do. Don't be foolish — don't lose your time trying to please the world. Why, dear children, the world is a big humbug. There's nothing true but Heaven, and every step you take for God — who could count them — He remembers. Oh! bear this sweet thought in mind always. God knows and remembers. Then go on your way gayly and gladly. All will be well with you when life is over. I heard a beautiful sermon by a Jesuit lately, and he said that when we get to Heaven we will say to our blessed Lord, as they said at the wedding of Cana in Galilee, — "Thou hast kept the best wine to the last." Now one word to you of Christmas and its happy thoughts. Adelaide Proctor says in one of her beautiful poems: "Oh! to have dwelt at Bethlehem, when the star of the Lord shone bright; to have sheltered the holy wanderers on that blessed Christmas night." Yes, that would have been a joy — but our Lord also says "the poor ye have always with you." Choose then your Babe of Bethlehem. Oh! if you would learn early to *love* the poor, in these days when *money* only is held in esteem by so many, and the worthy poor, like their Master, who was also a poor man, are set aside. Help the poor at Christmas time and so rejoice the heart of the Infant Jesus. Don't be satisfied with your church offering. Give, be it ever so little, to some poor little child. Take your mite yourself and learn early the joy that comes to those who loves the poor, not only in word but in deed.

And now I must say good-bye. It has been a great pleasure and a privilege for the secretary to talk to the little ones each month, but since they don't talk back at her she fears that Our dear Lady's Letter-box must be locked up. Never mind, the dear Mother herself holds the key, and doubt not that in Heaven we shall all be nearer and dearer to her because of the Children's Corner of 1893. Adieu.

Carmel's Secretary.

Dec., 1893.

Answers to Puzzles.

XLV.—Murmur.

XLVI.—Because he is crusty.

XLVII.—Because it contains ciphers.

XLVIII.—{Lemon / Melon.} "Sec."

Enigma—{Secundinus. / Auxilius. / Isserinus.}

Puzzles—Closed. Thanks to M. C.

The wearers of the Brown Scapular will be glad to know that they have a champion in The Carmelite Review, a monthly Catholic journal, published by the Carmelite Fathers, Falls View, Ontario. It is an admirable little pamphlet, and we wish it success!—*Fordham Monthly.*

The more virtue a man possesses the more he will be tempted, and the greater hatred he must have for vice.

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